MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

VOL. 1 NO. 300

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA COVERAGE

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YOUNG OFFENDERS

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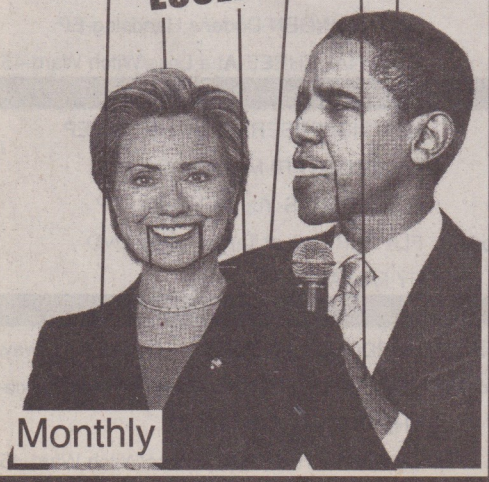

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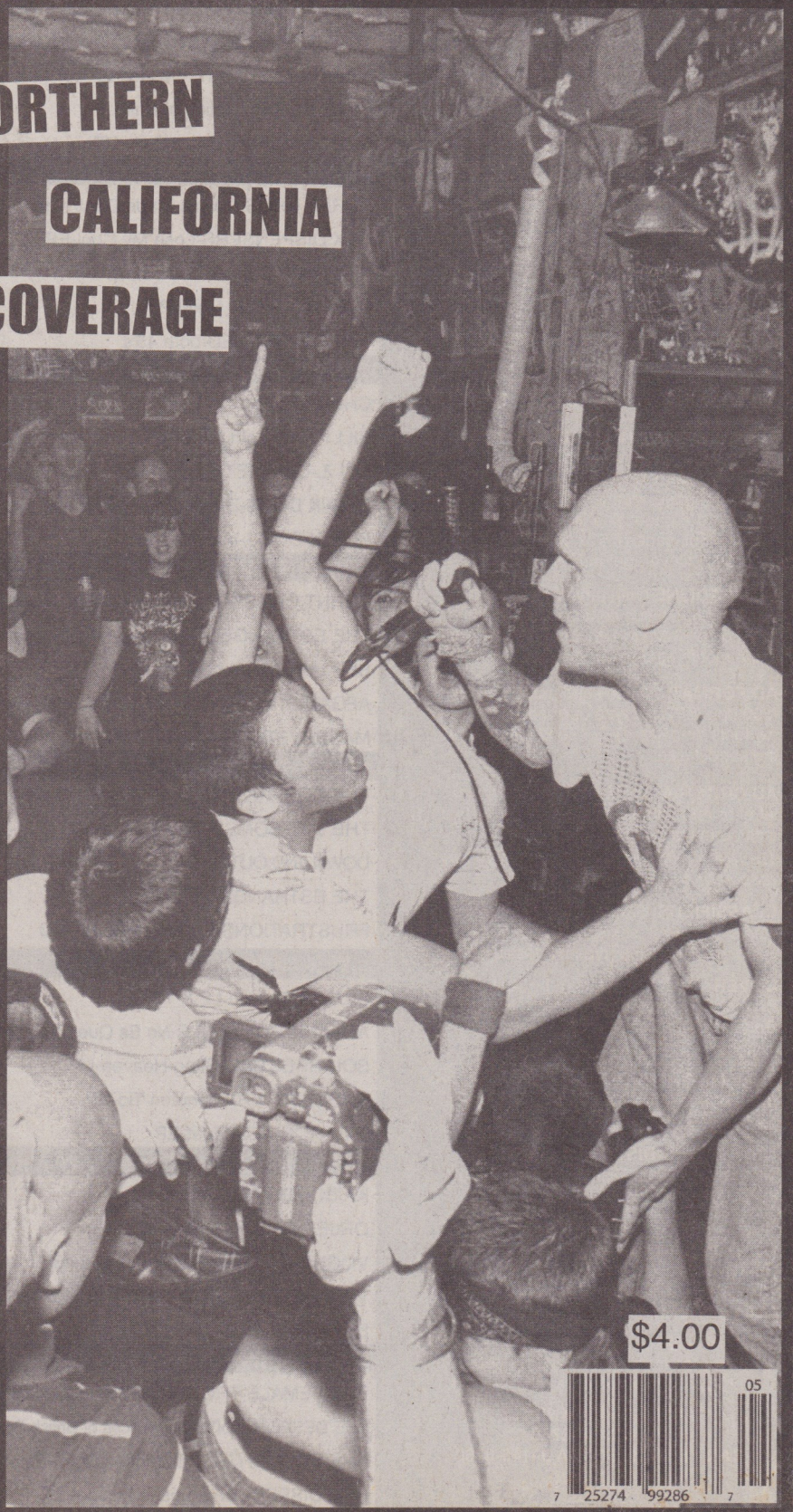

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
#148, 150-151, 153-154, 156 pts. 1 & 2, 160-163, 166, 172, 175, 179-197, 199-181, 184-210, 214-215, 218-227, 229-298
See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
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SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760

Phone (415) 923-9814
Fax (415) 923-9617

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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

JUSTIN BRIGGS

- THE ESTRANGED-Fast Train/The Masses-45
- THE ESTRANGED-Sacred Decay/Through the Night-45
- KRIEGSHOG-Hard Core Hell-EP
- BILLY BAO-Dialectics of Shit-LP
- BILLY BAO-Fuck Separation-10"
- LOSER LIFE-My Hell-LP / ORdER-Donki/G.A.M.E.-45
- KAIBOUSHITSU-Dokuro-EP
- KVOTERINGEN-Dödens Handslag-EP
- VOGUE-Big Black Blur/No Vogue-45
- FNU RONNIES-Meat-EP / MASSHYSTERI-Monoton Tid-EP

TIM BROOKS

- BURNT CROSS-Arms Trade Death Trade-EP
- HEX DISPENSERS-Lose My Cool-EP
- AIRFIX KITS-demo
- LOSER LIFE-My Hell-LP
- THE ESTRANGED-both 45's
- CHEAP TIME-Handy Man/Wildlife-45
- KVOTERINGEN-Dödens Handslag-EP
- CHEAP THRILLS-Kick Me in the Heart-EP
- TERRIBLE TWOS-LP
- AFGANISTAN YEYE'S-No Es Que La Fama...-LP

MITCH CARDWELL

- CHEVEU-LP
- BILLY BAO-both LP & 10"
- LILI Z.-CD / METH TEETH-EP
- BLANK DOGS-Diana (The Herald)-12"
- BLANK DOGS-In a Web-EP
- FNU RONNIES-Meat-EP
- TERRIBLE TWOS-LP
- HEX DISPENSERS-Lose My Cool-EP
- CHEAP TIME-Handy Man/Wildlife-45
- ROT SHIT-Have You Scene?-EP

PAUL CURRAN & ARIEL AWESOME

- BURNT CROSS-Arms Trade Death Trade-EP
- THE ESTRANGED-Fast Train/The Masses-45
- SPY MASTER-A Lost Bird-EP
- AFGANISTAN YEYE'S-No Es Que La Fama...-LP
- MASSHYSTERI-Monoton Tid-EP
- BUNNYGRUNT-Karen Hater's Club-10"
- LÖGNHALSMOTTAGNINGEN-Oron Nasa-EP
- BLOTTO/THE MEASURE [SA]-split EP
- PRETTY LITTLE FLOWER-live
- ACNE ATTACK-live

JONATHAN FLOYD

- THE COPYRIGHTS-Learn The Hard Way-CD
- THE DIRTBOMBS-Play Sparks-EP
- DOWN AND OUTS-CD
- THE ESTRANGED-both 45's
- FRUSTRATIONS-Glowing Red Pill-CD
- HEX DISPENSERS-Lose My Cool-EP
- PAINT IT BLACK-New Lexicon-CD
- V/A-The World's Lousy With Ideas-EP
- MASSHYSTERI-Monoton Tid-EP
- LÖGNHALSMOTTAGNINGEN-Oron Nasa-EP

LAYLA GIBBON

- BILLY BAO-both LP & 10"
- AFGANISTAN YEYE'S-No Es Que La Fama...-LP
- SQUIRREL BAIT-Skag Heaven-LP
- MASSHYSTERI-Monoton Tid-EP
- FNU RONNIES-Meat-EP
- ROT SHIT-Have You Scene?-EP
- LÖGNHALSMOTTAGNINGEN-Oron Nasa-EP
- CHEVEU-LP
- KVOTERINGEN-Dödens Handslag-EP
- ORIGINAL THREE-At a Loss/Witch Ward-45

CHRIS HUBBARD

- KAIBOUSHITSU-EP
- ORdER-Donki/G.A.M.E.-45
- VOGUE-Big Black Blur/No Vogue-45
- V/A-Bands That Don't Give a Shit About Being God-EP
- BILLY BAO-10" & LP
- HEX DISPENSERS-Lose My Cool-EP
- MASSHYSTERI-Monoton Tid-EP
- INSURGENTS-Yuppie Mindset-EP
- FLIPPER-Live at Target Video-DVD
- FY FAN/ACEPHALIX-live

KENNY KAOS

- THE FEMALE TROUBLES-Boredom Kills-EP
- THE DESPONDENTS-Four Slices of British Spunk-EP
- THE STRAIGHT A'S-Detention Span-EP
- HEX DISPENSERS-Lose My Cool-EP
- CHEAP TIME-Handy Man/Wildlife-45
- GORDONS GANO'S ARMY-Gunna Run Away...-45
- HOLLY & JOEY-I Got You Babe/One More Dance-45
- THE PUMPERS-Let Go-EP
- ORIGINAL THREE-At a Loss/Witch Ward-45
- THE PIZZAS-Bad-Ass Youth-EP

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl or CD-only releases to the address on the previous page. See Demos section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

CAROLYN KEDDY

THE DIRTBOMBS-Play Sparks-EP	BLACK SUNDAY/LE JONATHAN REILLY-split LP
BLANK DOGS-12" & 7"	THE PUMPERS-EP / SQUIRREL BAIT-LP
FRUSTRATIONS-Glowing Red Pill-CD	V/A-The World's Lousy With Ideas-EP
KAJUN SS-Get Out Of Me!/Pill Popper Pts 1 & 2-45	*Girl's Rock*-film
ORIGINAL THREE-7" / BILLY BAO-LP & 10"	FLIPPER-Live at Target-DVD

RAY LUJAN

DOWN AND OUTS-Friday Nights, Monday Mornings-CD	THE LEFTOVERS-The Only One/ Who's That Guy-45
GASLIGHT ANTHEM-Senor And The Queen-CD	PAINT IT BLACK-Goliath-45
GORDONS GANO'S ARMY-45 / HOLLY & JOEY-45	THE COPYRIGHTS-Learn The Hard Way-CD
BURNT CROSS-Arms Trade Death Trade-EP	CIRCLE JERKS-live / SAID RADIO-live
M-SIXTEEN-CD / THE DESPONDENTS-EP	FROM THE JAM-live

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

MASSHYSTERI-Monoton Tid-EP	CHEVEU-LP
LOSER LIFE-LP	BURNT CROSS-Arms Trade Death Trade-EP
THE ESTRANGED-Fast Train/The Masses-45	KIM PHUC-Prostitute-EP
EXIT STRATEGY-Smells Like Burning Wires...-45	HEX DISPENSERS-Lose My Cool-EP
SQUIRREL BAIT-Skag Heaven-LP	BILLY BAO-Dialectics of Shit-LP

NICK MANGEL

FALLAS DEL SISTEMA-La Guerra Es...-EP	CRIME DESIRE-LP
STRANGE FACTORY-Circle World-CD	PARASYTIC-Hymn-LP
WHAT IF GODS LIE-Third World-LP	AFTER THE BOMBS "Relentless Onslaught" LP
V/A-Ecos Do Submundo-LP	GERM ATTAK-Ouroboros-LP
MARDRÖM-Deras Profit, Våran Död-EP	KONTATTO-Disillusione-LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

KVOTERINGEN-Dödens Handslag-EP	BURNT CROSS-Arms Trade Death Trade-EP
KRIEGSHOG-Hard Core Hell-EP	MARDRÖM-Deras Profit, Våran Död-EP
HERE COMES TROUBLE-Get Fucked-EP	TROTSKIDS-La Complete Vol. 1-LP
GRACE ALLEY-Tiger Sessions-CD	VIOLENT MINDS/FY FAN/SOCIALCIDE-live
INVADER-Raw Dog-EP	NEVER HEALED/CRUCIFIED/GRACE ALLEY-live

CISSIE SCURLOCK

THE ESTRANGED-both 45's	KAIBOUSHITSU-EP / MASSHYSTERI-EP
TROTSKIDS-La Complete Vol. 1-LP	HEX DISPENSERS-EP / KVOTERINGEN-EP
ORdER-Donki/G.A.M.E.-45	LOSER LIFE-LP / AFTER THE BOMBS-LP
LÖGNHALSMOTTAGNINGEN-Oron Nasa-EP	CIVIC PROGRESS-Disposable-EP
KRIEGSHOG-Hard Core Hell-EP	BLANK DOGS-12" / FY FAN-live

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

KRIEGSHOG-Hard Core Hell-EP	BURNT CROSS-Arms Trade Death Trade-EP
PRIMATES-El Camino de la Obediencia-EP	THE ESTRANGED-Fast Train/The Masses-45
INSURGENTS-Yuppie Mindset-EP	MASSHYSTERI-Monoton Tid-EP
CONCRETE FACELIFT/MOTHER SPEED-split EP	KVOTERINGEN-Dödens Handslag-EP
ROT SHIT-Have You Scene?-EP	ACID REFLUX-Secret Power-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Call and Response #3	*Keep Loving, Keep Fighting / I Hate This Part of Texas #7*
Dead Souls #1	*Manager #3*
Headfirst #1	*Publick Occurances #10*
Hey Ronnie #3 / Slash and Burn #5	*Zonked #10*
Incoherence #4	*Mountza #2*

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CONTRIBUTORS

Dave Adelson	Mykel Board
Graham Booth	Mitch Cardwell
Cindy Crabb	Arwen Curry
D X	Bill Florio
Fly	Layla Gibbon
Lance Hahn	Chris Hubbard
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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Blueboods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11, Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#252/May '04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Part One, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (*Avow* zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Part Two, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, *We're Gonna Fight* zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. *MRR* 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?. The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kykloopien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

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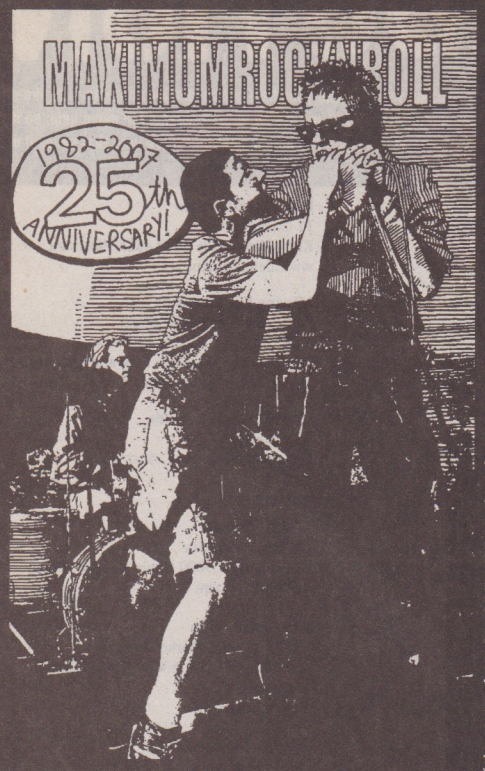

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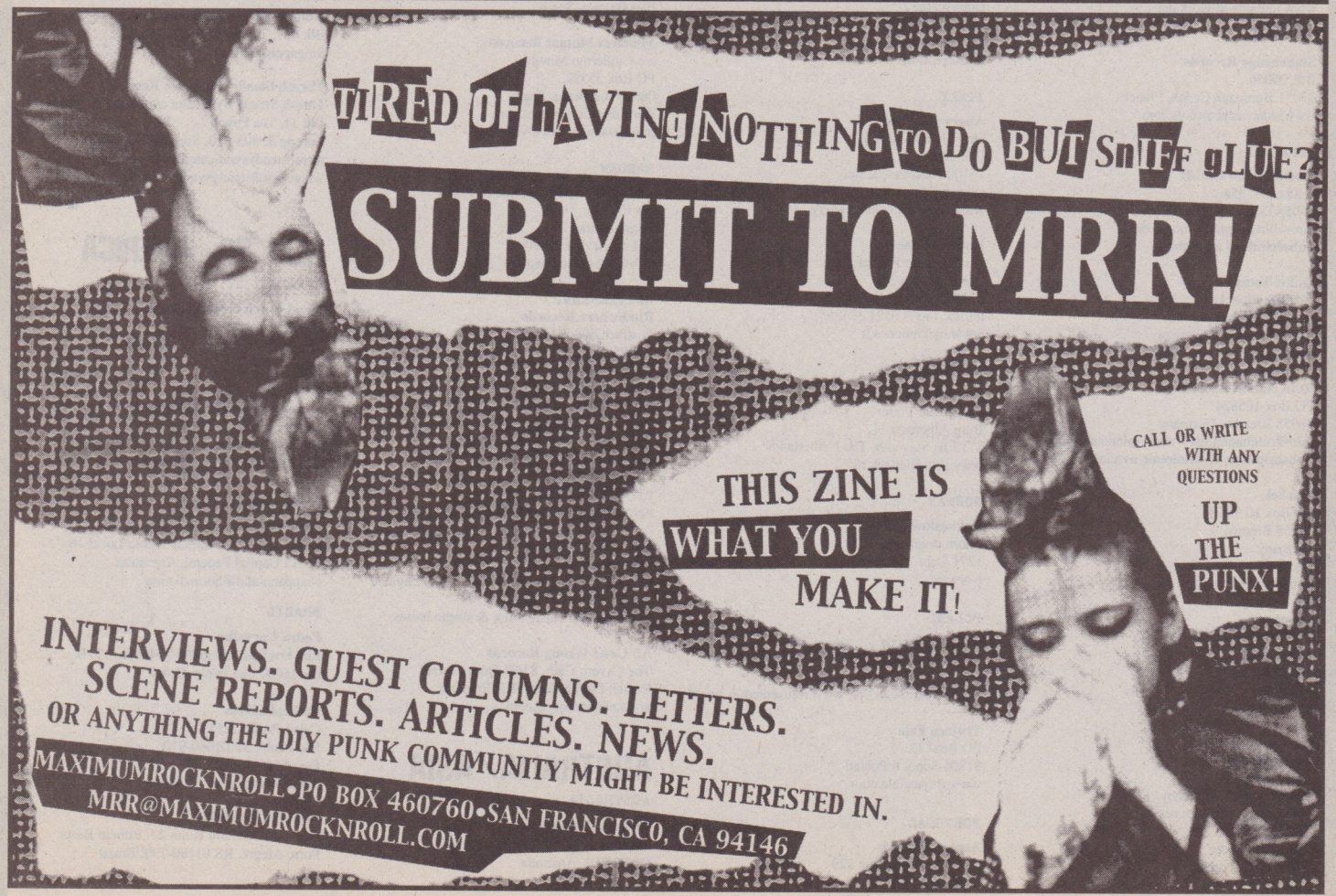

LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear Allan McNaughton—
That was the worst April Fool's Day column in the history of the magazine. Please stick to elaborations on your household purchases.
Sincerely,
—Vinnie La Russa, Pacifica, CA

To Whom It May Concern at the Maximum Rocknroll music magazine—
It has come to our attention that members of your organization have acquired access to certain materials of ours and have subsequently publicly aired inaccuracies and reactionary information appearing in the reviews section of issue #298 of your publication.

As we understand it, there is a certain minimal fluency with the punk rock medium required to analyze a given work in the genre. But one expects also a broad historical knowledge, not only of the medium itself, but also of relevant historical events that have influenced and inspired its participants. Perhaps not all those currently assuming the roles of cultural arbiters at this periodical are fully equipped for the task. Musical taste is of course subjective; political positions however, are more consequential in their statement.

In the current dark era of the medium, when pants and pose are more seriously considered than political content, we recognize this diminished capacity as symptom of the wider condition of the medium's backslide into hobbyism. What once might have been the fruit of passionate and vibrant creative reactions against a hostile world are now defanged by means of overt commodity fetishism. From even the most casual of appraisals, it seems that recordings reviewed in this periodical may as well be model trains—valued only for their verisimilitude to living things long dead and ability to evoke nostalgia.

The continuing manifestation of this tendency does not sit well with us or our allies. We vigorously oppose the recasting of the medium as a dead-end lounge for experts to trade notes on obscure Finnish variations of the theme. We believe for the medium to claim any continuing relevance—to remain a living creature rather than a reified shell—it must build on what has come before and continue to forge ahead into new avenues of expression and passion.

Additionally, we would like to assure you and your readership that we are very much real. To the one known as "Layla Gibbon" who is quick with jaded expert eyes to dismiss as "fake" the flesh of others, we challenge you to prove your existence. It is our belief, supported with intelligence from reliable sources, that "Layla" is merely a composite personality created for nefarious purposes by certain parties within the Diagram Group.

How can we believe otherwise when this individual reproduces the language of power and capital regarding certain West German urban guerilla groups of the 1970s and '80s? It is a model confusionist tactic to fetishize music that butters its bread with the aesthetics of insurrection, only to turn around and apply the label of "terrorist" to those who have actually taken up arms against agents of the state and capital. Broadening the divide between aesthetic and substance, this is but another further separation of the medium from its potential true relevance.

Moreover, we are not even sure to what "Layla" is referring with her spectacularly uninformed comment on "left-wing revolutions in South America," and we're inclined to believe that she is not so sure herself. We can only suppose it's simply another encore of the fetishism and reification that pervades her writing—a politics as non-sequitor as the requisite skulls gracing the artwork of an amusingly high number of recordings reviewed in this publication. Again, we can only ascribe this reactionary analysis of our materials to the degradation of "relevant" political discourse to little more than trite slogans and images of empire's current hood ornament making monkey faces.

Particularly in this regard, we would suggest that there is perhaps more apt commentary on the so-called "War on Terror" contained in this musical communiqué than "Layla" would have your readers believe. Indeed, what could be more "Orwellian" than when the inmates begin to willingly identify with the prison administration's terms of debate, and upon internalizing this schema, spread the perilous poison amongst the general population?
This the undersigned do declare to be true and accurate,
—Dr. Leslie, Public Relations Designee, Young Tiger Free Organization, writing on behalf of the Tatiana Commando and the Baader Brains Affinity Project

Dear MRR—
I live in Delaware! Isn't that sad! As the only punk in a 50-mile radius, this magazine saves my life! There is no "scene" here at all and unless you listen to country, tip cows, and fuck sheep, you're shit out of luck! Thank you so much for putting out a magazine that writes about *real* punk not whiny emo crap! *God bless*, if there was a god for *MRR*! If it wasn't for you I would have *no good music* to listen to!
—Anonymous

Hey folks—
I just picked up a copy of *MRR* #299. Thanks for printing the Off With Their Heads interview. We really appreciate all the support and kind words from this zine from day one. Anyway, as I was reading over some of the funny things Justin said in the interview, I noticed something wasn't right. There is a question that reads, "What are your feelings about being political in the punk rock community?" I apparently answered that question with. "It's bullshit." I thought that seemed strangely unlike anything I would ever say, so I checked my email. The question I was actually asked was, "How important do you think it is to be positive/PC in the punk rock scene?" I think that it's important for anyone who actually likes our band or might someday get into us to know that I absolutely do not think politics in punk are bullshit. It's essentially what founded this kind of music. Though we aren't a political band, I have been trying to inform myself of the crooked goings on of our wonderful leaders. I just don't feel that I'm as well informed as I should be if I were to be out-

spoken on political issues. That's all. Thanks again!
—Ryan, Off With Their Heads

MRR—
One of my favorite CDs right now is the Citizen Fish split with Leftover Crack, along with the Icons Of Filth tribute to Stig put out by Profane Existence with like 40 bands. All the proceeds go to Stig's children. Those are the tunes running through my head the most. Oh yeah, the Wartorn split with ATU also. I'm hyped that I have such good music. It wasn't always like this. Thanks to my wife for getting me money to buy CDs and me finally figuring out how to get *PE* and *MRR* so I could get the contacts to the record companies of my choice.

Coming full-circle with who I am and always have been…the focus was lost though. My guard was down because I trusted those who were infected by the society I despised. Being locked up for 6 1/2 years plus and being sober helped me get reorganized. I even learned to play the guitar with rhythm and timing. I have 16 months left of my 8-year sentence. I'm ready to contribute again and do my part in the scene which gave me true freedom. Diluted dillusionists can try to pollute it all they want but truth is number-one in the hardcore punk rock scene. So, no matter who, what, or where you're from, if it's not about shit or you're just trying to get over on people's innocence, you'll be called on it. Or if you're slippin' and are known as a good person, hopefully your punk rock family will call you on it.

It's been up to me to make the best of my situation ad I feel I am. The real test will arrive upon my release. I know I can pull it off and kick the shit out of all obstacles in my way. Of course, I cannot wait to start a band with someone who wants to jam and spread the truth about these prisons—not only the people who run them and control them, but also the people in them doing time and their friends and families—good and bad.

We've got two hardcore bands in here—crazy, I know. Punk rock continues to piss people off even behind these prison walls. It also enlightens people old and young. How great is that. People in their 40s and 60s saying they like what we're doing. I wish we could record some of these tunes but we have no access to any of that. Oh well. I'll try to remember all I can and bring it with me once I leave. Well, with that, I hope I made someone free or someone locked up think about something.
—Double D 418-613 G.C.I.
2500 S. Avon-Belden Rd., Grafton, OH 44044

MRR—
I'm writing because upon reading the review of my zine *(A)FOLK* in your March issue, I was disappointed to see the reviewer had not actually read it. Instead he made a half-assed attempt to describe it only managing to comment that the bands that were interviewed sounded stupid and he liked the pictures. This indicates to me he wasn't attracted to my zine's style and thus did not dive into the text of the prose, poetry, and memoirs; instead skipping to the pictures and thin, short, lines of text in the interview. This in itself may be a comment on how welcoming I made my zine read, but I would have appreciated some acknowledgement of my writing nonetheless. Please forward this to Mason Pince if you can. Thank you,
—Andy Folk, *(A)FOLK* Zine

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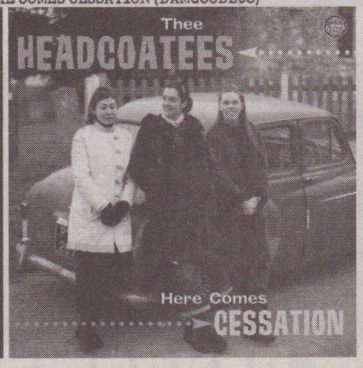

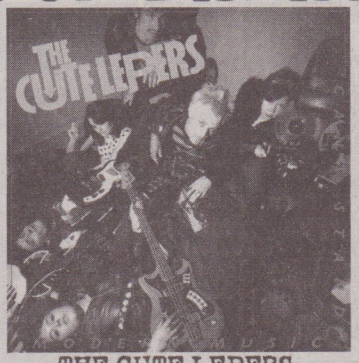

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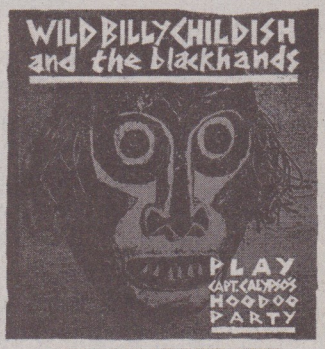

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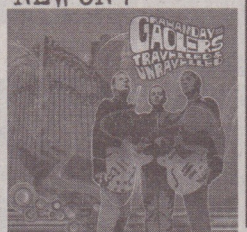

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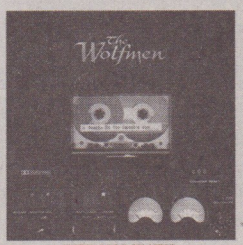

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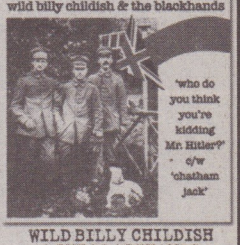

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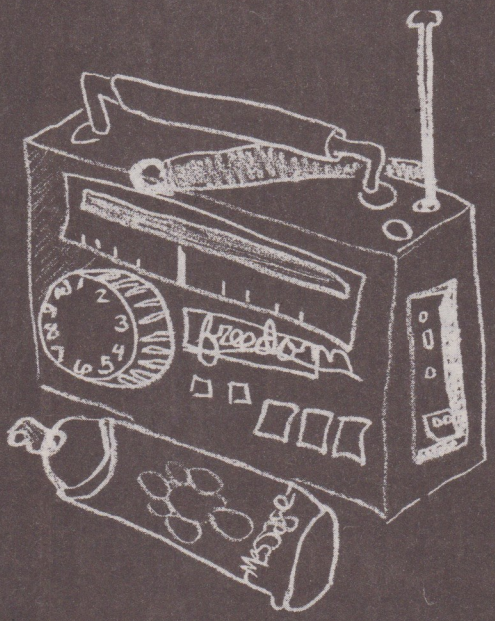

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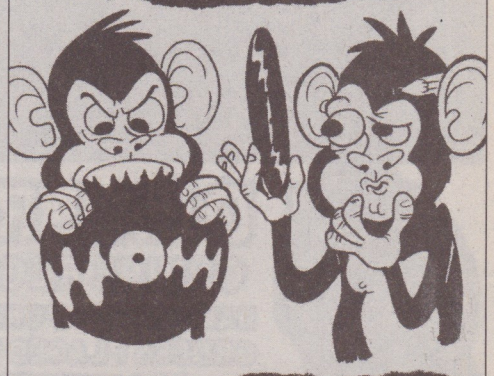

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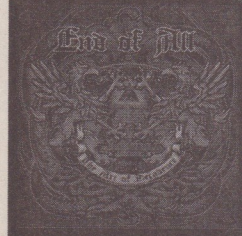

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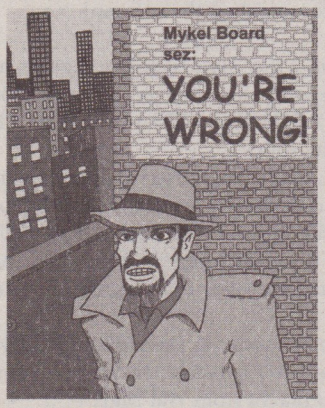
COLUMNS



I am profoundly troubled that any candidate would chart the course of American history as follows (and I'm rearranging Obama's history here to make it more chronological): American Revolutionaries -> Manifest Destiny -> Slaves/Abolitionists -> Suffragettes -> the Labor Movement -> the Greatest Generation -> the Civil Rights Movement -> Himself.

—Mother Jones Magazine

Rather than focusing on any specific issue or cause — other than an amorphous desire for change — the message is becoming dangerously self-referential. The Obama campaign all too often is about how wonderful the Obama campaign is...

—TalkLeft Internet Site

ALTERNATE UNIVERSE ONE: It's November 4, 2008. There's an early arctic chill in the air. I walk the 100 yards down Bleecker Street from my apartment to the voting booths. Faced with the depressing task of staring at the names HILLARY CLINTON and JOHN MCCAIN, I'm gonna pull the lever for Ralph Nader or some other sure-to-lose candidate.

I enter the curtained booth. Something presses against the back of my head.

"Don't turn around," says a voice. "I've got a gun. If you don't vote for Clinton or McCain, I will kill you."

Reluctantly, I pull the lever next to: **McCain**.

ALTERNATE UNIVERSE TWO: It's November 4, 2008. There's an early arctic chill in the air. I walk the hundred yards down Bleecker Street from my apartment to the voting booths. Faced with the depressing task of staring at the names HILLARY CLINTON and MIKE HUCKABEE, I'm gonna pull the lever for Ralph Nader or some other sure-to-lose candidate.

I enter the curtained booth. Something presses against the back of my head.

"Don't turn around," says a voice. "I've got a gun. If you don't vote for Clinton or Huckabee, I will kill you."

"Pull the trigger," I say.

Yes, it's MRR #300. The May issue. I write this, however, in February. The theme is supposed to be "The California Scene," the Bay Area and politics — just like the first MRR.

I don't give a shit about the California scene. I don't know anything about Bay Area music. I haven't cared since Op Ivy broke up. But politics? Oh yeah, now is the time to write about politics.

For the last 25 years of Grandma MRR, every four years I wrote my VOTE-THIRD-PARTY or DON'T-VOTE-IT-ONLY-ENCOURAGES-THEM column. But this year, I've got a surprise.

("You're so predictable Mykel," she says.

"I *hate* being predictable," I tell her. "That's the worst insult you can give me."

"I knew you'd say that," she answers.)

February 2008, America has a chance. The sliver of a chance. An infinitesimal chance. A corn-kernel-in-a-beershit chance. A semen-stain-on-an-evening-gown chance. The United States might become the first Western nation with a Negro leader.

Korea, Vietnam, Dominican Republic, Granada, Desert Storm I, Afghanistan, Desert Storm II. 50 years of being the planet's bad guy. 200 years of white guy presidents—all but one Protestant. America *now* has a chance to lead the world in something different.

For once we can be the good guy again. The world hates America. I can't travel without being gringo-ized by a humanity that America fucked up. The election of a Negro could change all that.

How bad could America be if a majority white nation votes for a Negro? How could that country of arrogant racists be so arrogantly racist if it elects a colored guy as president?

Barack Obama could be the first Democrat I'll vote for since George McGovern (who?). I don't give a shit about Obama's politics. I don't give a shit about his flip-flopping. I don't give a shit about his church appearances. He is a Negro. He was against the war in Iraq from the start. That's enough for me.

I don't care that Obama's campaign is about Obama. That his platform is Obama. That his promises are Obama and more Obama. Presidents don't do anything except stand up and make speeches. Their advisors rule. Presidents exist for the TV cameras. Things in America are not going to get better with Obama, but they'll *look* better with Obama.

I can't imagine this really happening. Americans are too goonish, too war-loving, too nasty to allow it. But in February 2008, there is a sliver of hope.

Eager to help make that sliver into an entire...er...board, I call M, a pal of mine with a button-making machine. I find a picture of the Illinois senator. A nice one. In front of the Capitol. Smiling. Arms folded. No American flags. No religious symbols. I scan it into Photoshop.

I lay out the words in a circle around the picture. **VOTE OBAMA—AMERICA NEEDS A NEGRO.** Proudly, I walk outside and go up Broadway to the closest Obama campaign office.

I pass my local street bum, a scruffy white guy who still has some of his teeth. He's been on my corner for almost ten years. We're friends.

I dig in my pocket for a quarter. Throwing the coin into his oversize cup — really more like a pail — I tell him my plan to work for the Illinois senator.

"Good luck," he says, "but it ain't gonna make much difference to me. No matter who's president, I'll be right here on the corner with my little bucket. You'll see."

A bit further up the street, an attractive colored girl walks toward me. I thrust out my chest to make sure she can see who I'm supporting. It's working. She gives me a big smile. Then she freezes. Her smile turns into a frown, then a sneer. She huffs past me. I don't get it.

Shrugging, I continue my walk the half dozen blocks to the downtown Obama campaign headquarters. It's about four blocks east of NYU. In a storefront. If I remember correctly, it used to be a Radio Shack.

There's a huge picture of the colored man in the window. Not a full-body shot. Just his face. His hands together, prayer style. But they're not in praying position. Instead, they're at an angle supporting his head. Like Shirley Temple on *The Good Ship Lollipop*. (Who? On what?)

Inside the office, there are Obama bumper

stickers, Obama badges, Obama campaign literature. Most of it has no words on the front except OBAMA. A few brochures have a white-on-blue logo that says **CHANGE WE CAN BELIEVE IN.**

In front of one table, a vaguely punk-looking young man (black leather jacket, tight black jeans, hair in a collegiate faux hawk) pokes at the literature. He speaks with the black woman behind the table.

"And what about vegetarianism?" he asks. "What's Obama's stand on that issue?"

"Issue shmissue," says the woman. "We don't do issues. We *are* issues."

An expensive haircut, smelling of eau d'NYU freshman, comes up to me.

"Hi," he says, eagerly extending his hand. "Can I help you?"

"You bet," I tell him. "I wanna work for Obama."

I see him look down at my homemade button.

"I can get more," I tell him. "I made it myself. You can have the rights. No royalties. I don't believe in royalties."

"You can't wear that," he says. "That's racist."

"You bet," I answer. "But it's racist in the best way. It's *pro*-colored people. It's a short form of *from slavery to president!* I know Obama doesn't have slaves in the woodpile, but it's the image that counts. Don't you think?"

"Look," he says. "I don't know what you're trying to do, but would you please do it elsewhere? We have a campaign to run."

"And I want to help," I say, beginning to lose my enthusiasm in the cold reception. Like an erection that droops at the sight of an anal wart.

As we speak, a tall dark guy with dreadlocks comes in the door. Despite the dreadlocks, he wears a business suit, white shirt, and dark blue tie. His lapel sports a large button with a picture of Obama. Just the senator's face—and one hand in a *thumbs up* gesture.

"Is there a problem here?" he asks in a deep resonant voice, sounding more British than Jamaican.

The white guy nods at my button. The tall guy looks at it and frowns like that girl on Broadway did.

"I think you'd better leave," he says.

I take a few campaign leaflets and go out.

Looks like organized politics, like organized religion, does not get along with me. I'm gonna have to do this myself. My way. Bring on the scanner and color printer!

Obama needs publicity. People everywhere need to be reminded. I scan the cover of one of Obama's campaign brochures. Click. Cut. Paste. I'll photoshop a new set of stickers that'll wake New York up to my new hero.

I cut the stickers into large squares and go back out to the street. I see my bum friend again.

"Hey," I ask him. "Can I put one of these on your coin bucket?"

He looks at the white-on-blue sticker.

"Sure," he says, "but I don't get it."

I read the sticker I've slightly doctored.

OBAMA, *SPARE* CHANGE WE CAN BELIEVE IN.

I'm gonna distribute them to beggars all over the city. That should wake people up. Every sympathetic bum donor will get it. They'll all become aware of the historical poverty of American slaves. They'll realize the way the world sees us. And they'll understand the chance for a symbol to reverse that image.

It's not far to the next bum. He sits on a milk crate at the corner of Mercer and Houston. Instead of a bucket, he shakes a more standard cardboard coffee cup. This guy is black. The sticker should have even more impact here.

"Hey," I ask. "Can I put one of these on your coin cup?"

I show him the sticker.

"Er..." he starts. "Would you mind telling me what it says? I left my reading glasses at home."

Wiseguy. I read the sticker to him.

"Sorry," he says. "I don't get this political stuff. Anyone gets elected, I'm on the same street corner... 'cept of course, Giuliani. With him, I'm in jail."

This guy is only the first in a string of refusals. For some reason, the average homeless guy has no faith in the government or the electoral system. He doesn't want to spend even an inch of begging cup to support a candidate.

One guy I try to talk to could be Hispanic, or just a white guy who needs a bath. From his speech I figure he's black. In any case, he's savvy enough to have an actual marketing reason for rejecting my request.

"See," he says, "most folks that give me money are brothers, white ladies, or old people. Now, the brothers are gonna give me money anyway. Obama, Osama or whatever. The white ladies all like that white lady..."

"Hillary Clinton," I say.

He nods.

"And old people," he continues, "like that old guy."

"John McCain," I say.

He shrugs.

"So your sticker ain't gonna do me no good...got a quarter?"

I give the guy a quarter for his astute political analysis and, discouraged, I head home.

So what's left? My campaign work was a failure. My bum crusade never got more than one bum. All I have left is this column. So here it is:

If Obama doesn't get the nomination, you should vote third party or not at all. America does not need 20 years of two families. Didn't we fight King George to get rid of dynasties?

McCain is a worse horror. Sure as shit, he won't allow four years to go by without his own war.

If Obama gets the nomination, you should vote for him. I will. He really is the chance for Americans to feel better about themselves and the world. There's not much more we can hope for.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to email comment on the column]

—> *Yeah it was April Fools dept*: I guess most of you figured out that my column about A YEAR WITHOUT KIDS was a fake. There is no such group.

The man who started the movement was also a complete invention—sprung from my brow like Aphrodite from the brow of Uranus.

The concept's not bad though. Anyone interested can have full rights to the name.

—> *Get me one dept:* Daryl Hill of Cookeville, Tennessee bought his ten-year-old daughter an MP3 player from Wal-Mart.

Surprise! The player was "preloaded with pornography and explicit songs." Evidently, someone bought the thing, downloaded the good stuff, then sealed it up and returned it. Now that's my kind of sabotage!

—> *Embarrassing being a Jew dept. Part One*: City University of New York and The Chicago Council on Global Affairs, among others, canceled presentations about a book called *The Israel Lobby.* They said they needed critics to balance out the presentation. All critics, however, were "unavailable or unwilling to participate." This call for "balance" is the new censorship.

Where is the balance for Rush Limbaugh or Anne Coulter? Where is the balance for an entire night of Fox News? Certainly not on CNN!

—> *Embarrassing being a Jew dept. Part Two*: The school administration in Old Saybrook, Connecticut canceled a performance by the Al-Ghad Folklore Dancing Troupe of Palestine. Why? Because parents claimed it was "offensive to Israeli and Jewish sensibilities." Maybe they couldn't find a Kill-the-Palestinians-Now dance group to balance it out.

—> *Speaking of predictable dept:* A new book called *Predictably Irrational* talks about variations in the famous placebo effect. Not only do people get better when doctors prescribe a sugar pill placebo, but the effect is increased if patients pay a lot for it. In other words, a worthless drug gives more relief when priced at $2.50 than when priced at ten cents.

And what have the drug companies done for you lately? You sure?

—> *Saving by intimidation dept:* No, I'm not talking about Christianity. I'm talking about a BOMB BANK made by the Japanese toy company Tomy.

The bomb-shaped bank begins to shudder and beep if not fed regularly. Longer starvation makes it explode and send coins and bank-shards flying. Sounds more American than Japanese, doesn't it?

—> *If thy left hand offend thee dept:* Kyle N. sent me a clipping about an Idaho man who believed he saw THE MARK OF THE BEAST on his hand. Using a circular saw, he cut off the hand and microwaved it. A hospital spokeswoman declined to say if any effort was made to reattach the offending hand.

—> *What exactly does "overweight" mean? dept:* The November 7, 2007 *Journal of the American Medical Association* reported, "Overweight people have lower mortality rates than those in all other weight categories (underweight, normal, and obese) and are less likely to die from certain illnesses, including Alzheimer's, Parkinson's and respiratory disease."

That begs the question...who decides what is and isn't overweight? Over *what* weight?

—> *Glad I'm not a Christian dept:* Southern Baptist Pastor Wiley Drake has again urged his followers to pray for the deaths of staff members at Americans United for Separation of Church and State.

Last August, Americans United filed an IRS complaint about Drake's use of church letterhead and a church-based radio program to endorse Mike Huckabee. Federal tax law forbids tax-exempt groups from endorsing or opposing candidates for public office. The IRS later notified Drake that his church was being investigated.

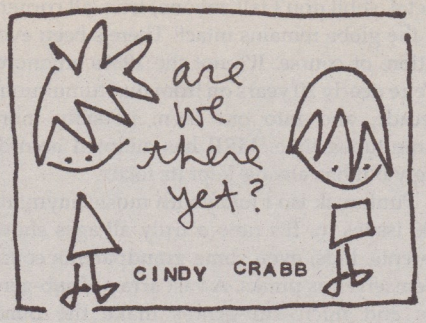
In response, Drake sent emails to followers urging them to engage in "imprecatory prayers" (curses) against Americans United and three of its staff members.

Wrote Drake, "In light of the recent attack from the enemies of God, I ask the children of God to go into action with Imprecatory Prayer. Especially against Americans United for Separation of Church and State.... Specifically target Joe Conn or Jeremy Learing [sic] and their leader, Rev. Barry Lynn. They are those who lead the attack."

Drake directed his followers to Psalms 109 (as well as Psalms 55, 58, 68, 69 and 83) for examples of imprecatory prayers. Verses from those texts ask God to bring death and destruction to those targeted.

"Let his days be few; and let another take his office," says one passage.

"Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow. Let his children be continually vagabonds, and beg," says another.



My Punk Heroes, Part Two

Gaby.

Sometimes you meet someone just for a second, and they become your instant hero. Gaby was kind of like that. Everywhere I went in Baltimore I saw her: she was at Red Emma's anarchist coffee shop/bookstore, she was at the Velocipede community bike fixing place, she was serving food at the Jazz Brunch, and was always friendly and full of energy. Gaby is queer, was originally from Venezuela, and has been living in Baltimore for six years.

C: How did you get involved with Red Emma's and the Velocipede?

G: I got involved at Red Emma's about a year ago. I went there looking for a job about two years ago, and they were like, "No, we're a collective." Then a year later I was getting more active in radical stuff and I met some people from Red Emma's and started going there and I really liked the project and I said, "I want to be part of this. I want to be part of the change." Same with Velocipede. These two things are not usual in Baltimore. There aren't many collectives. I started doing bikes and was like "this is really cool!"

C: Did you know a lot about bikes before you became involved?

G: Not at all. No no no. I started doing more biking and one day my bike broke and I was supposed to pay like $150 just to fix my derailleur, and I said, fuck that! I'm not going to pay $150. I can do it myself. DIY, man! I went to Velocipede. I started getting more involved. It was something I wanted to do. Like Red Emma's, I fell in love with the project, the people, helping out, meeting people. It's so different. It changes your life. When you're part of the social scene, the activist scene, it's like your ears become more open, your antennas are completely out there.

C: I know I used to be totally intimidated by bike fixing until I went to an all-girls workshop. Does the Velocipede ever have events like that?

G: The shop has girl and trannies day every other Tuesday. It's cool because the shop gets really insanely busy most days. And lots of times girls feel intimidated by men, or the men want to tell them what to do and the girls don't want that kind of help, they want to learn by themselves. So every time we have the Tuesday night for girls and trannies it's great because you really have time to dedicate to one person and they don't feel so intimidated by so many people around or so many men, so they feel more comfortable. I really love it!

C: It seems like a lot of punk-run or anarchist-run projects I've been involved with are pretty much just serving the punk community, but here it seems different. Like especially the Jazz Brunch seemed much more inclusive.

G: It's funny, because you would think it was just radical people or people who were involved with politics who go to Red Emma's or Velocipede, but you see all kinds of people, and maybe they are less involved with anything, but they start getting more knowledge seeing all the books that we have, there's a lot of information in between. Jazz Brunch is another huge community event that we have, and it's awesome. It brings the community together, it brings the neighborhood together — it's really real. *(Interviewer's note: I went to Jazz Brunch, and it was so inspiring. It was punk-run, but it was all-ages of people and not just whites and punks. There was a line out the door and a welcomer punk who explained how it all worked, which was funny but actually made it way less alienating! Hurray for welcomers! There was a real jazz band with two high school kids and three older people playing, and if you brought an instrument and could play, you could join the band too (and you got $4 off the price of brunch). Also, there was a little open mic, but I had to leave before that because it was so packed and I wanted to let someone else sit down. It felt really great. Like real community.)*

C: How did the church give you that space?

G: We all have worked a lot on it What happened was, the church was falling apart, and their members couldn't afford the bills, so Red Emma's Collective offered them some help financially by having some type of community events and that way pay the bills and do some repairs that were needed. That church has been doing a lot of radical stuff since always. So we help them to pay the rent and we have an awesome space for big stuff, concerts, poetry nights, festivals, radical book fairs, Jazz Brunch — even punk shows too! I love it!

C: You play music too?

G: I do play music. What don't I do? I play guitar, bass, drums, maybe I can sing in the shower. Just kidding. I gave up music. I just picked up my bass two days ago, but I haven't played in like a year. I had two bands and nei-

ther of them worked out. It's hard to work out this relationship with your band. When it doesn't work it's just so devastating, which sucks because it is something I really love to do. It's one of the things that used to make me happy and I stopped doing it, but I'm doing other things that are important to me now. It's like breaking up with someone you love. It's like "I'm through it. I need a break." That's the way it was with the band, but playing is something I love to do, so in the future I'll do it again. If you really look for it you can definitely make it happen.

C: Do you have anything you especially want to say?

G: A lot of the punk scene is not active, at least here in Baltimore, like they don't think going to protests is really worth it, so I want to encourage people, especially young kids, to care a little more. There's a lot of vegans, but there's a lot of other issues they need to address. I would like more kids out there to inform themselves and have more knowledge about all the things that are happening. If you have more people moving together with knowledge it's better. And come to Red Emma's in Baltimore.

C: A lot of women I know sort of drop out of punk as they get older, and I was wondering what keeps you involved in punk?
G: The scene, and friends, and bands. I love all my friends who are into the punk scene and radicalism and feminism and whatever. When people think punk is dead, well I'm not giving up! Punk is not fucking dead! It is still there and I love it!

don't try

by dave

In 1982 when Maximum Rock N Roll first appeared in print form I was five years old. In 2008, I'm nearly 31 and MRR has reached its mind-blowing 300th issue. In a time when print mags with a far shorter lifespan have fallen by the wayside, reaching #300 really is a *huge* milestone and those who do far more for the magazine then I with this one brief column (the coordinators, the shitworkers, etc) should be praised by all who value what MRR continues to do.

Not only has MRR remained viable and ethical in the age of the interweblogosphere, but has done so since those ancient days of the early 1980s, when all that connected us were Xeroxed zines and tape trading. Its continued mission to cover punk rock (and even a little metal, shhh don't tell anyone) from all corners of the globe remains intact. There's been evolution, of course. It's not the 1980s anymore. We're nearly 20 years on from that tumultuous decade, and into our own, possibly more tumultuous time. MRR has adapted accordingly but has always kept its focus.

Punk rock isn't just youth music anymore, 300 issues in. It's now a truly all-ages show. Parents, kids, even some grandparents count themselves as punks. A vast array of sub-genres and micro-sub-genres make the punk underground as diverse as the many countries that it calls its home. The subculture has informed the lives of its inhabitants outside the music world. Many infuse the DIY ethic that is the subculture's backbone into every facet of their lives, from diet to childrearing to community service. This has arguably been punk rock's greatest and most lasting contribution to society at large and MRR has been a huge part of that.

So as one who has never called himself a punk, just a lowly headbangin' hesher, I raise my horned chalice of metallic mead to those punks who continue to spread the gospel of DIY, both within and without the punk scene, and to MRR for documenting it all with enthusiasm along the way.

One last sentimental reflection before we move forward to death. I first started checking out MRR when I was in high school, I guess around the age of 16 or so. The people I knew that weren't mainstream dorks were into punk mostly. The only metalheads were me and my learning-disabled buddy. They were all into AFI. I thought they sucked (we're talkin' '93-'94 here, the band did get better). I saw them open a show for Ensign and Sick Of It All and thought, "This is what everyone is so stoked on?" How embarrassing for them.

But one thing that bothered me about the metal "scene" was that it lacked that DIY sensibility and sense of community. It lacked street cred and that bummed me out. At least in my relatively sheltered world in the eastern Bay Area, that was my perception. I started checkin' out MRR, usually bought at Tower Books in Concord, to see if there was anything I could like about underground punk. I was into the standards of course, Minor Threat, DKs, etc., but that's as far as it went.

Well a lot of the shit in there at the time, like Boris The Sprinkler and most of the Lookout bands, the garage-y shit, I knew that wasn't for me, to put it nicely. But I did discover invaluable information on hardcore bands like Logical Nonsense and also on powerviolence, grindcore, and sludge stuff. It wasn't a lot of coverage but MRR was instrumental in helping me discover some of those bands, which led to hundreds of further discoveries on down the line. Powerviolence was really exactly what I wanted out of music at the time; it was extremely pissed off, but wasn't overly simplistic and it had the punk idealism that metal lacked at the time. Being at Fiesta Grande, my first trip to Gilman Street, was an intense experience and one I've never forgotten. So for that discovery, even an old hesher is indebted to MRR.

And now that MRR is moving to Olympia as Justin promised in the last issue, I'll be able to contribute oh so much more (wink, wink).

Moving into springtime now, emerging from the dreary winter months that usually lack a significant amount of records being released, I've been well inundated with new releases this month including a shitload of new black metal fury. I think Moribund must release like ten records every month. It seems like every other week I get an envelope with another three or so releases from these people. Luckily a decent percentage of them are worth mentioning, three of which I'll cover this time around.

First, the long-anticipated new devilry from the Bay Area's own one-man destroyer, Leviathan. As most are aware by now Leviathan is Wrest, aka Jeff Whitehead, old-school skater and acclaimed tattoo artist. For many years now he's been doing the bedroom black metal blues better than just about everyone else. He recorded a ton of demos and then started releasing records through a label including two that are in regular rotation at Don't Try Deadquarters, those being *The Tenth Sublevel Of Suicide* and *Tentacles Of Whorror.*

The new beast is called *Massive Conspiracy Against All Life* and it is the final Leviathan recording apparently, as Wrest is moving on to concentrate on his other project Lurker Of Chalice.

So does it live up to the hype and expectation? Well, that would have been difficult. This is a solid album that will stand well with the prior output. "Seamless Garment as the Morning" has a swirling, murky chaos not unlike the sound Australia's Portal cultivates. "Last Breath Of Expiation" feels like the final minutes on a respirator before they pull the plug as the song slowly fades to black. Leviathan's sound often moves between these more introverted moments of being caught in a vacuum of solitude, and then pissed-off flashes of in-your-face bloodshed. The vocals seem less prominent and mixed lower than usual, less harsh even. There are seven tracks over the course of an hour that will mix well with the older material, but there's not a song like *The Tenth Sublevel*'s "The Idiot Sun" that really stands above as a track to remember. Leviathan will undoubtedly be recalled as one of the more unique entities spawned by the USBM scene. Lurking about if you can find it is a cover he did of Black Flag's "My War" that is rather ripping.

Azaghal is a Finnish black metal horde that have been around for ten years already. They've released five or six records in that time but their new album Omega is the first exposure I've had to them. I'm glad I caught

this band already well into their lifetime because this is a totally colossal, experienced and rock solid assault of kold Scandinavian jawbreakers. I mean, all bangers and no mash. Azaghal does not fuck around and from the opening seconds it's full on hyperblast warp-speed-now-captain and it rarely eases up. Even during the more mid-paced moments this is violent as shit. "Pirun Verta," the second track, registers a 9.5 on the air-guitar body-bang richter. Like if the Swedish band Setherial had actually written with songs in mind rather than just ripping your face off, it may have sounded like what Azaghal is doing on Omega. Should such a shameless display of ferocity make one happy? Azaghal might not like to hear it but black metal this good puts a smile on my face. Despite the occasional appearance of some keyboards there's nothing light in the loafers going on here, total iron boots. "Quetzalcoatl" is a black metal blasterpiece, quite possibly the best track here even though I'd lose the keyboard break. Overall the tracks comprising Omega stand to be some of the best black metal storm-fucking-lieders of the year creating serious fire on the poop deck of destruction. And don't worry, Azaghal dudes, I won't tell anyone that on the unpronounceable track "Kaikkinakevan Silman Alla" you copped a riff from Cannibal Corpse's "Hammer Smashed Face" three minutes in. Oh, I will drink this milkshake, drink it up.

So I've never been particularly horny for Finland's Horna but their latest mini-LP Pimeyden Hehku might convince me to get in bed with these brutes after all. Unlike their countrymen in Azaghal, this one has got a little more of a messy punk rawness up its blackened sleeveless. Call it primitive and filthy perhaps. Opener "Nostalgiaa" (yep, one "a" ain't enough for the Finns, they're nostalgic enough for two) spits forth rumbling bass-driven speed leading to some bangable mid-paced Horna-havoc.

Sometimes Horna is reminiscent of the ugly Norsemen in Carpathian Forest and I'm reminded of that bands roughed up and bruised *Black Shining Leather* LP. Indeed the guy pictured from Horna has a nailed arm gauntlet the size of which would make the Forest's Nattefrost green with envy. How can you get anything done walking around with 15-inch nails sticking out of your arm? No wonder his face looks all cut up. The mini-LP format works well for Horna. I haven't been able to get through an entire Horna LP, but with Pimeyden Hehku's four diseased songs in just 20 minutes, it's perfectly snortable. Good place to start if you've ever been interested in this fixture of the Finnish black empire.

A new split is out between Arizona's The Landmine Marathon and the Bay Area's own Scarecrow. Landmine Marathon gets the A-side with their three tracks. A modern aggro beast with grind-tinged metal recalling 21st century Napalm Death in places, along with some Bolt Thrower dual-guitar epicness. I'd guess this band destroys live and they haven't quite captured what I imagine to be that destructive force. And they have to know that the first part of their song "Rise With The Tide" is pretty much Bolt Thrower's "Forever Fallen" with a few changed notes. Compare the two and tell me it's not. It's pretty blatant. No beef — just sayin'.

Been wishing Metallica sounded like 1986 again? Problem solved. Scarecrow is my old friend Matt Harvey's baby, he of Exhumed and Dekapitator fame. It's unashamed Metallica worship done better than just about anybody. I'm all for lack of originality when the imitation is convincing, and this makes the grade easily. I don't think Matt would deny it either, as Metallica is his all-time favorite band. The songwriting skill and musicianship with which Scarecrow works will keep them from being lumped in with the million-man-march of the thrashmania bummer currently happening. Muni Waste this ain't. Seeing them live last year in Oakland was pretty revelatory. Bud Burke can rip through the classiest solo with a surgical speed and precision the likes of which are rarely seen. Matt's vocals lack the power of Puppets-era Hetfield, but this is Scarecrow in their infancy and hopefully that aspect will be fine tuned to the extent necessary. Like their partners on the A-side, Scarecrow didn't totally capture that absolute live magic on record, but hearing the songs this way first will make those who eventually check them out live that much more amazed. Can't wait to hear what comes next. This band needs a $100,000 budget and a Flemming Rasmussen production. The split was released by the Level Plane label.

For a self-released CD Orgone's *The Goliath* looks and sounds a lot better than most albums with label backing. Insane guitar playing that jumps all over the place, weird rhythms, and a death metal backbone. Musically this is very calculated-sounding stuff. People might be tempted to use the word "math," but that's kind of a misnomer since I wouldn't put Orgone into that irritating genre. This is more on the extreme tech death tip with a prog vibe. Typically I never listen to this kind of thing, but this album is really fucking great actually. The harsh vocals fit perfect. There appears to be an interesting concept lyrically that combined with the tunes give this a real connection to the Prog world, but this is still firmly entrenched in modern death metal. Amazing artwork courtesy of my friend David D'Andrea who has done covers for Graves At Sea, Ulver, and Witchcraft, among others. I was watching David put this art together months ago when we shared an office in Emeryville but regrettably never checked out the music until now, eight months later. Why this band is not on Willowtip, Relapse, or Deathwish is beyond me. If they have the ability to tour then this band will be picked up by one of those big labels any day now. In the meantime the CD can be got directly from the band for $9 US and $12 world to Stephen Jarrett, 2828 Mckelvey Road, Pittsburgh, PA 15221. Their webpage is myspace. com/orgoneus. Go check them out.

And now we take a trip back in time, only this time it makes sense for right now in 2008 as well. That's because Displeased Records out of Holland has re-released the first two albums by the panzergodly Chicago death metal progenitors Master. Master was formed originally around 1983-84. Before doing anything substantial the band splintered with member Bill Schmidt moving on to Mayhem (US, not Norway) and band, uh, mastermind, Paul Speckmann forming the legendary demo-only proto-death legends Death Strike (a full length with the demo *Fuckin Death*, plus other tracks that emerged later). The Death Strike demo made a big impression in the underground and soon after that Schmidt and Speckmann reunited and went back to the name Master.

Lots of drama ensued during the rest of the 1980s that I won't get into here, but eventually in 1990 the self-titled debut Master recording was finally released. It featured all four songs from the Death Strike demo re-recorded, those being "Mangled Dehumanization," "Pay To Die," "Funeral Bitch," and "Re-entry and Destruction." Six other tracks made it on as well. The album is packed to the gills with deathrashin' greatness taking influence from Venom, Motorhead, and Slayer and infusing it with the more recent (for the time) sounds of Mantas/Death and Possessed. The title track is an anthem with its punk-leaning lyrical cry, "Stand back all you preachers / Stop looking to the skies / We are your Masters / We need no disguise." After a bass solo a 100 mph version of Sabbath's "Children Of The Grave" pays tribute to the masters of reality.

The second full-length album, *On The Seventh Day God Created… Master* was released just a year later in 1991. A collection of mostly new songs that hadn't been circulating in the underground tape-trading trenches for years before release. Again recorded by death metal legend Scott Burns at Morrisound Studios in Tampa, Florida, the album also featured some guest vocal spots by John Tardy of Obituary on "Latitudinarian" and "Submerged In Sin."

"Heathen" has a cruel bloodfiending Autopsy-esque death wreak in its slowed roll while "Judgment Of Will" is a personal favorite originally done for an album that Master recorded back in 1985 but never got released (more on that later). All in all, *On The Seventh Day* is another essential piece in the early American death metal pantheon.

One of Master's more annoying habits was taking American patriotic pieces like "The

Pledge of Allegiance" and "America The Beautiful" (renamed "America The Pitiful") and making them their own. The songs are interesting enough but at the same time have the effect of giving the albums a jokey quality that's not appealing in an early death metal band. The songs make sense given Speckmann's obvious, if rudimentary, lyrical leanings toward politics, war and religion.

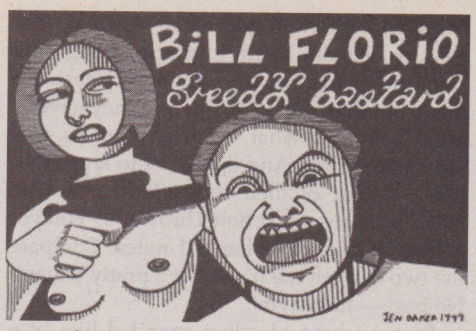
These re-releases are the original mixes of the albums that Paul Speckmann was happier with than what was originally released by Nuclear Blast. I don't have the originals anymore to compare with, but the liner notes claim that Scott Burns triggered the drums and left off a bunch of solos unbeknownst to the band and that's what got released. The drums still have somewhat of a machine-like quality even on these mixes however.

Displeased has also included a DVD with each release. Two live shows from the time period the albums were released are contained on each DVD. Now these DVDs are mostly of low, bootleg quality — it's the early 90s, after all, and so they are not essential except for Master completists, but as a bonus they're a welcome addition.

One final note on Master. In 1985 the band recorded an album for Combat Records, the label the released Death, Exodus, Possessed, and a hundred other great bands. Unfortunately the band hooked up with a manager who demanded way more than Combat was willing to give and the label ripped up the contract and never released the recording. Displeased released the untitled 1985 album a few years back and it's still available on CD. Many of the tracks ended up on the first Master full-length in 1990, but these are different, and in my view rawer, uglier and hence, superior versions of many of those tracks; easily my favorite Master recording. All of these releases are worth getting but if you only seek out one, get the unreleased 1985 album. There's a ton of Master info available at Speckmann's website, www.masterspeckmetal.com.

Finally, I want to dedicate my column in this 300th issue of *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll* to my friend from Concord, California, David Plumb. David passed away on March 5th, 2008, one day before his 35th birthday. Dave was a fan of punk, hardcore and metal going way back and I sat with him in his garage many times listening to and discussing some of our mutually favorite albums including Neurosis' *Souls At Zero*, At The Gates' *Slaughter Of The Soul*, and The Cro-Mags' *Age Of Quarrel*. Rest peacefully now, brother. You will be missed by all that knew your one-of-a-kind character.

Dave, 120 State Ave NE #136, Olympia, WA 98501, dontfuckingtry.blogspot.com Beware The Iron Heel.



I was thinking about new things. In my quick scan of my lifetime I was trying to figure out some new invention that no one has ever seen before. Now I'm not one to be a great judge of style or substance or artistic merit within our culture but I figured I'd give it a shot. So anyway, back in the golden age of the early industrial revolution, it seemed like people had some mean-ass mustaches and muttonchops. Well, for one thing, everyone seemed to wear big hats. You don't really see people wearing big hats anymore, unless it's that annoying hipster with the stupid fur earflap disaster to match her mini-tight see-through negligee and boots. But a big hat, for some reason back then having huge hairy-waxy walrusy things growing out of your face and a huge hat to cover that hair you never really bothered to get cut was the thing to do. Then you'd go play cricket or swim in the ocean and you'd have an equally exaggerated specialty hat to go along with the activity. Detectives always used to wear hats, I never really got that either, but I suppose it had something to do with not having to follow the dress code of the rest of the police department. Other than the mustaches and the hats, it seems like we went about a hundred years with some minor changes in styles of dress, basically everyone wore some sort of suit-like garb and women wore some sort of dresses or skirts, there were a couple of aberrations in say the 1920s and of course the odd cult or subculture would tend to appear slightly off, but lets face reality here, everyone sort of looked the same. Well this is if you lived in a city anyhow, country folk didn't so much follow the dress-up code considering they worked their clothes to shreds, this goes for hard-labor work clothes etc., etc. I'm just talking about one dressing up to fit some sort of lifestyle. There was fancy and there was plan and schlubby, but all in all it was the same thing with a different tag on it. Then after World War II, perhaps the world became a little smaller, with Americans going around and seeing people's styles around the rest of the world before killing them. After the war you had things pop up like biker gangs. This is where wearing something practical, say, leather to protect yourself when you ultimately drunkenly skid into a hot dog stand turned into wearing leather to let people think you'd be tough enough to skid into a hot dog stand. You had folks walking around in underwear basically, say because they were working on their hot rod, or wanting to working on a hot rod that they could afford if some asshole hadn't crashed into their hot dog stand. Women started wearing pants, and people started wearing plastic clothing, for a number of reasons. With all the non-work activities popping up with the idea that one didn't have to work 90 hours a week anymore, people had time to express their interests and subcultures with different-looking styles of clothing and hair and sunglasses and odd socks stuffed down their pants. There was a whole bunch of styles of music, each with their own style and look that seemed to go with them. You could look at someone and say, "Oh, he's a homosexual, she's a bowler, and those two are some sort of Baptist churchgoers, that guy has been to prison." I'd say this sort of thing went on until sometime in the 1980s. Then suddenly, it all stopped. So it's been twenty or so years now of almost complete cultural stagnation. There's not really anything new, there's just a lot of either old things that are fused together, or things that are totally unoriginal and pretending to be something new. Grunge, what the hell is new about listening to 70s whiny rock and wearing a shitty plaid shirt? Ravers, hippies that dance a little faster and lamer. Death Metal? Basically this sounds like two or three old metal records played at the same time and the people look exactly the same as 30 years ago except there's somehow even fewer women into it than ever before. Punk rock, hardcore? Somehow punk became retro ten years after it was new — talk about quickening cycles. Let's face it, the best thing about punk as a fashion is that people used to beat up mohawking punks and call them derogatory names referencing the gay community. Now when you see some mowhawking person, you just have to assume they are part of the gay community. Go gay people — it's not original, but I appreciate the irony wholeheartedly.

Goths, rockabilly, ska people, skaters, no change for decades. I guess certain hip-hop fashion has emerged, subtly, but basically dressing like you're 11 when you're 40 could still count as some sort of retro.

So of course now comes the part where I explain what is truly new and outlandish and totally over-the-top statement. The only subculture I can truly say is new and improved and seems to overcome all past versions of itself is the modern 21st century guido.

Looking back, the guido started when the Italian emerged from the land of fruit-stands and monkey grinding. Marlon Brando and Frank Sinatra started paving the way for the idea of the smooth-talking hard-hitting name the guinea tee after the guinea, pisan. Before this, it was just the wanna-be handlebar mustache Mario. Sometime mid-century he emerged as the tough-as-nails dumb-as-a-stump manual-laboring hammer-wielding bastion of the union and the social club, bat-

wielding urban Ku Klux Klan by night. They moved on through the ages, disco dancing in the 70s, cruising their Trans-ams and Camaros in the 80s to Stacey Q, and for some odd reason riding in neon-clad Japanese motorcycle gangs in the 90s. People wanted to be them, they wanted to be cugines of the cugines. You suddenly had copiers, the Semitic Jew-gines, the eastmeetswest bamboo-gines even the subcontinental Apu-gines. Guidos were on top of the moronic urban northeastern dwellers for at least four of the five decades they existed and then sometime in the early 90s, guido was dead. What happened — they got educated? They suddenly became more tolerant of Albanians and whatever other ethnic based meatheads were around vickin their style? I seriously doubt this, but I have to say, for eight or nine years, I lived in one of the guido capitals of the world and I didn't see any true new generation of guido emerging. I'll have to assume that they all went into a Vanilla Ice-like cocoon for a few years. But one day just a few short years ago, something emerged out of that cocoon, and it wasn't a butterfly — hell, it wasn't even a lungfish. The new guido is completely re-invented. He spends three times more on his hair than any Travolta blow-do or gelled up goombah of the past — back then a few inches of height and some cheap cologne would do the trick to bag the bouffanted ladies. The new guido — as seen on that Gotti show and other programs, like say, my bedroom window — rears its head as some sort of part parakeet, part looking like a headband mark made over the course of a week. Just as in the movie "Barbershop," these specialty shops emerge. Two of them within a block of my residence, one had to relocate since they seemed to be selling more than a buzz and an eyebrow pluck and the local 5-0 seemed to take notice. This new guido doesn't bear the mark of working class; his parents made it big in whatever sort of under-the-table business activities for the past few decades and they are here to be the new class of old-money trust-fund kid minus the Ivy League education and high-level management job.

Being someone whose blood is associated with such creepazoids, you would think I would be upset. I'm actually very glad that these types have fully shown their inner selves to the world. They have the fake tanned skin, the facial hair pruned and plucked and checked for ingrowns, their eyebrows made to resemble their mom or mom's Jewish neighbor out on Long Island. You look at these people and you realize there can be nothing to talk to them about… It's a bold statement that says "Keep Out!" more than any other pierced and tatted person could ever strive to be. There's few in our society who wouldn't instantly hold them in contempt at first glance. This is something everyone else has failed to do — even cross-dressers have managed to work their way into certain specialty witnessing jobs, but no one outside of a barbershop or custom car parts would think to hire one of these freaks. But hey, a long line from Polo, Da Vinci, Galileo, Machiavelli, Donatello, Columbus, Marconi, Fermi, Luciano, and Pat Cooper, they were all probably hated in their day but as time goes by everyone's forced to accept their genius. Most importantly, those shock value punks really have to start taking it up a notch — these guidos have set the bar quite high.

Till next time, email is the same — bill@candids.com

When It Was Over and When It Wasn't

Until you remember

After errands I'm trying to think of something to do that won't hurt my hands, now that I've missed all the movies I wanted to see and it's too early to go to Blow Buddies. Then I can't decide what to do, so I'm trying to stay here and do nothing, but before you know it I'm checking email or reading the newspaper or scanning through that essay again and then everything is burning, this is the worst it's been because I've been editing my novel, what a nightmare.

I can only spend so much time with the stuffed animals, and then my hand's back on the computer mouse, the arrow keys, I better stop before I get to that point again where there's too much burning. Then I remember oh, I have a few movies here, I can watch Todd Haynes's *Safe* and maybe that will be comforting, since it's about a woman who becomes allergic to the world, everything really, item by item, starting with her husband. It's brilliant on so many levels, but one of those levels is that the woman, played by Julianne Moore, is hardly a sympathetic character — she's a super-rich housewife living in Southern California who freaks out when a sofa set of the wrong color is delivered for one small corner of her expansive living room. But as she slowly starts to fall apart, the camera lingering over all this space around her that gives nothing like comfort, even while critiquing everything that she stands for it's still impossible not to see the hopelessness of her situation.

I have a particular relationship to this movie because, the first time I saw it, I remember Chris or maybe it was Zee saying: that'll be you in a few years. And that's the problem with watching it, because I'm watching Julianne Moore and seeing things that could happen to me, like when she suddenly can't breathe at a baby shower with all her friends and their permed hair. And especially when she's writing a letter to someone who runs a support group for people with environmental illness, and her husband comes into the bedroom and says what are you doing, and she stares at him and at first you think she doesn't know whether to reveal what she's actually writing, but then she says: Where am I? Because she suddenly doesn't know.

That's where I'm sobbing with Julianne, I realize I stopped at this exact point the last time I tried to watch this movie. But it's just a movie — I should be able to get to the end, right? Now they're talking about how sometimes people can have seizures and then Julianne Moore is getting conventional allergy tests where they prick your arms all over the place and then you see a close-up of all the red welts arranged on her forearms and it's that exact sensation that keeps triggering me, the repetition of mold on the red cabbage or beans stuck in the drain, something that makes me cringe I press stop on the mouse but then the image is frozen on my computer screen I don't know what to do until I realize OK, I can press eject on the DVD drive. At first that doesn't work and I'm panicking, but then out comes the DVD, it's OK.

I head out for Blow Buddies, the Geary bus is coming so I jump on it but then I'm confused because it doesn't really take me that much closer, I'm not ready to be around all these people. At Market I catch a cab, but then I think wait, did I leave the beans boiling on the stove? Sometimes I think I've done that, and I'm just being neurotic, but this time I really think I'm right. I tell the cab to take me home, back to my apartment there's the pot of beans, boiling. What a mess. I mean it could have been a mess, I'm glad I came back, maybe it's time to get ready for bed but instead I run outside and catch another cab.

At first I think I should just leave, I mean after I get there, but then the music changes and I get wacky, running away from the poppers with exaggerated expressions, waving to people who looks dazed, and then I'm in an alcove with this cute short guy with facial hair that could be the leather look or it could be scenester fashion or I guess it could be both, anyway he's pushing me down on his dick, you already know it doesn't take much pushing. Then he's trying to slam this other guy's dick in my mouth with his and I'm thinking that doesn't really work, this isn't a porn video, but I'm attracted to his pushing anyway and eventually it kind of does work — I get it, their dicks go it into my cheek more than straight back, but I hope this isn't hurting my jaw — my hands feel fine, that's a good sign. Eventually I'm standing up into the sec-

ond guy's arms kissing his neck and hugging him and I've got my hands on the back of the first guy's head he's sucking my dick that's when I get the rush like I could be anywhere I could do anything, we alternate positions for a while we're all super-present in something that's all of us.

Then when I come all over the first guy he gets all toppish and angry like he's scared of come and immediately I'm so exhausted like why was I doing any of that? At home I'm angry at myself for staying up too late, it's just so hard to tell when I'm really really exhausted and shouldn't go out because I'm always exhausted, except sometimes I feel better when I go out.

I'm telling Chris about trying to watch *Safe* again, I'm talking about the scene where Julianne Moore says, Where am I? And then those red marks on her arms and how they triggered some kind of flashback I mean something about repeated marks on skin or something caught in the drain or mold on cabbage and then I don't want to get dramatic, but actually I'm wondering: Where am I? I mean I know I'm in my kitchen, but I'm trying to tell Chris what those marks remind me of, I can't say it I put my head in my hands I'm scared of looking right at him I mean looking out at anyone.

Then my body's shaking, I'm sobbing, Chris has his hand on my leg that feels sweet I'm reaching my hand over for his I still can't say anything. Then I'm sobbing more, I say can you come over here? Chris moves his chair over, I say I'll write it down — I mean it's not a memory, it's just something I'm thinking, OK? Chris nods his head but I can't write anything, I close my eyes again, I really want to say it aloud just to say it I say it reminds me of something rotting, something dead. Then I'm staring straight ahead, can I say it do you think I can say it I can say it, maybe I can say it. Then I'm conscious that I mumbling and then I'm staring straight ahead again.
People.

I get that feeling like, OK, now the world will end but also that feeling like OK, now the world will end but that's not a problem. Really I'm thinking babies, faces smashed and decomposing, but somehow people is easier to say. Then I say: Don't tell anyone, OK?

Which is funny, because immediately I think: Who would Chris tell? And: My father is dead. And: I'm going to write about it later on.

I hate the way that everything can suddenly get scarier, that I want to feel safe but it never works, that my mother could at least make me feel financially safe but she hasn't, that my father's dead but I'm still a little kid saying don't tell anyone, they put that in your head so well that you can't even remember what they didn't want you to tell. Until you remember, but it's all warped images bent around feelings twisted tangled knotted rotting memory isn't the word for memory.

The pain splitting me

I'm saying something to my sister about when she used to wake up every night screaming, Help! Help! And my mother would suit her back to sleep, our mother. Lauren says she doesn't remember that, which kind of surprises me—there are the parts of childhood that I never forgot, so they don't seem as traumatic. Then there are the parts that I had to forget, in order to go on living.

Lauren's screaming went on for years, maybe it started when we moved to the new house, Lauren was four and I was six, maybe it went on until she was about 10 and I was 12. I'm not sure—it felt like it was always that way, but now I'm thinking about how it was never acknowledged and how, when you're living somewhere where you're afraid for your life and that's your home you're a child that's the only thing you know of protection, it will never work. The way memory is so bound to emotion that the boundaries between the two are blown open, remain open until you can't figure out what is what, maybe never will.

I was scared too but I didn't believe screaming would help me. There were always so many monsters, even though I didn't believe. I didn't want to believe she was screaming again, sometimes my mother would come right away and sometimes it would take so long. Everything was always so tense, I learned how to masturbate by picturing myself dropped into vats of boiling shit, I was about to die, pressing deeper into the mattress until that wet spot I prayed to God even though I didn't believe. This was arousal and that was death or sleep, the beginning.

I was the good kid, my sister was the bad one—that's the way it all played out, I mean the way each of us survived. Lauren would scream at my parents in the supermarket, masturbate on top of a plastic ball in the family room, tell my parents she was going to chop them up and put them in the frying pan. Why is it so hard to say our parents? I don't know, I can't even tell which way makes sense.

I wanted to be perfect because I knew that if anyone ever saw underneath my façade they'd know I deserved to die. I had to do a really good job, or everyone would know I was evil. I didn't understand kids, they were so mean, so mean to me except for some of the girls. I thought I understood teachers better, I was four or six or eight and I believed I had the mind of an adult just no power. I mean, now I look at four or six or eight or even 15-year-olds and they look like kids, but that wasn't something I knew then. I just knew that I didn't understand them, and they wanted me dead.

Everyone wanted me dead except teachers, and some of the girls, and sometimes my sister but not usually and that's when everything got scarier I mean everything was already scarier I mean everything. I wanted someone to trust, Lauren was there I wanted to trust her. We told each other secrets, secrets like siblings, I knew how to keep secrets. Our parents were jealous, jealous of our closeness they felt threatened. They'd bait us to tell, tell, tell. Lauren would always try to stab me with anything I gave her, which meant I needed to learn to give her nothing. I couldn't learn this, because I wanted to give her everything. I knew we had nothing, and I wanted us to know this together, then we would have something.

I wanted to save everyone, everyone who needed something, something they would never get. This meant kids, the kids that other kids hated, kids like me. Lauren was one of the kids that other kids didn't hate, hovering just beneath the top tier of popularity that I could never get near—I was the faggot the sissy the nerd the brain, these were things that set me apart, in the way that kids divide each other because they've learned that means safety, eventually it will get them somewhere.

I say that I wanted to be perfect, but this was no secret: everyone knew, and I was given two choices—doctor or lawyer. Florence said stockbroker and my parents tried to keep us away from her, she was too materialistic. Rose said artist, but that was impractical. Two choices: doctor or lawyer. What do you want to be?

I wanted to be my sister. I wanted to play with dolls and wear soft sweaters and paint my room pink, I wanted to wear tights with cutoff shorts, I wanted short skirts and makeup and moisturizer, I wanted to giggle and gossip and talk about boys and boobs and ask my friends if I looked fat, I wanted to eat nothing but carrot sticks and rice cakes and salads with no-cal dressing and have adults smile at me and think my diet was cute, I wanted to have a sexuality that I could express.

Sometimes I'd sit on my sister's bed and try to imagine what it would be like if I were underneath the covers, would things be easier? She would scream and yell and tell my secrets and I would hope for the calm moments when I was reading to her, or we were playing with dolls, or telling stories. She would scream and yell and tell my secrets and eventually I hated her, but hated myself more because I couldn't be perfect. Somewhere deep inside I still believe I deserve to die because I hated my sister.

Once, when my sister was screaming, I had a dream that I woke up and went into her room and raped her, a dream I still remember, like I just woke up in her room and everything is over. Because everything is violence and she's finally quiet. This is when I think about how memory overlaps with feeling and it's so hard to tell the difference, especially when the difference means I don't know if I can go on living. I'm wondering now if my sister

screamed when my father took me away, I mean around that time at night even though we were in different rooms, maybe when it happened or when it didn't, maybe when it happened to her or when it didn't. I don't know when it was over and when it wasn't, just my father's hands around my neck into my mouth his eyes his eyes his eyes everything dark except blood everywhere the pain splitting me open the pain splitting me.

My most recent anthology is Nobody Passes: Rejecting the Rules of Gender and Conformity—feel free to tell me what you think! You can also check in on me via my blog, nobodypasses .blogspot.com. These days I'm the reviews editor at the brilliant new feminist magazine Make/shift, where I also have a column but only twice a year (that's how often the magazine comes out). I live for feedback, so send me love letters and/or delicious threats via my new homepage (the URL has changed, and there's a glamorous new design), www.mattildabernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past MRR columns. Or you can write to me at 537 Jones Street, #3152, San Francisco, CA 94102.

EXPELLED?

As I've mentioned here on at least a few occasions, I worked in music retail for around a dozen years, most of the time at one independent store called Rockit Records. There were a lot of trade magazines that we'd receive such as *Billboard*, *Hits*, *CMJ* and the like and it'd give quite an insight into the music business. Mainly how rotten it was. When I hear stories about how the industry is in deep trouble and they're shitting their pants over declining sales and obsessing over downloading, I can't say I feel a ton of empathy.

I only bring up trade magazines because, since "retiring" from music retail in 1997, I still receive one called VB, which is short for *Video Business*. VB has release dates and reviews of upcoming DVDs. There was extensive coverage of the ongoing Blu-Ray vs. HD "debate," i.e. which format will eventually prevail—kind of the VHS vs. Beta debate of this era, and recently, Blu-Ray appears to be the "winner." There's also coverage of the battle to stop video piracy that borders on hysteria. Reading through the ads for the upcoming releases, you wonder who'd even want to bother pirating most of the utter garbage coming out of Hollywood these days.

I've managed to hang onto my subscription to VB even though, as I said, I've been out of the "biz" for over 10 years. I still have myself listed as the manager of In Your Ear Records, which was the last store I worked in. I actually listed myself as assistant manager for a long time but gave myself a promotion a few years ago. I'm thinking of bumping myself up to VP of purchasing or perhaps co-owner at some point. Somehow, I've managed to keep this charade going. The magazine used to call me occasionally to make sure my info was up to date and I was still working at the store. They also obviously never figured out that the address I use for the store is my home address. Now I can do the renewals on-line anyway.

One thing in particular that I get a kick out of in VB is their "Faith & Family" segment that mainly covers the burgeoning Christian market. It's important to keep apprised of all those *Veggie Tales* releases and other "family friendly" entertainment. Hey, wait a minute, I'm part of a family. Who's to say what I find friendly or unfriendly? I love that they use that kind of euphemism, much in the same way that "values voters" are used to mainly describe the Christian conservative crowd. Once again, I think I have pretty good values. What makes my set of values any less valid than theirs?

I was leafing through the most recent issue with that section and happened upon an ad for a movie called *Expelled*, featuring Ben Stein. You know, the monotone-voiced guy who used to host a show called *Win Ben Stein's Money*, one of those ubiquitous conservative "talking heads" you see on various shows across the cable networks. I think his biggest claim to fame remains his short appearance in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, where he played the teacher taking attendance and, when he gets to Ferris's name, drones on "Bueller... Bueller... Bueller..." The first thing I noticed in this ad, besides the fact that Stein is wearing the same kind of school uniform that Angus Young wears on stage with AC/DC (minus the cap), are the endorsements that include film "critic"/moral scold Michael Medved and James Dobson from *Focus On The Family*, who epitomizes the lunacy of the radical Christian right in this country.

Expelled is a documentary that Stein "stars" in, where he takes on those who would suppress "scientists" who believe in "intelligent design" aka creationism. He's approaching it as more of a free-speech issue, saying that creationism has been "expelled" by "Big Science," from the public classrooms, from the university campuses, from other scientific institutions and that the teachers/professors who advance those ideas face "persecution."

I watched an interview on YouTube that Stein did with Bill O'Reilly last fall—it's called "Taking One for the Team"—and he calls Darwinism a "weak theory" and says that "intelligent design" is an "effort to fill in some obvious gaps" i.e. that some supreme being had something to do with the universe's creation. In the trailer for the movie, which you can see on-line (www.expelledthemovie.com), Stein intones (monotones?) that he believes that *"everything was created by a loving God."* He says that people have the right to believe in evolution, that this is a free society and not Nazi Germany (cue image of Hitler). As an aside, it should be noted that Hitler wasn't an atheist but considered himself a Christian. Stein also mentions that Galileo and Einstein worked in the framework of believing there was a God. What he *fails* to mention is how Galileo was persecuted by the Catholic church for his theory that the earth revolved around the sun, not vice-versa. He also fails to mention that Einstein had some ideas on God and religion that sound quite secular in nature: *"It was, of course, a lie what you read about my religious convictions, a lie which is being systematically repeated. I do not believe in a personal God and I have never denied this but have expressed it clearly. If something is in me which can be called religious then it is the unbounded admiration for the structure of the world so far as our science can reveal it."* At the very least, this expresses skepticism on Einstein's part. He also said, *"A man's ethical behavior should be based effectually on sympathy, education, and social ties and needs; no religious basis is necessary. Man would indeed be in a poor way if he had to be restrained by fear of punishment and hope of reward after death."* A humanistic approach? I think we're on to something here. Exactly the kind of secular progressive that Bill O'Reilly would scorn. And "secular humanists" are a bugaboo to the Christian radicals.

Stein also touts the fact he was a presidential speech-writer for Nixon and Ford. I'm wondering if admitting he wrote for "Tricky Dicky" is something he should be proud of. Do you think he came up with the "I'm not a crook" line that Nixon voiced during the time of Watergate? I wonder if Stein has ever appeared on Watergate criminal G. Gordon Liddy's radio show? I did find a quote from Stein (from a post titled "Ben Stein Loses His Shit" on the MetaFilter.com weblog) from 2005 when it was revealed that "Deep Throat," Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein's main source for breaking the Watergate story in the *Washington Post*, was a former FBI agent named Mark Felt, Stein said about him, *"Have you noticed how Mark Felt looks like one of those old Nazi war criminals they find in Bolivia or Paraguay?"* Ol' Ben sure loves to conjure up the Nazi era, doesn't he? And, in a piece Stein wrote for *The American Spectator* in 2005, he referred to Nixon as a hero and said that Felt wasn't a hero. Whatever Felt's motives were, with the Nixon resignation, the ends justified the means. Of course, Nixon's not the only crook, liar, thief, etc to hold the office. Hell, look at the current occupant but Nixon got caught, at least.

I know that Nixon's reputation was at least partially restored by the time of his death in 1994. He'd become something of a Republican elder statesman. Even Bill Clinton, who spoke at the funeral, choked up a bit. It reminded me of when my dad's second wife Sylvia, who was rotten as hell to me, passed away and got all these praises and tributes at her own funeral. Ellen said she almost felt like crying. Perhaps she was a saint to other folks. That sure as hell wasn't the case with me or Ellen. Still, as mean as Sylvia was to us, she wasn't even close to being as nasty as Stein's "hero" Nixon

Towards the end of the trailer, Stein says, in essence, that people speaking up for intelligent design are asking *"some pretty dangerous questions, suggesting that Darwinism is not only improbable, it might actually be dangerous."* At that point, there's more Nazi imagery, showing the concentration camps and the ovens. How subtle.

My purpose in writing about this film is to once again point out the concept of creeping theocracy—nonsense like creationism being peddled as science. When you have Bush stating that creationism should be taught alongside evolution in public schools, when there have been school committees around the country who have tried to add these fairy tales to a school curriculum, it once again points out what's *really* dangerous.

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Before moving on, congrats to *MRR* for having published 300 issues. I'm writing this before seeing the "end product," of course, but I like the idea of an updated northern California issue this time around, coming full circle. The Bay Area and environs still have a lot of bands that rip heads off—I won't make a list since I don't want to leave anyone out but, for one, Look Back and Laugh are one of my favorite live bands in recent years. And I'll never tire of the likes of the Avengers, Nuns, VKTMS, Dils, Sick Pleasure, No Alternative, Crucifix, Fang, Social Unrest, Christ On Parade, Talk Is Poison, MIA (R.I.P. Mike Conley), Dead Kennedys (well, some of their stuff), Flipper… hell, even Tuxedomoon were brilliant at times—listen to "No Tears" and "What Use" if you don't believe me. Same with Chrome. The region continues to be fertile ground for top-notch punk and hardcore and, besides that, it's where I'd want to live if I wasn't a true-till-death MassHole.

THRASH-KILL-DESTROY

We start with the latest from the always-hot No Way records (3211 Idlewood Ave., Richmond, VA, 23221 www.nowayrecords.com). First up, a pair of new 7" EPs, the second effort from each band. On ACID REFLUX's *Secret Power* EP, a whistle sounds—for real—and they're out of the starting gate with the thrashy adrenaline of "Paid To Ruin Fun" and that's maintained for "On The Run" and "Not Another Day," the latter song even featuring a brief (*very* brief) drum solo, if that's the term. The somewhat slower "Half Spic" has a "lalalalalalalala…" and I can't quite decide if it's annoying or endearing. There's also an uncredited reggae dub track to wrap things up and I was trying to remember what other hardcore band did that one time and it was the Cro-Mags on their original *Age Of Quarrel* demo. Acid Reflux aren't nearly as mean as the Cro-Mags but they still kick ass.

For SOCIAL CIRCKLE's *I've Got Afflictions* EP, they've taken a hardcore turn, favoring a faster approach *ala* Career Suicide in particular for "Afflictions" and "Canned Response." "I Don't Want," meanwhile, harkens back to the more anthemic punk style of the debut and "Life Crisis" is along those lines, as well. There's a change in drummers, with Ryan Abbott (Positive Reinforcement/Blank Stare) stepping in and his aggressive style definitely powers things along. The words convey a first person narrative of nervousness, frustration and apprehension. There isn't quite the catchiness of the songs on the first record but Social Circkle are one of Boston's best bands and *I've Got Afflictions* will give you a good indication of that statement.

The last new No Way disc is the self-titled 12" by BRAIN HANDLE. This 10-songer was released last year in a quantity of 300 and it sold out just before they got to Boston and laid waste to the small basement they played. Still, I had it in the MP3 format and it made my year-end best-of list and, now that it's got a wider release on No Way, there's a damn good chance it'll make this year's list as well. Look at the flowery cover and you'd think it's going to be some '60s psychedelic retread and, on the lyric sheet, there's a reference to "psychedelic trout droppings for boss." But throw the needle down and, within seconds, the band's potent hardcore quickly eviscerates that notion. Insert the adjectives here if you'd like, but most of the songs take a loud/fast tack yet the influences aren't instantly definable, except to say it's not a straight-forward '80s tribute. The final song, the slower "Wallet Sniffin'" will make you want to wreck things whenever you hear it—it even got this jaded old fuck to try to take over the pit when they played it. Vocalist Ed Steck aka The Family Circus (or whatever pseudonym he's going under here) spits out the words with a restless irritability, trying to *"make sense of this decay"* while escaping the M-F existence with the weekend's crazy events. Brain Handle's music not only creates that type of cathartic escape for themselves but anyone caught up in their hardcore whirlwind.

Another label with a strong slugging percentage (probably better than their hometown Twins) is Minneapolis's Fashionable Idiots (PO Box 580131, Minneapolis, MN 55458, www.fashionableidiots.com). Three new records to write about from this label as well, all of 'em in the 7" format. BORN BAD return with another scorcher for their second EP *Moron Music*. The emphasis remains on full-bore hardcore punk that boils over with pissed-offedness, to coin a phrase (which I just might have done). If you ever heard a band like Deathreat, it's in that vein, from both a musical and vocal perspective. US-inspired hardcore with a relentless quality and I imagine these guys might have also listened to Discharge a little, as well. If you liked the last one, you'll like this and if you haven't heard them yet, get on it.

St. Louis thrashers CIVIC PROGRESS also have a second EP on Fashionable Idiots called *Disposable*. Perhaps they're trying to make a point with the minimalist packaging—just a white sleeve with the band name and title stamped on there and a small insert plus there's the recycle symbols on the record's label. Some of the lyrics here do have an environmental/anti-conspicuous consumption theme, at least on the first side. On the flip, the commentary comes from more of a perspective of personal alienation. It doesn't come across as preachy; rather, it's a plain statement of facts. Basic 1-2, 1-2 thrash and the vocals have a hoarse, almost voice-cracking quality that also goes into more of a spoken style, as well, particularly for "Falling Apart," which is delivered at a slightly slower speed with some accented drumbeats. Another good effort.

On the uglier side of the punk equation comes Pittsburgh band ROT SHIT and an EP called *Have You Seen Rot Shit?* The sound here is crude, damn-near psychopathic bash. The recording is primitive, the attitude really bad and I absolutely love the sentiments behind "Fuck Yer DJ Night" and "What The Fuck Is Weird Punk," which concludes with a hearty, chanted "FUCK FUCK FUCK..." etc. Hardcore and garage thrown together and then dragged through the gravel until bloody and disfigured. Five quickies on side one, one more on the flip ("Drive Fucked Up") and that ends with another chant, this time it's "DEAD DEAD DEAD…" This music will definitely fuck with 'ya and, even without a lyric sheet, it's not hard to feel the malevolence.

How about some reissues/vintage material excavations? First up is a four song EP of 1984 recordings from Florida band F, entitled, oddly enough, *Four From '84* (Burrito, PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509-3204, www.soundideadistribution.com). When folks think of this band, they might believe that it was the F that put out *You Are An EP* and appeared on one of the *Flipside Vinyl Fanzine* comps but that wasn't the original band and, in fact, there were two F's for awhile. Confused? Bob from Burrito includes an extensive interview with F vocalist Flash, who started the original F and he's kept things going until this day. Unlike the hardcore of *You Are An EP*, these recordings present more of a snotty punk sound, drawing on '70s influences. Flash's raspy

vocals grate at times and the opening song, "I Saw Your Vision In A Three Car Collision," drags a bit. The tracks were originally on a cassette-only release and have a rough appeal, although this isn't something I'd call essential.

AUTOPSIA were part of the mid-'80s Peruvian punk/hardcore scene and their vocalist Silvio went on to be in Ataque Frontal and the others were in G-3. The songs from their 1984 demo have been released on an EP called *Poder Represion Y Corrupcion*, (23 Concord Sq., Apt. B, Boston, MA 02118, cochebomba@msn.com) and the sound is endearingly crude. Most of the tracks are medium-speed and almost have a street punk essence to them. This is rudimentary stuff, both from a playing and production perspective but it has a winning determinedness, like the little engine that could.

Finally, a bit of the past and present involving some of the same parties. UNSEEN FORCE were a mid-'80s Richmond, VA hardcore band and their album *In Search Of The Truth* was originally released in a one-time pressing of 500. It's available again on CD, a split release between Grave Mistake (www.grave mistake.com) and Vicious Circle records. Good loud/fast fodder with a scrappy nature and a hint of metal guitar but without falling completely into crossover. Lyrically, there's an anti-authoritarian/anti-religion and populist bent, appropriate for the age of Reagan. In fact, appropriate for this day and age, as well. Unseen Force came along at a time when hardcore was in a transitional phase of embracing some heavier elements without giving up the thrash. There's going to eventually be a vinyl reissue but if you're not a complete purist, this CD is an expanded edition, with an entire live radio set from 1986 and a dozen songs from the band 2000 Maniacs, based in Pennsylvania and including two future members of Unseen Force (Greta and Scott). The live set includes a few songs that were written after the album but are in a similar vein. The 2000 Maniacs songs favor a rougher hardcore approach, although you can hear the roots of what Unseen Force would be doing. Pretty basic stuff and the drumming is occasionally stiff.

Twenty years after Unseen Force packed it in, Scott and Bobby (guitar and drums respectively) have teamed up with bassist/vocalist Andy in UGLY LAW (www.myspace.com/uglylaw). It's back-to-the-roots time with a fast, ferocious sound and Andy's wailing vocals have a similar cadence as Kevin from Double Negative. The parallels are inevitable, of course, because this is a band with "veteran" folk having another go at it, although they're not musically identical. Prickly and angry-sounding, both musically and vocally, with lean production and each instrument has presence, especially the bass lines, ending with a FlagSab flourish for "Wasted Space." Long may they agitate.

Since we're talking, once again, about newer bands in the rippin' mode, there's the self-titled EP from COMPLETE WASTE (Give Praise, www.givepraiserecords.com). Fast, loud, to-the-point and divided into the short and shorter sides. No, I didn't get out a stopwatch to see if that's the case. The double-thrash segments for "Why Do I Bother" are a slight misstep. Othewise, these six songs are spot-on. The kind of hardcore that continues to grab my interest, even if this band isn't in the super-strata.

From "north of the border" (Toronto) is another self-titled EP, this one by CRIMINAL INTENT (Sewercide, Dave Brown, 1211 College St. 2,Toronto, ON M6H 1C1 CANADA, www.myspace.com/sewerciderecords). I think this is a concept EP—the concept is how much life sucks. Boring zines, in fact a boring life in general, getting hassled by the fuzz, relationship problems and the final act results in suicide. OK, it's probably just some steam-blowing-off and, actually, the 2 AM skating session on "GSD" indicates that "nothing's wrong, all is well." Skating and some ripping, thrashy hardcore with an abundance of frenetic, intense energy, to quote Agression. All is *definitely* well.

Speaking of bands who like a little skating with their 'core, there's CONCRETE FACELIFT, from my neck of the woods, and their *Loud Fast Raw* CD (Welfare Records, 58 River St., Haverhill, MA 01832, www.welfarerecords.,net) The songs, as with their past releases operate mainly at a hyper speed, although there are some breakdown and slower passages. "Loud Fast Music," for instance has an ominous intro and the medium speed of "I'm Not Done," interspersed with the thrash, stands out a little more than the rest of the songs. There's a plucky aggressiveness to these songs, even if it gets mono-rhythmic on occasion and the drums suffer from some tinniness. CFL's motto could be skate, rant, party and repeat. And, having driven I-84 through Connecticut many times and having to "hold it in" while waiting for the next rest stop to come up, I can *completely* relate to the sentiments of "84." Maybe that's more information than you need.

Also in the CD format is *Infected With Rage* from Detroit maulers DEATH IN CUSTODY (Insurgence, 2 Bloor St. W, Suite 100-184, Toronto, ON M4W 3E2, CANADA, www.insurgence.net). I played a little word game while blasting this on the stereo and wrote down various impressions while listening and came up with "agitation," "mean," "toughness," "no BS." I mean, start with the title. That tells you right there this ain't no garden party. Death In Custody come right at 'ya with a tough, about-to-explode hardcore sound that has a brawny approach but avoids the chug/breakdown element. Instead, part of the influence comes from older Boston and NYC hardcore and I was thinking that before hearing their cover of Last Rights-via-Slapshot's "Do What You Want." A lyrical line that sums it all up? *"That smirk that covers your face is where my boot will find its place."* That's from "Done," it's about an asshole boss and there's also reference made to said individual *"staring down the barrel of a gun."* Subtle. That's one word that *didn't* make my list.

A different kind of hardcore comes on a new release from ACURSED, *Tunneln i ljusets slut* (Prank, PO Box 410892, SF, CA 94141-0892, www.prankrecords.com). No song titles, no lyrics, a mysterious image of what looks like a tunnel with a shadowy figure off in the distance—translation "light at the end of the tunnel." Those are the elements that accompany this sonic opus, which was recorded in late-'04. The album is introduced with a spoken word piece (in their native Swedish) that leads to the throttling attack of anguished vocals, low-tuned guitar blaze and clattering drums—hallmarks of some of the modern-day Swedish bands (and Tragedy draw from this well, too). There are other spoken segments that bridge the onslaught of certain tracks. A mournful ominousness and heavy cloud of despair inform the ambiance but it's not quiet by any means, as the songs possess plenty of speedy burn. I tend to gravitate towards other strains of Scandinavian hardcore and would probably prefer these songs in the live setting but the brevity of the songs does increase their impact.

Al Quint, PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903/email: suburbanvoice @earth link .net/ Sonic Overload radio: http://sonicoverload. moocowrecords. com

WIRE - "Read And Burn 03" (Pink Flag)

It will come as no surprise to anyone who knows me when I say that I am a huge fan of Wire. It started, for me, with the song "12XU," which appeared on some punk compilation a friend of mine had and was my first exposure to the band. The record that song came from, *Pink Flag*, is a perfect album, and still my favorite of theirs. In fact, I put off listening to anything after that record for years. I would pass on *Chairs Missing* and *154* as they turned up in the record bins, suspicious that they originated from the "lost years" I'd heard about, when Wire got derailed a bit. I think this worked to my advantage. By the time I got around to picking up those albums, not only had my tastes widened (mellowed?) a

little, but I feel like I'd absorbed so much of the band's earlier music that I could pick out the essential Wire-ness of even the least *Pink Flag*-like of their tracks on the two subsequent records. So there I stayed, for a long time. I adhered steadfastly to those first three albums, eschewing all later output. Sure, I dabbled in bootleg issues of '77-'79 stuff like their demos and the *Live At The Roxy* tracks, but no Wire sounds from those dark detested 80s every graced my ears. Since then, I have grown to appreciate some later stuff: if you can get beyond the slick production of *A Bell Is A Cup Until It Is Struck* you can detect the strain of controlled tension that run through all their work.

Which brings me to the controversial subject of Wire's production. I think Harvest knobsman Mike Thorne did a great job with the first three records, although the earlier, live, stripped-down versions of the Chairs/154 songs as they were performed on German TV and released on the *Wire On The Box* DVD/CD package (highly recommended by the way), I can't help wondering if maybe he wasn't a bit heavy-handed with the synths, etc.

Wire broke up and then got back together again a couple of times, at one stage with only three of them so they called themselves Wir, which I remember thinking was a bit strange at the time. Then in 2000 they reformed once again and have been a band ever since, although they don't seem to play or release records on a very aggressive schedule. Their post-reunion recordings, for the first two *Read & Burn* EPs and the *Send* album, were hailed as something of a return to form, and while they did mark a renewed and welcome readoption of both velocity and volume, something about the production was still a bit off. They (or at least Colin Newman, who appears to handle most of the post-production these days) seem fascinated with processing sounds digitally, so that guitars sound not so much like individual instruments played by humans, but like some robot supercomputer's nano-engineered idea of what the perfect guitar should sound like without any messy interference from pathetic inhabitants of meatspace. It's almost the opposite of the too-lush production of the 1980s, but it serves the same purpose: it dilutes the band's core strengths, which are to be found in its superior songwriting, structure, minimalism, and kinetic energy.

Which brings me to their latest release, something of an appetizer for their upcoming eleventh (! — really?) studio recording. I don't recall seeing it in our review section since it came out, but then the chances of me actually making it all the way to the "W" section of any issue of MRR are pretty slim. I've found myself listening to at least the first track of the EP on the way to work almost every day, so I thought I'd talk about it here. Coming in at roughly the same length as *Pink Flag* even though it's only got four songs, *Read & Burn 03* could almost count as an album in its own right. The first track, "23 Years Too Late" nips under the wire at just under ten minutes long. The remarkable thing is that once it's over I want to listen to it again right away (and have), and I usually get bored if a song goes over two minutes. It's almost a spoken-word piece set to music (usually the use of the term "spoken word" is a massive red flag, I know): bassist and lyricist Graham Lewis reads a long piece describing a decadent continental scene as a three-note guitar and synth figure builds tension behind, exploding into a propulsive, angry Colin Newman-sung chorus and a squall of bass, guitars, and drums. Lewis's terse, pointed delivery could earn him a spot doing voiceovers for documentaries about serial killers, while Newman, quite simply, is still the second-best vocalist to come out of the '77 punk era (Rotten, of course, since you asked) and is possibly the only one still putting out interesting, exciting music. Of course, the record's not perfect: the processed production makes Robert (Gotobed) Grey's already robotic, metronomic drumming sound like a drum machine most of the time. In fact, I think there might be a drum machine in there as well at times. Still, for a band that's been around for as long as they have to still be producing music this good, skirting the edges of pop with the vitality of much younger men and no small dose of intelligence and wit, is quite a feat. Especially while contemporaries seem content to mine the revival circuit.

It has to be added that as a group Wire seem to be a little far up their own arses much of the time. Don't get me wrong, I think they come pretty close to genius but in interviews it sometimes seems like they do as well. There was an amusing snippet of an interview with Colin Newman in the Minutemen documentary *We Jam Econo* (Mike Watt has often cited Wire, along with The Pop Group, as one of the biggest musical influences on the Minutemen, especially for their short songs) where it looks as if the producers have collared him on the street unawares. His body language resembles someone trying to extricate himself from a pair of Jehovah's Witnesses. On apparently being asked about Wire's influence on the Minutemen he expounds on how much Wire influenced American hardcore bands, saying something along the lines of "especially the way we would do a whole song of just one note." It's here that he demonstrates how out of touch he is with how Wire actually affected people. I'm going out on a limb but I'd guess pretty much the only Wire song that influenced US hardcore was the aforementioned "12XU," and even then probably more because Minor Threat covered it than anything else. That "one note" quote shows that he probably hasn't even listened to very much hardcore, since I can't think of many hardcore songs that stay on one note for very long. Hardcore is about fast riffs, not exploring the sonic possibilities of deconstructing a chord down to its essential spatial coordinates or something. The American bands who really owe a debt to Wire are the "post-punk," artier bands like Mission Of Burma. In fact, Burma has said that it was only after seeing Wire reform as older men and not look stupid up there that they decided that they might be able to get back together as well. So there's that to thank Wire for too.

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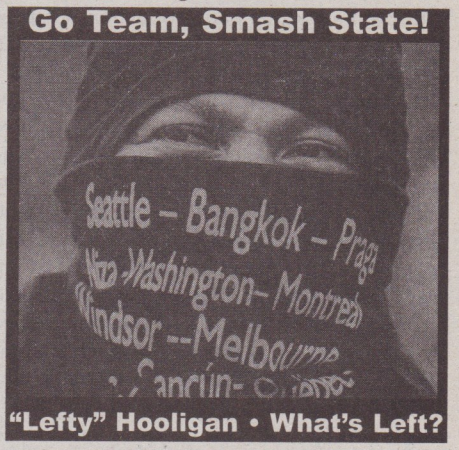

There I was, boring some friends with the story of how I got politics at 16 in 1968. For that tumultuous year, and several thereafter, most of my friends and I thought that The Revolution was just around the corner. We predicted a popular uprising any day against Nixon's law-and-order fascism. To which the crusty nonagenarian of the group, Ben, commented, "What in hell were you smoking?"

Exactly!

I published a science fiction novel, *End Time*, in January of 1994 in which, among other things, the people of southern Mexico rise up in anarchist revolution led by a group calling themselves the Zapatistas. Coincidental to the book's publication, the EZLN launched their uprising in Chiapas. I in no way predicted the real Zapatista rebellion, but had simply used history to create plausible future scenarios for my story. Most reviewers thought I had, however, so I played up this fortuitous circumstance to get more publicity, and sell more books.

I've never been very accurate in my forecasts, even though I'm not shy about making them. Five months ago, I predicted that it would be Clinton and Giuliani in November, and that the US would bomb Iran this spring. It now looks like Obama and McCain will be squaring off for the presidency. I can only hope that my forecast of US military action against Iran is equally wrong. For while few could have predicted the current economic crisis that began with the breakdown of the

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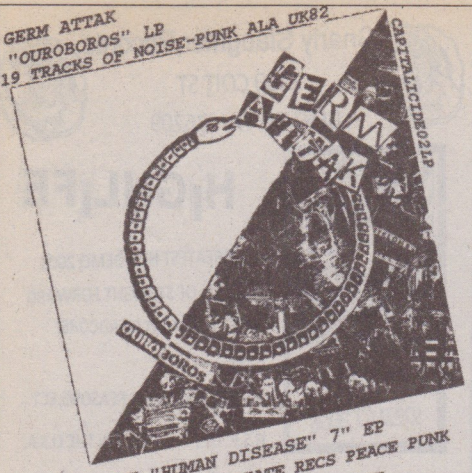

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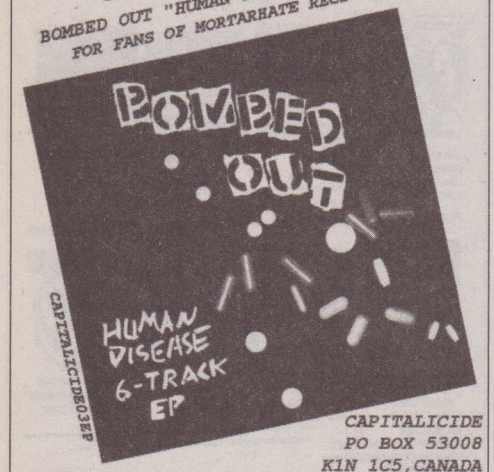

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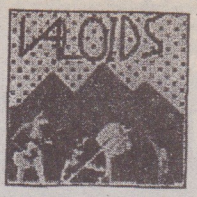

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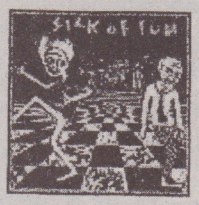

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Illustration by J. Alone

US sub-prime mortgage market and has expanded into an economy-wide credit collapse, the consequences of attacking Iran should be obvious to anyone.

Just in case they aren't, let me spell them out, one more time.

I assume that the US engages in military aggression in conjunction with Israel. Their combined attack is a comprehensive assault targeting, not just Iran's nuclear capabilities, but also that country's military and political infrastructures, launched sometime this spring when the weather is optimal. The goals are to significantly set back Iran's nuclear research and development program, and to affect some form of regime change. It's doubtful that the disastrous results of such a military campaign would be significantly mitigated if the US opts for an American-only strike, or limits military targets solely to nuclear facilities. So let's start with Iran, and move outward.

Military attacks alone cannot achieve regime change in Iran. The general populace does not rise up against the government, nor do regional or ethnic uprisings seriously threaten Iran's national stability. What does happen is that hard line forces associated with the Revolutionary Guard, already on the ascendancy over the arch-conservative theocratic mullahs, use any US/Israeli strike to consolidate their power and take out their opposition. Iran stops selling oil to the US and Europe. That country is in a "state of war" with the West, which involves, in part, harassing petroleum shipments from Iraq and the Gulf states, if not blocking the Straits of Hormuz altogether. On a wider front, Iranian terrorist elements initiate attacks on US, Israeli and European interests around the world.

Shiite Iran makes an alliance of convenience with the Sunni Taliban in neighboring Afghanistan to strengthen and broaden the guerrilla resurgence against US and NATO forces. In Iraq, the Shiite population of the south rises up and makes that part of the country a no-go area for the US military, effectively removing southern Iraq's oil supplies from US control as well. The Sunnis of western Iraq also revolt, driving the US military out, into the last, remaining region of Iraq still friendly to America, the Kurdish north, with perhaps a territorial corridor to the Green Zone in Baghdad. The US-installed Iraqi government pretends to function for a while longer, but the country has splintered *de facto* into three mini-states. That fact is not lost on Iraq's neighbors. Iran trains and arms the southern Shia to the teeth, as does Syria and Saudi Arabia the western Sunni. Turkey, now cognizant that northern Iraq is a Kurdish state in all but name, invades and occupies the northern mountainous region of this Kurdistan, ostensibly to "help" the US fight Kurdish PKK terrorism. The Kurds respond to the Turkish invasion by intensifying their guerrilla war inside and outside of Turkey. The US, too preoccupied with problems in the rest of Iraq, is unable to stop this escalation. Meanwhile, oil reaches $400 a barrel and the industrialized North, with the exception of Russia, slides into a prolonged economic depression.

The outright participation of Israel in the third American assault on an Islamic nation in less than a decade reverberates throughout the Muslim world. Lebanon collapses into another civil war, with Hezbollah now the dominant military and political player. Pakistan completely loses control of its western provinces, taking one more step toward becoming a failed state. A failed state with nuclear weapons. Fundamentalist Muslim attacks on US forces, corporations, and individuals skyrocket internationally. Many European countries with substantial Muslim immigrant populations experience varying degrees of urban insurrection, and the United States is once more subject to terrorist attacks on its soil. Civil liberties are curtailed, conscription is reinstated, internment camps are built and populated, total surveillance becomes the norm, and civil society is thoroughly militarized.

You'd think that the quagmire-like nature of US military involvement in Afghanistan and Iraq, not to mention the dire circumstances of the American economy, would dissuade Bush and Company from further military adventures in Iran. The recent forced resignation of Admiral William Fallon, Central Commander responsible for the Middle East, has been widely interpreted as a sign that the US executive is indeed preparing to go to war with Iran. An *Esquire* interview reveals that Fallon was a vocal critic of the administration's military policies in Iraq and belligerence toward Iran, and describes him as the lone man standing in the way of Bush attacking Iran. Yet I've been foretelling an impending US military strike on Iran for the past four years now, thankfully without much accuracy. I appreciate how damned hard predictions are to make as I finish this column in the middle of March, with spring yet to begin. Readers of this issue, the May issue and the 300th issue of *Maximum Rocknroll* will probably know the accuracy of my prognostications. I do hope that mine are wrong.

Three hundred issues. Who would have predicted it?

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia @mac.com.

Saturday, February 9. Cambridge, England

Life is good and the energy is high. Once again, I'm on the road.

I'm with the SUBHUMANS, along for a short tour of England. It is my first visit to the island spending much time outside the M25, the massive ring road that encircles London. There are nine gigs, so we'll be out for about a week and a half, covering a fair portion of the country. I'm curious — how will a punk tour of England differ from the States or Europe? At the shows, I'm helping Neil with the band's stall, and slinging gear at the end of the night, receiving a daily ration of beans and toast and bottles of beer. More than that, I'm excited to be travelling with the band again, seeing their home towns, going down roads they have traversed a thousand times, but that are new to me.

Day one began with a bang. The tour essentials were assembled across Warminster and Bath: one white rental van, four band members (Phil-bass, Trotsky-drums, Bruce-guitar and Dick-vocals), two roadies (me and Neil), three guitars, one drum kit (that has not been cleaned since sometime in the early 80s), several cardboard boxes of merchandise, two large bottles of water, twelve cans of cheap beer, three sleeping bags, three duvets (one packed in a keyboard bag), one well-worn road map of England, six bags of flavoured crisps (potato chips), two amps (one borrowed from Jasper and travelling in a homemade wooden case), three speakers (two for the bass) and a mess of pillows and bags filled with who knows what (including a skirt that will not see the light of day), piled randomly on top of everything else. Our crew was gathered, and for the last task, an hour was spent tediously loosening the bolts in the back of the van, removing the back two rows of seats, so there would be enough room for gear. Finally, by the late afternoon everything was sorted, and we're off!

Leaving the small town of Warminster, grey stone buildings quickly gave way to the countryside. I held my breath as the van sped down a narrow winding road, the lane seemingly barely wide enough for two cars, without anything you could really call a shoulder, with high hedges on either side. Sometimes in the narrowest sections, cars would stop, or we would, allowing oncoming traffic to pass, me gripping the side of my seat. Outside the win-

dow on my left, there was a rushing blur of green pastures, woolly white sheep and a blue sky beyond.

On the main road towards Cambridge, the motorway was wide and fast, similar to a major American highway cutting through the countryside. However, I soon noticed a difference; there were very few billboards. The crops of mile-high metal poles, plastic logos atop, ablaze with floodlights proclaiming fast food chains, motels, and competing gas stations, had disappeared. It was a soothing relief on the eyes.

Arriving at the Bar Fly, punks were gathered on the sidewalk in front, smoking and hanging out. I had just quit smoking myself, so the recent smoking ban in England was a boon for me, making it easier to stop thinking about how much I wanted just one drag, at least while sitting at the bar.

Being the first night of tour, my head was still reeling from my trip from the States and arriving in Europe only a few days ago. I had a creeping feeling of being out of place, even standing behind the familiar stall.

But by the end of the night, Neil had the change purse in hand, and I was up front for the Subhumans' encore, listening to the songs I had heard so many times before. There was a crew of older dreaded punks nodding along, pints in hand, and younger punks with tattoos and mohawks jumping up and down, and all types of people enjoying the atmosphere and the show. I watched as four drunken punks climb over the metal gate onto the low stage, falling over and helping each other up. They finally stood arm-in-arm next to Dick, singing along to the last few songs. Although it was the first night, and the band wasn't at their best, it didn't matter. It was punk rock.

I smiled. Once again, I felt at home.

Sunday, February 10. Leicester

I woke up in an old cottage in the countryside, wrapped in a warm duvet on the floor of a small upstairs room, Phil sleeping on the tiny bed next to me. Peering out the window, I could see Neil and our hosts, John and Becky, sitting outside in the yard.

Besides being into punk, John and Becky made and repaired violins. Working in Cambridge, they found renting the five-hundred-year-old cottage in the countryside was cheaper than renting a small apartment in the city. The landlord supposed people would rather live in a modern house than an old one, so it was relatively cheap. Not bad! The house had modern bathrooms, but the only heating came from the large wooden fireplace in the living room. The walls were thick, made of concrete from chalk and stone, covered with plaster and painted white. The roof was thatch, and looked like a thick pile of sticks neatly wired together. The ceilings were low, and the doors had metal latches.

We spent most of the afternoon in the garden, drinking beer in the sun, talking about everything, listening to the birds and the occasional album on the stereo. It was my first introduction to what would become Neil's usual breakfast, a tall glass half filled with orange juice, and half filled with beer. A clever beer-mosa if you will, satisfying for both a hangover and vitamin C.

It was also my first day realizing that everyone we stayed with, even people we had just met, were glad to offer us beans on toast for breakfast, as common as asking, "How do you take your tea?"

In the yard, purple crocuses, one of the first flowers of spring, were randomly scattered through the green grass. It was all a bit surreal, lying on my coat, looking up at the roof of the thatched cottage against the blue sky, a perfect way to start any tour.

Finally, it was time to go and we had to say goodbye, leaving plates, tea cups and empty bottles in our wake, hoping we would see them again sometime.

Leicester was a different story — no flowers or basking idly in the sun.

After finding cheap take-away kebabs for dinner, we arrived back at the Charlotte just in time to see a fight outside the front door. One guy was on the sidewalk, another guy giving him a boot to the head. The scene was a wee dark, reminding me of fights in Boston, close friends who have been seriously hurt by flying fists and boots. But the guy on the sidewalk got up, cursing, and ran off, not so badly hurt. And from all accounts, he was an asshole who had started it. Fuckin' hell.

The rest of the show was less dramatic. I enjoyed the first band, which had a talented woman singer who also played bass, but alas, I don't have their name. The Subs played well, the usual togetherness back in force. I danced by the stall with Neil and Mary Ann, a striking woman with short bleached blonde hair, wearing dark blue sparkling eye shadow, and standing with a presence to be reckoned with. Mary Ann has been into punk almost from the very beginning, and here she was, still going to gigs, selling 7" records for a quid, and looking absolutely fabulous.

After the show I asked her, "Do you think in the early 80s in England, when so much was going on and fresh, punk was more fun?"

Mary Ann replied, "I think punk is what you make of it. You need to rip the joy out of everything."

Monday, February 11, York

Before the show I went for a walk with Phil, catching a glimpse of the wall that surrounded the old medieval city. We tucked into an amazing Indian curry, in a restaurant we found while wandering around the Shambles, one of the oldest sections of the city, where ancient looking wooden buildings lined narrow stone streets, the roofs on either side leaning towards each other. It was a bright moment, being able to catch a little time together. The conversation and companionship was as warm as the jalfrezi curry, as rich as the masala dal. We took our time walking back, taking in half of a football match at a pub down the street, drinking coffee, sitting together in a comfortable corner holding hands, the fans and college crew slowly filling in the pub to watch the game.

Fibber's was warm and friendly when we arrived, and there was coffee and tea waiting for us as we loaded in. The opening band had two girls playing drums and bass, and a tall boy singing and playing guitar, all looking very young and punk, fresh and energetic, playing a classic straightforward punk style. It seems like I've seen more women in bands on this tour than I usually do, almost every night, definitely a good thing. The Subs had a good set; the sound was well done, and the crowd had energy and enthusiasm.

It was cold and bitter loading out, but luckily, once again, someone from the show generously volunteered to put us up for the night. As we drove to Mic's house, he sat up front with me, giving Phil directions through the city. He had a thick accent I had trouble understanding, both of us speaking entirely two different versions of English. We both smiled and nodded when the other had finished talking, seemingly agreeing to whatever was going on, and I wonder how much of our drunken conversation was understood by anyone.

While we were drinking a beer in Mic's flat, only a few minutes after we arrived, someone smashed the side window of the van, which was parked right outside the front door. What the hell?

This time, luckily, nothing was stolen, and we just had to sweep out the broken glass, and once again make a makeshift window out of cardboard and tape. It seemed all too familiar. That night, Neil slept in the van despite the cold, keeping everything safe, wrapped up in sleeping bags which seemed to preserve him until morning.

Tuesday, February 12. Bradford

I woke up in York, Phil and I in a twin bed, Dick sleeping on a mat on the floor. Trotsky and Bruce were still in Mic's flat down the street, a place so small that there was only room for two. I got up and climbed down the narrow stairs. Maria and Scott, punk friends of Mic's who we met last night and had kindly taken us in, were already up making tea.

Maria was tall and thin, with dark purple hair and black eyeliner, sitting in a chair in the living room. Patrick sat behind a desk, his black straight hair falling to his shoulders. The small room was made even smaller as it was decorated on all sides by shelves and piles of books, tapestries with Celtic-looking designs, comfortable chairs, pillows, small stone gargoyles, and dragons perched on ledges. Hanging from the ceiling was a collection of

wind chimes, metallic odds and ends, and a family of beautiful handcrafted puppets — a wooden elephant, several dolls, and a horse — all dangling by strings. I had the feeling I was sitting in a witch's library.

"What's in the plastic boxes?" I asked, pointing to a row of shelves by the door.

"Oh, that's my collection of toads," Patrick replied.

From the next room, I could hear a chorus of crickets, the sound of a hot southern night. Going into the kitchen, which was carefully filled with even more things than the living room, they pointed out the cricket box, food for the other pets. More small, clear plastic cages filled an entire bookcase on one wall. And peering in, these boxes were filled with spiders, one at least as large as my fist. This place made my last apartment seem like one of the dullest places on Earth.

Once again, English hospitality and politeness ruled, and Maria put a large kettle on the stove to make tea and coffee. They laid out a heaping plate of toast on the table, and passed around a pot of baked beans. Not a bad way to start the day, giving us strength to carry on!

One thing I enjoyed in general about touring in England, besides the hospitality and baked beans, was the relatively short drives. We rarely had to travel for more than two or three hours a day, in contrast to the usual four to eight hours a day spent driving in the States. More time could be spent walking around town, or just hanging out, or catching up on sleep, rather than being stuck in a van and burning gasoline.

In Bradford, we finally arrived at the 1 in 12 Club. We unloaded the gear into the concert room, and then naturally found the bar upstairs. There were comfortable padded wooden chairs, a row of wooden tables, Samuel Smith on tap, and a nice welcome feeling. I was excited to be at this place, a building collectively bought, refurbished and run since 1986. Not only has it been a famous venue for punk gigs in England over the years, there is also the above-mentioned bar, a café, and an extensive radical library on the top floor. There are several collectives within the 1 in 12 Club, such as the Booking Collective that puts on gigs, each group responsible for its own finances and working autonomously, but also part and responsible to the larger whole.

From their website: "The 1 in 12 Club is two separate things; firstly and most importantly it is a group of people who work together to promote certain political ideals and social change; secondly it is a building housing a members social club. This difference is vital, with or without the building the 1 in 12 Club lives."

They made an excellent chilli for the bands in the cafe, and it was great to catch up with G-sus who was working behind the bar downstairs. It was cold outside, but as people arrived and the bands played, the concert room heated up, and punks started dancing up front. There was a good atmosphere in the bar and the concert room, and drinking Samuel Smith from the tap wasn't bad either.

Active Rebellion distribution was there and had a massive stall, selling radical, punk, and DIY publications, t-shirts and music. The Subs' set was especially fun, a lighthearted feeling in the crowd, and I generally had a damn good time. By the end I was dancing with pint in hand, singing along with everyone else.

The end of the night is a bit vague, something to do with a round of shots of Jagermeister before we left, and Neil uttering the best thing to say while wasted and giving directions at 2 a.m., "I know exactly where I am. I know this road. It's just up ahead."

An hour out of our way, off in the wrong direction, we finally made it to Howard and Liz's place. Here I have a fuzzy image of bottles beer being displayed on their living room table, labels with pictures of monks and quaint European landscapes. Behind the pretty pictures, the beer inside is strong and bitter, with alcohol contents over 8 percent, nearly twice the punch of a Colt 45. Yeeee haw!

I do, however, distinctly remember falling asleep comfortably wrapped up in a duvet on the floor, the stereo playing Sonic Youth, or maybe it was the last Fugazi album, something I used to own but sold long ago. Phil was lying next to me, and I could hear Trotsky's laugh and Dick talking in the background. The back of my throat felt remarkably like I'd smoked half a rolled cigarette while saying, "All rules were meant to be broken."

Wednesday, February 13, Lancaster @ Yorkshire House Pub

At the Yorkshire House, owners Kev and Alli were getting ready for the show along with their young punk staff, preparing the bars, setting up the door, moving tables and chairs out of the way. The Yorkshire House had a pub in the front, a concert room in the back, and an apartment on the second floor. It was wonderful that we could stay the night there at Kev and Alli's place, not having to go anywhere after the show except up a few stairs. What luxury!

We loaded in, and the band did a quick sound check. Upstairs, Alli made the band chilli and rice, and I was introduced to episodes of *Mr. Benn*, a famous animated English children's TV show from the 70s. Rather than go on about the show that night, which was just as good as the previous nights, with the addition of a Happy Birthday song to Bruce on stage, I'll tell you about the sinister plot of *Mr. Benn*.

In every episode, the happy Mr. Benn walks down the street, saying hello to his neighbours, wearing a suit and a bowler hat, his cut-out legs moving like a pair scissors gone mad. Mr. Benn goes into a costume (fancy dress) shop, meets the friendly shop owner (who appears "as if by magic"), and tries on a red suit of armour, or a safari outfit, or something else that catches his eye.

Through a mirror in the dressing room, Mr. Benn disappears into another world, and has an adventure. By the end of the show, Mr. Benn has solved some problem, such as making friends with a lonely misunderstood dragon, or helping elephants escape a hunter. It's always happy in the end, music plays, Mr. Benn and his scissor legs leave the shop, and he heads home again in his suit and bowler hat, finding some present in his pocket (like a book of matches from the dragon) that proves it wasn't all just a dream.

The show seems to be saying, "Life is really just one big fancy dress party, you might as well enjoy it. And if you can help someone else along the way, it always works out better in the end."

What a crazy thing to tell kids!

Thursday, February 14. Manchester

A clear crisp afternoon, we loaded up the gear, said goodbye and thanks for the fun night, and found ourselves on the road again.

Outside the city, we found ourselves on a picturesque narrow road with high hedges, green fields, and sheep grazing on green pasture, the sun slowly setting in a grey sky. I was happy as an American tourist on holiday, taking pictures and enjoying the view, smiling at Phil next to me and enjoying the day.

Then the narrow road suddenly came to an end, a sign for the local water treatment plant blocking the way ahead. Phil declared, "We're lost." Not such a big thing, we had lots of time to spare to get to Manchester, and we just needed to turn around and find our way again.

About two minutes later, the van stopped in the road. Then Phil said about the worst thing you can say on tour, "And now, the van's broken down."

The motor was running, but suddenly there was no power. Trotsky and Neil jumped out and smoked cigarettes, looking under the hood, listening to all the whirring parts. Phil hiked up the road to find out where we were and called AA, and Dick tried to find out from the rental company how quickly we could get another van, or where they could tow us to. I had nothing to do but wait, and fill my digital camera with more photos of lonely fields and sheep, and think at least we had the luck to break down in such a nice place and it wasn't raining. I was also glad I had my scarf, as it was starting to get cold.

About 40 minutes later, the yellow AA truck appeared with flashing lights. In about five minutes the man fixed whatever computer malfunction was going on, and we were soon on our way again, following him back to the motorway. Hell yeah!

A few hours later we were at the Star and Garter, a brick pub without a sign, on a dark road in Manchester, a few blocks from the main train station.

It was Valentine's Day, and I sat in a dark corner of the pub, a frothy Guinness on a small wooden table in front of me. The Stranglers were playing in the background, and the place was filled with noisy punks at the bar and sitting at the tables. My lover was by my side, and I stole a kiss, enjoying his eyes and his smile. I thought to myself, "Life is pretty damn good" and took another sip.

Upstairs, the show was hotter, more packed and drunken than usual. I stood in the back by the sound booth, where I could see everything, by habit looking for the best views. During the Subhumans set I felt naked without my video camera, wishing I could capture the energy of the crowd, and the amazing sound of the place. The band topped it off by playing an hour long set, with the set list written in alphabetical order, from A to Z, just for kicks.

Thanks so much to Andy for putting us up for the night, and making the best chili of tour for us when we got there. I fell asleep in a warm loft bedroom with a window through the roof, looking out at the beautiful dark night. The stars were bright and clear in the cold night, and I felt warm arms around me. Not bad at all.

Friday, February 15. London

A pile of toast on the table when we woke up, a strong coffee to get us going, and then we're off!

The M1 was full of traffic, and it was a long drive into London. When we finally made our way to Hackney and Chat's Palace, a crowd was already milling about in the bar. Jon had organized the show and was doing the door, and Marta was behind the Active Distribution stall. Sitting behind the Subs stall next to her, it was great being able to catch up a bit with Marta and look through the pile of books they had on display. I ended up splurging on a massive vegan cookbook called *Another Dinner is Possible*, published by the Anarchist Teapot in Brighton and Active. I also picked up *Expect Resistance*, a relatively new book by CrimethInc. I also bought the March issue of MRR, as I hadn't seen it yet. (If you haven't noticed, MRR is looking fabulous, and getting better all the time. And *you*, reading this, thanks for helping to keep it going!)

Active Slaughter played first, which oddly enough, played at Chat's Place last time I was in Hackney at the end of August. Punk Rock déjà vu, but they were solid as before with their classic anarcho-punk sound and politics.

Then, a magician took to the stage. He didn't do card tricks or saw a woman in half, but instead put on a real blood and gore show. He stuck pins through his finger, hammered a nail up his nose, and ate razor blades. Gross.

By the time the Subhumans went on, the place was packed with punks and there was a good vibe. I stood in the back with the Warminster crew, checking out all the great London punk fashions, perhaps only second to Japan for perfect tall mohawks, spikes, elaborate leather jackets and neatly hand tailored punk t-shirts. Of course, not everyone is so dressed up, but in the birthplace of the 70s punk aesthetic, punks definitely have style. The Subs rocked and the encore was especially fun. Hands down, it was definitely one of the best shows of tour.

End Notes

After the show it was a quick load out, as we headed back to Bath that night. They would play two more shows, in Bristol and Northampton, but I've already used up my space and time, and by then tour started to become a blur. I caught a cold, and spent most of my time trying to crawl into my jacket and blowing my nose, leaving snot everywhere. The best part about Bristol was meeting Dot, Alice, and Michelle. My favourite thing about Northampton was being at the stall and punks saying, "Hey luv, give us a large t-shirt, eight quid, yeah?" There were also excellent chips (fries) and curry sauce afterwards, premiere late night English junk food.

What else can I say? I laughed. I cried. I had an amazing time. Love, punk rock, friends, Indian curry, bottles of beer and gas station coffee, the English landscape and the people we met along the way, it all made my heart sing.

I apologize if I have printed anyone's name wrong, especially all the great people who put us up without notice, and made us beans and toast in the morning. Thanks as always to Phil, Dick, Bruce, and Trotsky for being fun and easy to travel with and taking me along. Cheers to Neil for showing me the spirit of a man who can drink orange juice and stale beer and smile about it. He also has an amazing collage he made from print and paste (not computer generated), that could have been a Crass album, decorating his shower. As always, special thanks to Phil "for everything."

Solidarity and Blazing Guitars, Erika

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

"When you think you know what it means to listento me, I will prove you wrong because I am never right" —Billy Bao

The intention of writing this column is to share concerns about some of the noise that is being made outside of the US-Sweden-Japan axis of evil. While I'd like to exclusively focus on the more obscure and overlooked of modern releases, I'm sure the situation will arise from time to time where I'll have to join in the chorus about some tunes you assholes have probably heard way too much about already, and this is definitely one of those times. The Billy Bao 10" on S-S Records is already the subject of many spilled words and bodily fluids, but I'd like to throw my own special blend of enzymes and DNA into the circle jerk.

The story behind this guy is so — uh — exotic that it was easy to dismiss as record collector mythology in order to shift a few extra units by the crafty devils at S-S. I pictured Billy Bao as a bunch of record nerds from Los Angeles — with bifocals, of course, dressed in t-shirts with record label logos in faded print, who met online discussing Whitehouse bootlegs — taking time off from acting classes or rhinoplasty surgery to indulge in some necessary squall. I had a good friend hold a knife to the pasty throat of a certain high-profile US scenester and under this pressure it was revealed that the story behind Billy Bao is legit.

Nigerian finds punk *way* past his teen years in Europe and joins with Spanish weirdos to blast out some of the heaviest, dirgiest jams of the year, packaged in a white-ink-on-white-card screenprinted sleeve that does it's best to conceal the record is called *Fuck Separation*. The lyrics — "It is necessary to destroy conventions in punk / to undermine its foundations as a genre / to demolarise its fans / what a task!" — are fantastic, and were honestly surprising. From the brutal and sadistic tone of the tunes I expected some Brainbombs-esque ranting about penetration and the like, or at least a little downer vibe of self-flagellation, but these are well-considered poetic lyrics without mysticism or metaphor and are delivered with an anguished howl buried deep within the heavy thudding.

What I think you may find quite refreshing about this record is that it feels "not of its time." There is very little space on the margins in 2008 because there are very little unexplored and unchartered territories left. We all know why, and there's little point in exploring why in an MRR column, but there is something to be said of music that expresses the feeling of marginalization, something that attracted most people I know to the sound and feeling of outsider punk and hardcore music.

There is an oft-quoted remark attributed to John B. of Negative Approach: "hardcore is the soul music of the suburbs." Now that every hip or commercial style of music is soul music from the suburbs, Billy Bao expresses some otherworldly blues from outside the terrain of recognized and established punque, either in the fact that each tune covers a side of a 10" with one solitary riff carving itself through the mess of feedback and wailing over and over and over...damn, if you can't tell, I really dig this record, and I'm sure it's not really going out on a limb by offering BB a crown or scepter and a nice spot atop of the projected releases of this year, but I'm gonna. A keeper, and a band

and individual to pay attention to. Dig deep.

Last issue I promised to reveal a little in this column about the mysterious Karkaba, a band of forest-dwelling Spaniards who are soon to release an LP that I'm very excited about hearing. Their 7" from a couple of years back is a killer of abrasive raw punk, and I'm still putting together an interview with them for these pages some time in the near future. For any disappointed consumers that bought this issue in anticipation for my scholarly exploration of their career, if you mail me a thoughtful letter of complaint and proof of purchase I promise to neatly ejaculate onto both and mail back to you within seven days.

In the UK, ex-Voorhees vocalist Ian Leck got together with three Australians living in the cesspool of London to write and record some thick-necked hardcore under the classy name Meatlocker. Lecky's voice has not lost its psychotic football hooligan feel and the music has the kind of early-Boston hyper-violent energy that you creeps have all been waiting to soundtrack another night of stuffing fruitgum in the meter. Their four-song demo tape is excellent, and I encourage you to chase it down.

UK hardcore seems to be stepping up and getting noticed worldwide. It seems like a lot of old timers are picking up their instrument after a long hiatus and the new releases from Geriatric Unit and Violent Arrest on high profile labels. Of all of the bands I've heard from the UK, Meatlocker have the best approach and sound, most notably in Lecky's distinctive strong vocal style. They are soon to release a full-length and tour Australia.

A while ago, a couple of fanzine editors collaborated on a compilation of current Australian hardcore bands on the new label No Policy, and at long last it has been released to huge critical acclaim. Imaginatively titled *Australia's Hardcore Compilation*, this 7" features tracks from Australian hardcore bands that you've never heard of, and just to ensure you won't hear them, the pressing is limited to 240 copies, at this point probably close to all sold. There is no contact information in the record, so in keeping with the spirit of marginalization, you are going to have to do some work to get your hands on this. Featuring tracks from Straightjacket Nation, Insurgents, Extortion, Mass Trauma, Hard Luck, Bench Press, Ill, Bad Blood, White Male Dumbinance, and Smash.

In closing I'd like to write a little about some New Zealand music that has been on my stereo lately in order to quell the cultural antagonism that exists between our countries.

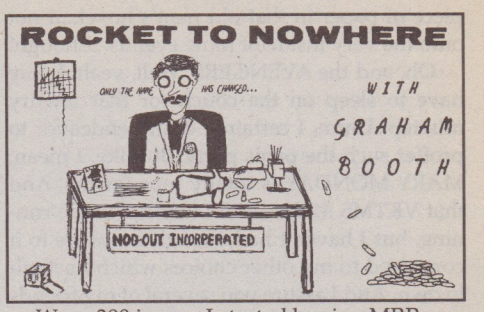
The Chants are garage rock/R&B from the mid to late 60s who I know very little about beyond what little facts are presented on this record. I like this fact. I like the fact their guitarist is photographed with a jacket covered in illegible scrawling — probably around the same time Richard Hell was learning to write. The writing looks like poetic nonsense, but it looks great. I also like the fact this record is called R&B. Both of these songs are interpretations of Van Morrison songs I've never heard and are recorded in '66 and '67. The pace, recording style and killer guitar work are the hallmarks of the developing sound of what would eventually be coined punk rock, and I would be surprised if Lenny Kaye and Greg Shaw (RIP) did not share an intimate exchange over some bootlegged recordings of this killer NZ garage punk rock. Both of these tracks could appear on Nuggets and make your head turn, so if you like 60s punk rock get all over this.

Also recently released from this mysterious isle is a 7" featuring three tunes from The Superettes, all recorded in 1979, and apparently released by the same people as the Chants record. From what I can understand from the liner notes these songs were never actually released on record before this 7", as the original master tape was lost, and these songs are actually mastered from a cassette duplicate recently dug up. The sound quality is excellent, and the tunes are *timeless* three-chord ragers that recall the best moments of *Pink Flag* and are pretty comparable to the venerated Thought Criminals in sound and approach.

Shortlived is a new band from NZ that played a couple of great shows in Melbourne recently, and they played them both without footwear, seemingly a tradition amongst our cousins across the Tasman Sea. They have released a demo tape that I purchased at one of these shows after they ripped through a short set. Eight high-speed songs of fast and raw hardcore punk not dissimilar to Citizens Arrest or, more accurately, an often-overlooked 90s hardcore band called The Neighbours.

Shortlived is also featured on compilation tape put together by a French band called Nelson Montfort Orchestra who appear along with two other modern NZ bands: Workshy and Tentacles Of Destruction. Tentacles just completed a tour of France and Workshy has also released a split cassette with Crux from Sydney, Australia. The fact there seems to be such a tender connection between the modern punk scenes in France and New Zealand does not strike me as being anything but weird. I don't want to offer any speculation as to why this phenomenon exists. I will say that twenty years ago, Brazilian teenagers were trying to deafen the sounds of their bedroom antics with the high distortion noise of punks from Finland, so if there's something to be learnt in this cross-cultural exchange of people who eat snails and frogs and people who masturbate sheep it's that miracles can happen to anybody.

If you play punk, hardcore, garage noise or any music with a bit of grit and rawness to it, or if you write a fanzine that loosely covers the same sonic territory, and you *don't* live in the US, Japan, or Sweden, please get in touch. My address is Daniel Stewart: PO Box 239, North Carlton, Victoria 3054, Australia. If you'd like to email me, try distorttheworld@gmail.com.



Wow, 300 issues. I started buying MRR as a teener back around issue 100. So I've been aware of MRR for roughly 200 issues. That's 200 months. Or 16.67 years. [Insert proverbial "I feel old" statement] Considering the amount of people I've seen come and go over the years, I'm not exactly sure what keeps me coming back to the punk rock. Maybe it's the lack of bullshit I seem to encounter in the other facets of everyday life. Or maybe it *is* the bullshit that all you smug tongue-in-cheek mofos like to heap on top of me. All I know is that there few things in life that still get me as riled up as a pile of old punk records. Here's to issue #300! And here's to 300 more!

So this month the MRR editorial staff assigned everybody the same gargantuan task. They asked everyone to pick their personal Top Five Northern California punk records. You read it correctly, *five*! Of all time. As soon as I heard this, I knew I was gonna have a tough time. It wasn't until a few hours later, after consulting friends and delving into the various online discographies that I realized just how hard it was going to be to narrow down 40 years of Frisco music history into five selections.

I mean, there are so many questions. Like, should I try and throw in garage punk forefathers like THE BROGUES or E-TYPES from the 60s? Or what about 70s synth punk pioneers CHROME, who've *two* albums worthy of inclusion (*Alien Soundtracks* and *Half Machine Lip Moves*)? Or should I count weirdo wavoid faves BLACK HUMOR? Like, they're def punks, but there are def punk*er* sounding records? Or what about the 90s or 00s, so much of which I don't even have a grasp on? A dilemma, to say the least. One stooge had the gall to suggest a Top five for each decade! And what? Clear-cut a bunch more trees for all the extra pages? Come on, people!

Needless to say, I stuck with the assignment as stated, and most assuredly stuck with what I know and hold dearly. I'm eager to see the results. And the credibility fallout for my own exclusion of CRIME and/or AVENGERS. Well, fuck. *Murder by Guitar* is a personal fave, but I've got beef, and it may or may not have anything to do with a late night escapade to casa James Stark doing my best wingman impression. To say CRIME is ubiquitous would be a gross understatement of the facts. If CRIME were the sun, then their logo would be the sunspots burned onto nearly every

piece of paper in that old man's hovel...if not onto the very inside of mine eyelids...Enough!

Oh, and the AVENGERS. Well, yeah. I may have to sleep on the couch for that tawdry misstep. Umm, I certainly didn't endeavor to proffer such the penis party. But like, I mean, MARY MONDAY is totally tops for me. And that VKTMS *Midget* 7" EP was def in the running, but I haven't had enough exposure to it compared to my other choices which I actually own. And I assure you several of my friends are women...

Blah, blah, anyway, all this perusing of lists and discographies had me rifling through boxes trying to remember what's what and what sucks. I've officially decided this column is a feature on ten lesser-known early Northern California punk 45s. You know, some unseen obscurities, some unheralded classics, and hopefully something y'all Bay Area readers can still magically pull out of a dollar bin around town. Heck, I'm down here in Los Angeles, and even I still manage to find some of these. Oh, before I go off on my self-important tirade, I'd like to mention some indispensable resources to help you on your quest:

First up is the online US punk discography at www.Collectorscum.com complete with images of a lot of records most will never touch let alone own. The Northern California section is pretty thorough, although this is a pretty strictly "punk" list, so you won't find many of the weirdo wave records that the Bay Area is so well known for.

If you want the dish on SF art punk, do yourself a favor and check out the SF Art Punk Guide over at www.Terminal-Boredom.com for a pretty comprehensive description of all that and more.

For devout powerpop fans, I'd also throw in the Bubblegum the Punk website at bubblegum.the.punk.free.fr. While it's not regionally oriented, it usually lists the city/state of a particular band, so you can read out about SF popsters like BLITZ or THE FINDERS or what have you. So without further ado...I guess we'll go chronologically.

1) Beyond a brief harshing in the Flex Discography, I have found surprisingly little mention of one early San Francisco punk single: DEATH ARMY *Tourist Attraction b/w Storm Troop"* 7" (Blitzkrieg) 1978. Were we talking 1980 or 81, I would be decidedly less forgiving; For 1978, a little hard rockin' guitar chooglin' is to be expected, and DEATH ARMY are hardly the worst offenders (LA RUE anyone?). I can do without the flip, but *Tourist Attraction* is pretty good rockin' melody punk. The band has a relatively easily googleable website with MP3s, so please listen and tell me how wrong I am.

2) Another 7" from 1978 has been picking up steam among collectors lately: THE HITMAKERS *It's Only Sad* 7" EP (Mirror) 1978 (also released a single as JEFF SCOTT & JOSEF MARC which I don't have handy). I'm kinda "meh" about the whole "___ sounds like ___" way of describing records, but I'm going to break my own rule and do it anyway. This is like RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS had they been a West Coast band born and raised on the FLAMIN' GROOVIES. Basically this is a rad record, and if you like either of those bands I cannot imagine you not liking this. If you have not heard either of those bands, *go get their records now!*

3) I only picked one release for 1979: ADAPTORS *Trust in Technology b/w In the Slot"* 7" (Plastik Rapture). File under aggro art punk/wave with a healthy dose of synth on the A-side. Extra points for dual boy/girl vocals. All you new wave/DEVO haterz should get some taste or steer clear. The disgruntled fart school collage sleeve with TV antenna head people and a tank is quite breathtaking. Collectorscum beware: a small amount of sleeves were developed directly onto photo-paper before the more typically seen xerox sleeves went into circulation. Copies used to be around about ten years ago, and I suspect the supply hasn't dried up due to overwhelming demand. Whoever has quantity, it's time to speak up!

4) This entry fucks up my whole chronological thing since I have no idea of a release date: IMPOSTORS *Nighttime TV* 7" EP (415). I'm going to speculate 1980, but judging by the wimpiness of their better known dollar-bin staple *Don't Get Mad* 7" from 1980, I think this may have come first. One scum compatriot has even speculated that this is not a real 415 records release since it turns up so infrequently, has conspicuously hand-drawn labels, and no mention of label honchos Howie Klein or Chris Knab anywheres. Who cares, I guess. For three songs (and two more singles [and an album]) IMPOSTORS have just one truly great punk song called "Burglar." If melody riff-punk is your thing, this is a must have. The slightly oversized picture sleeve is notoriously difficult to find in nice shape, but you should be so lucky to find a copy in the first place. Oh yeah, the third single on (Dublab) has one good energetic powerpop track, if a bit over-produced, and I think it's taken straight from their dollar-bin clogging LP.

5) OK, this next one is kinda cheating since a lot of people may already know it from KILLED BY DEATH 18, but I cannot remember the last time I've seen the name in print. Excuse me while I jog your memory with the (B-Square) label's finest moment (am I forgetting something?): JAYNE DOE *Better You Than Me b/w As The World Turns"* 7" (B-Square) 1980. As it turns out I don't really care for the comp track...there is some definite VAN HALEN guitar hero wankery that kills it for me. On the other hand, the flip *Better You Than Me* is a secret killer. Maybe Boston's LA PESTE got this bar room glam punk sound down better back in 1978, but let's argue *after* you've cranked this one to 10! In the words of ole Brucey, "FUUUUUUCCCKKK!"

6) Credit for this next pick goes to Mr. Hyde, since it almost went another five years in my own personal un-listening pile. For all the SCREAMERS @ The Mab flyers I've seen, it's clear they had a rabid Bay Area following. Thankfully some of those fans were musicians. And so we have BOB *The Things That You Do b/w Thomas Edison* 7" (Dumb) 1980 recorded by the legendary NOVAK. Take the SCREAMERS patented delivery, replace the synths with the unlikely pairing of guitar and vibes (VIBES!), toss a girl singer in the background and you've got BOB. Albeit the vibes tend to lessen the full-on frontal assault, but I'd rather have these wavoid castoffs than not. The also had an LP that I also probably haven't listened to. Oh yeah — *do not* confuse BOB with the equally wavoid-looking but unequivocally awful a capella THE BOBS records. FUCK THE BOBS!

7) More from 1980 is another early excursion into the netherworlds of "art damaged synth punk wave" that NorCals seemed to be so keen on. Taking a less direct approach are Santa Cruz's own SPECTACLES *Anima Distortions b/w Cerebral Mindfuck* (Spex Rex) 1980. I would give this a "grower" classification. I paid a bunch for this initially and I kinda *hated* it immediately. The keyboards can get really noodly like in a Bob James way, and they use stupid "strings" or "trumpet" settings that are annoying, so I had to get over that hurdle. And also the songs sound like they are twice as long as they actually are. Yep, these are the kinds of songs that you mistakenly download and never delete from iTunes and two years later you accidentally hear it in shuffle mode and are blown away. Scum notes are that there are two equally retarded b/w art collage sleeves. I think I made a mistake and got rid of the "better" sleeve along with the non-heat-warped vinyl since now I can't hear *Anima Distortions* without a precious skip in it. Also kinda hilarious is that either the band were total prudes and were too scared to get the word *Mindfuck* printed on the labels, or the pressing company would not print it for PMRC reasons, so the band had to hand-stamp *Mindfuck* in red ink on every label I've seen.

8) I suspect this next pick would be on a few more wantlists if more people had actually heard it: DEFECTORS *Cash Advance b/w Last Night* 7" (Dependent) 1981. *Cash Advance* is a killer for speedy pop punk/wave. Its lack of a picture sleeve is probably what doomed it to

obscurity...that, and the band's less than stellar follow-ups on the (Zerbino's) label. I hate the idea of an outright dismissal, but the Big Time New Romantic aspirations of both their 7" and 12" are laughable at best. The single rips tho!

9) I had to dig long and hard to locate the box with this next pick. I had to, I was in utter disbelief after some in-the-know NorCal hipsters had the audacity to place this in *any* Top 5 list! Umm, like, gay new wave anyone? Well, three of the four songs here could empty Gilman faster than the SFPD, but I'll be goddamned they may be onto something: RED ASPHALT 7" EP (Egg and Anvil) 1981. I am totally ga ga for RED ASPHALT *RED ASPHALT* (RED ASPHALT) © 1981. I talked about channeling the SCREAMERS before, but snort me some angel dust! This is some next level violent psychopathic trauma shit on here! In other words, Verry Recommenddy!

10) With all the bandying about of uber-punk terms like "new wave" and "hard rock," I am skeptical any fans of hardcore are still with us. If you are reading now, then your prayers may finally be answered. I mean, like FLIPPER is definitely hardcore something, but Frisco doesn't have much in the way of obscure US hardcore rippers like New York or DC or Boston or LA or *all of the Midwest*. Sure, Subterranean had a handful of scorchers, but dropping triple digits on a SICK PLEASURE 7" doesn't really get the juices flowing like dropping $300 on an URBAN WASTE 7" does. Lucky for y'all, SF does have SCREAM *Gov't Primer* 7" EP (Immortal Nuts) 1982. I mean, my juices were flowing when I dropped $40 on the REBELS & INFIDELS sleeve variant a few months back. SCREAM's time almost came a few years back when they were slated to appear on yet another KBD style compilation. You can even read the review in one of Henry Yu's old columns (blecch!). So nobody knows SCREAM. Every time I drop the needle on *Gov't Primer* I'm like, "Wow! This is really what racist sexist homophobic music is supposed to sound like!" and I try and figure out what city in Arkansas they're from and then I see the label and realize they are from Alameda and, like, their lyrics and message are pretty much kosh except for one song that's maybe taking some poetic license about raping a girl "from a rapist's perspective" thingie (well, HÜSKER DÜ gets a pass, right?). And I'm also like, oh, so Tony Erba isn't really special needs after all, he is just trying to sound *exactly* like this singer. Whatevs, total scorcher, get on this one pronto.

10.1) Uhh, finally, this one is like a footnote to the last total run-on paragraph, I just wanted to mention there's another awesome release (not hardcore) on SCREAM's same (Immortal Nuts) label that is sure to be lingering in some Bay Area dollar bins (they still have those, right?). It is called GUITARDOZ *fast attack* 7" EP (Immortal Nuts) 1984, with a ugly orange/black sleeve, and I guess I would call it like rootsy garage punk, something akin to THE EMBARRASSMENT or like "college punk" or some weird micro shard of a micro genre. Oh, and my wife is very impressed with the topical politico lyrics, natch!

Talk about hogging pages! Smell you next month poseurs!

The Light, The Sound,
The Rythmn, The Noise

1) Best record ever found at a thrift store? It's a toss up between Flipper *Gone Fishin* from a super-creepy Christian charity shop on Shepherds Bush Green or Thelonius Monk *Brilliant Corners* at one in Orange County, CA. Thelonius's nickname was Melodious Thunk which seems apt in regards to everything I just said or will ever say...I found the Flipper record when I was about 15 and had only really ever heard about them because Kurt Cobain wore the shirt and actually finding it really tweaked me out. Maybe now Shepherds Bush is more akin to Noe Valley or Park Slope (not completely gone that way butbutbut the yoga moms are encroaching). When I was a kid there were Pie and Mash shops, rival football teams, a huge African/West Indian market and a bunch of stores that only sold new 45s from Jamaica. The idea of someone within the confines of that area owning a Flipper record and then donating it really blew my teenage mind as did the Flipper record itself...said...repetition...

In related news, I have had the No Trend song "Hanging Out in Georgetown" in my head for over a month on a loop. The first time I heard that band was because a pen pal I had when I was Flipper record-buying age made me a mind-melting tape containing the complete output of both No Trend and Middle Class. I think it's still in my tape box at my mum's house. This week I got an actual No Trend record, utilizing the power of thee internet, and then when I went to see the film recently made about Chicago punk, *You Weren't There*, I was struck instantly by the band End Result and everything came together. Especially after a snide comment made by Dr. PepperHardcordova at brunch (*brunch*, motherfuckers!): "What have you been listening to recently? Oh. No-core? Really?" I swear this is all connected, but what does "no-core" even mean? Music that isn't the skit at the beginning of the Our Turn record? I only like music that sounds like the way a Raymond Pettibon drawing looks.

End Result was formed in 1980, a three-man self-proclaimed hardcore band from the projects of Chicago who tuned their guitars like cellos, and had a saxophone but no drums. They played hardcore shows and I would say their music is more hardcore than any generic '83 Reagan band. Since seeing the movie I have become somewhat evangelical about this band, and several people have informed me that their records turn up frequently, in dollar bins/lowest-common-denominator bins around the world. In fact, Martin Sorrondeguy just found me the Albini released 12" for three bucks...and the 7" is downloadable from the internet browser website search engine, which I would advise you in getting involved with involving you-self within because it'll fracture your sense of self and bring your core temperature *way down*.

Steve Albini on End Result: "End Result was truly a band apart. Ahead of its time and unique in more ways than I can count. Alan tuned his guitar like a cello...End Result had no drummer to keep the beat, because (in Alan's immortal words) 'we think our audience can count.'"

Alan Jones was the constant member and the band lasted through most of the '80s. There are some mind-blowing early-'80s You Tube performances that are mandatory if you do not have the chance to see the Chi-punk doc. I guess they are considered a pioneering no-wave band now, which is kind of a bummer. The fact that they played hardcore shows, and considered themselves a hardcore band and yet the no-wave co-opted their destruction anyway makes me sad like a clown painting in a cafe co-operative.

The rest of the Chicago documentary was equally inspiring, one of the first "good ol' days" punk artifacts I have seen where despite the fact that the old men said the world ended when they lost interest you actually kind of understood where they were coming from. 1) They think Avril Lavigne/Hot Topic Mall Rat Rock is what the punks are up to nowadays. 2) They claim that the feeling of seeing Silver Abuse at a queer bar in 1980 has not been and will never be recreated by current punk attemptees and after seeing the footage of Chicago punk in thee olden days I have to agree. Gauze groupies in bullet belts brown-baggin' forties and talking about Finnish demo tapes are no match for anything in this movie. *You Weren't There* is light years away from the fossils of that *American Hardcore* movie. The fact that all the early Chicago punk shows happened in queer bars and were also all-ages definitely had an affect on the originality, up-against-the-wall-ness and insanity of

the music produced. I think they showed an early cut of the movie (the filmmakers said they were going to edit it down from two hours) but one of the things that was kind of mind-blowing was the part at the end that lasted for fifteen minutes of old people saying punk was dead. It was super harsh and brutal and endless in a way I can't quite describe. Like performance art almost? I don't know what else to say. I mean, if you want to see insane Effigies, Articles of Faith, Strike Under, Tutu and the Pirates, Naked Raygun, Negative Element, and Rights of the Accused footage go see this movie! The footage at the bar where Chicago punk was initially formed is amazing and sums up everything I have to say or will have to say about music and art and being an artless deadbeat. (regressivefilms.com)

After seeing this I was really psyched and ready for destruction, but could not get anyone to do anything so I skated to Jessalyn's where listened to the Germs, talked about dudes, and went to a random party where someone who works as a yearbook photographer had set up a room, so I got a yearbook photo taken. Teenage wasteland. Doomed to dream.

2) Chaos in Tejas vs. Sex Vid in Olympia. I was *all pumped* on going to a fest for the first time since the days of olde when Assück played a lawn in Ohio and someone made their pickup truck into a wacky time kiddie pool. I have never been to a Chaos in Tejas fest or a Pointless fest, which I guess are the current versions of the ones I went to in Ohio in the '90s or at the 1 in 12 Club in Bradford, same time period. But then someone informed me of the final musical lineup and I realized that I really don't care about seeing any of those bands at all and I kind of don't want to go anymore. The only reason I would want to go is to go swimming in Texas swimming holes and skate in Texas ditches. I decided to go to Olympia for Sex Vid's 7" release show instead. The two events will not be occurring in the same time frame in anyway. Maybe one event will be a mass accumulation of punks on a scale my small brains cannot comprehend and I should go witness? Crusties congregating and surviving the plague? And to see both Crude and Los Crudos play. But Sex Vid is like having Pettibon on the inside of your eyelids. 21st century schizoid man.

3) A man came into my work today wearing a perfectly executed Union Jack tie-dye t-shirt. My mum wrote me an email asking me why I call men *dudes* and women *girls*. I will start calling everyone 20th century schizoid men regardless of gender, in tribute to Robert Fripp and mother earth. You know I actually number all my columns from one to ten like a top ten then the coordinators edit that part out? It's true. If you want to see the numbers you have to look at where I put the words on the internet. Also my favorite pizza place (not hippie pizza, the other one) is now bogus. I had a life crisis about what a deadbeat I am and how fruitless my life is, and ultimately decided that it's OK to care more about getting the Church Police 7" than wearing a three-hundred-dollar organic cotton dress to a party at a beach house where gentle trance music plays as people smoke and discuss wine and the stock exchange and childcare options. It's not like I am puking up Sparks in a 7/11 parking lot—I mean, I read Celine, listen to King Tubby, and drink green tea! Sophisticated like a Flipper song on your headphones whilst walking out to the ocean for the endlessly endless time. Not needing anything else.

4) Thinking about getting a Germs tattoo at age 30. What we do is secret. SECRET!

5) Hubbs' Story about the Christian record store guy that buys records from his work and won't swear, so when requiring the Crucifucks he instead asks for the Cruci-jerks.

6) The Nor Cal top five of mine in this issue? Here are the couldabeens:

Dils - *Made in Canada* double 7". Were they in SF or LA at this point? What city claims this band and for what period? Could I claim the second 7" o'er the first one as an SF release? Regardless, I love this 7" though obviously I do not own it, just a reissue, but it's good for skating around to and also for sitting and reflecting in your room.

Noh Mercy - *Caucasian Guilt*. When people were still trying to figure out what punk was, this was what some girl came up with. Screaming insanity over a dying drumbeat. It's on one of those Fast Records comps and is creepy and rad and wrong. The lyrics!

Pink Section 12". Some art school students rented rooms in a single occupancy weekly hostel in the early-'80s and only had to work one day a month to make rent. Their music contains keyboards, like a less destroyed Screamers — more than a skinny-tie band I would say. The girl's vocals are kind of pitched between Exene and Lilliput, and the lyrics confront the endless liberal millionaire complacency of the Bay Area, wine collectors wife-swappin' in Marin voting for Jerry Brown save the planet go to the zoo. The MRR copy has an amazing Tim Yo-made cover, but I bet you can get this pretty easily online in MP3 format because I have never seen this band's records outside of the MRR collection and I have been searching.

Chrome - *Half Machine Lip Moves* LP. For some reason I always avoided Chrome, and after hearing this record I am completely confused as to why I did such a thing. A waste of my life and ears for sure. It's post-apocalyptic music, and I think I thought they were gonna be bad industrial, but it's not. It's half formed yet complete, shards of nasty that make up a whole world. How I wish Eno's Warm Jets sounded when people described it to me. So good. Endtimes.

Inflatable Boy Clams 7". This band were linked somehow to Pink Section, maybe they shared members or played shows together? They are way more fucked-up musically. It's not catchy destruction; it's kind of like a meaner Y Pants (the NYC band on 99 Records). I have no chance in hell of ever finding this 7" but there's a website that comes up that has all the music and cover art and info so you can make a tape for your faraway abandoned pen pal that makes them realize that they are not as lost as they once believed. The internet will save us. Just browse.

Wilma 7". SF's first lesbian separatist punk band? One side is a lesbian soundscape bummerization, the other is a total rager that'll make your eyes droop and your teeth itch. I think most of these records I am talking about came out on Subterranean Records. Just to contextualize. I think in fact I am sure most were purged from the MRR collection. If that's how you like it seek 'em out.

Raooul - *FreshnNubile* 7". My teenage band did a split LP with these ladies on Lookout, which apparently they threw out when they went out of business. One of my friends dumpster-dived a bunch of the LPs. Wish they would have called me instead of trashing them, since I don't actually have a copy of this anymore! (Actually I do now — thanks, Arwen!) But I guess they are still selling the CD/licensing the music for comps and selling downloads without our permission/ever paying us. Sketchy business people aside, when we played with Bratmobile in '93 they told us we should do a record with Raooul. So I wrote a note on the wall of Gilman when visiting the Bay later that year. Raooul wrote back and sent this 7" and it totally sums up being a bratty teenage girl in a place where being a punk is easy.

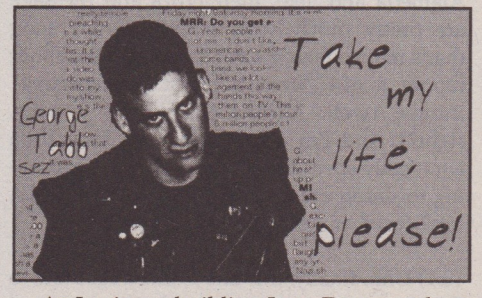
Peligro Social side of the Born Dead split.

Ecoli 7".

Hey Girl! LP

SOCIETY DOG!!!!

That's all I have to say! Write me layla.gibbon@gmail.com or read whatwewant isfree.blogspot.com for old columns.



As I exit my building I see Evan, my bass player, and chauffeur of Furious George, standing in front of his black 1987 Thunderbird, in his cut-off denim shorts, ugly

Hawaiian shirt his grandmother got for him, sneakers with no socks — a big punk rock no-no — sunglasses, and straw hat. He looks like the worst kind of tourist.

"Hey George," he says to me, a few years back, as I try to ignore him so that people in my building don't think I actually know him.

"You're not dressed for the occasion." I look at my reflection in the driver's window of his '87 Thunderbird. I'm wearing a black t-shirt, black leather vest, black jeans, black socks, and black sneakers. I'm dressed correctly. It's him who isn't.

"You dressed like Ryan," Evan says to me, then points to the back seat of the car where our pal Ryan is fast asleep, or, most likely, unconscious from the amount of alcohol he drank the night before. Ryan was also wearing all black.

"I dressed right," I tell Evan.

"But it's a pool party," says Evan, with his arms extended into the air. Evan likes to do that a lot. Put his arms in the air to make a point.

"But it's a Punk Rock Pool Party," I explain to Evan.

"Well, George," he says to me, not looking me in the eyes from behind his real Ray-bans, "I'm dressed as punk as it gets." I took another look at him, then at Ryan passed out in the back seat, and my reflection. I guess he was right. Pussy.

We make our way into Jersey with Ryan still passed out in the back seat. Every once in a while, I get a good whiff of the booze he must have swum in. We are on our way to Sue Blank's house. Sue, who manages, books, sells merchandise for, and is the mommy of the Blanks 77, Jersey's favorite band. Evan points out various landmarks as he drives, and I nod my head like I care.

"George," he says, "there is the diner where me and Frank and the Devitto brothers went after that night when Frank chased those gay-bashers with a chainsaw."

"Uh-huh," I say to Evan, as I fumble around his glove compartment for a tape to listen to so I don't have to hear Evan's oral history for the zillionth time.

Evan goes on about something or other while I search his tape collection and finally find an Iron Maiden tape. I pop it in the deck and crank it up. Evan sings along, and Ryan wakes up. I look at him in the rear view mirror and see his spiky hair all over the place.

"Yuck, metal," says Ryan, and I smell his breath and get a little buzz. And with that, he lies back down and passes out again.

We reach the exit where Sue lives, turn off the highway, and make our way through a bunch of little side streets looking for her house. We have to follow a bunch of detour signs, and wind up getting lost. We ask some guy who is mowing his lawn where the street Sue lives on is, but he can't hear us; his Sears Lawn Mower is louder than a Hell's Angel's Harley. We finally ask these two guys in their golf clothes loading up their trunk where the street is, and they tell us.

We pull into Sue's driveway and park behind a bunch of nice cars with punk rock stickers all over them. As we open the car doors, Ryan wakes up and asks if we are there yet. We tell him we are, and he tells us that that is a good thing, and that he needs a beer. It's been at least two hours since he had one. Punk rock.

Once inside Sue's house, we kick back and relax. I grab a beer, as does Ryan, and Evan gets a Pepsi. Pussy. Sue tells us she is happy to see us, asks where our drummer is, tells us she is glad we made it out there, and then gives us all hugs. She is at the most five feet tall, and has like ten different colors in her hair. And she is very cute. We all kind of blush. Then I tell her that Michael, our drummer, had to work. She says, "Oh." Whatever.

"Some of the kids are here already," Sue explains to us, "and some are on their way." I ask her how many people are coming to the party, and she tells me she has no idea. She tells us that she hopes it is not too many, because then there will be a big mess, and when her parents get home from being out of town, they might flip out. I offer Ryan and Evan's help in cleaning up.

We make our way to the back porch and get a good look at the pool. It is one of those kidney shaped ones, with a diving board and everything. Evan runs down to it and feels the water. He tells me it is warm. I tell him "good." I have no intention of going in the damn thing. Pools are not punk rock. And being undressed certainly isn't punk either. Fuck that nonsense.

***

Eventually, lots of people show up to the party, and it really starts to kick in. A bunch of skinheads fire up the grill and start to prepare food. Hot dogs, hamburgers, the works. Some punks sit around on the porch smoking cigarettes and drinking beer, discussing their favorite bands. I get a good look at them, and realize that none of them can be over twenty. It's a good thing no cops are around, or we'd all be in a Jersey jail.

After downing a few beers, Sue gives me a tour of her house. I get to see the laundry room, the living room, where a couple of skinheads are watching television, the kitchen, and her bedroom. Her bedroom is, well, just like her. Small, cute, and cluttered as hell. She has a large collection of Pez dispensers, little knickknacks everywhere, and lots of Jesus stuff. I tell her that I thought she was a Jew, and she says she is. But that she loves the Jesus stuff. Just like she loves the punk rock and the kids.

Finally the Blanks 77 arrive to the party, and everyone welcomes them. The party is really sort of for them. They had just returned from a three month tour of the US, and this was kinda a celebration of them making it home. Alive. And knowing those guys, that is quite an accomplishment.

Mike Blank sees me, walks up to me, and gives me a hug. I hug him back. It is good to see the guy. His hair is no longer long and spiky, it is shaved short and dyed with a leopard-skin pattern. He looks kinda tired from being on the road. I ask him how he is and he tells me he is the same as when I saw him exactly a week earlier in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Furious George played a show with them out there. He tells me he is glad to be home, and that the itching has gone away.

"What itching?" I ask him, expecting him to tell me about the itch for punk rock, or sex, or whatever.

"The scabies itch," he replies. Doh.

Mike then goes on to explain that somewhere on their United States tour, The Blanks 77 all got scabies. Mike thinks he may have gotten it first from sleeping on an old couch some guy found near a dumpster, but he's not sure. He says the itching started toward the end of the tour, and everyone in the band got it. Also some friends who hung out with the band in the van got it as well. I ask him to explain to me what scabies are, and he tells me they are little "eeny-weeny bugs" that live under your skin, and lay eggs, and make you itch. Eeeew, Yuck.

I ask the rest of the Blanks 77 — Tim, Chad, and Renee — about the scabies experience, and they all say it is miserable. Sue, who was in the van with them, says the same thing. They all tell me about some cream they had to smear all over their bodes to kill the damn things, and how gross that was. But they all say they are glad it's over.

Later, outside, Evan decides he is gonna be the first to go in the pool. He takes off his shirt, hat, and sneakers, and goes in the pool. He is quickly joined by our friend and local scenester celeb, TC. They swim around and tell everyone the water is fine. All the punks and skinheads look at the two in the pool and then go about their business. Talking about punk bands, cooking food, and drinking. Evan exits the pool and walks up to me, dripping wet.

"Come in the pool, George," Evan says to me. I just look at him, as do my friends Sam, Mike at 18 (who got his name from Mike Blank, because he looks like him when he was 18), Dean Dean The Sex Machine, Jesse, and the others. Evan is really hairy. Gross hairy. He even has hair on his back. Geez.

I tell Evan that I'm not going in the pool. He asks me why I bought my bathing suit with me then, and I tell him that I took it with me because I thought that maybe, maybe I'd go in. But I now know I won't. He calls me a pussy. So I go in the house and put the damn thing on. Fucking bass players.

I come back outside and Evan is swimming around again, as are a few other kids. Mostly boys, and one girl. Who is seventeen. And

who has quite a set of knockers. Wow.

I jump into the pool in my bathing suit, and a Flatus t-shirt I borrowed from Sue. Evan tells me to take off the shirt, but I tell him I won't. I don't want everyone staring at me like they did at Evan. Especially since I had just shaved my chest days earlier. I did it cause I wanted to look like Captain Kirk. And body hair is gross. I remember that episode where Kirk and Spock are like Gladiators, and Kirk wears no shirt, and has no chest hair. Now that, was a real man, I used to say to myself. And that is why I shaved my chest. But now the stubble was itching me. Oh well.

Evan and I swim around for a while, and Mike at 18 decides to join us. In his clothes. T-shirt, jeans, sneakers, wallet, and everything. He just jumps right in with a beer in his hand and starts to swim around. He yells to the others to come in, and some do, in their clothes.

So a bunch of punk rockers are swimming around this kidney-shaped pool, all dressed in their black clothes, and I feel kinda stupid. There I was, in a fucking bathing suit. I felt like a dork.

"Hey George," says Mike at 18, "I think some of the other guys wanna go in." I look at Sam, Dean, Jesse, and the others, and they don't seem like they want to go in to me.

"They don't wanna come in, Jay," I say to Mike at 18. Jay is his real name.

"Yes they do, they just need our help," explained Mike at 18. I looked at him, and finally saw what he was getting at. We went and got Evan, and a couple of others in the pool. We then got out, ran up, grabbed Jesse, and just gave him just enough time to take off his watch and take out his beeper before he's thrown into the pool. Then he helped us get Sam, and then so on and so on. Soon there were like fifteen kids in the pool, all dressed entirely in their clothes.

Mike Blank comes out of the house and sees everyone in the pool. I wave to Mike, and he says, "George, you go!", then goes to the cooler to get a beer. Before he knew what happened to him, he had joined us in the pool, with an un-opened beer in his hand. I asked Mike if he liked the water as he stood there in the low end, with his clothes entirely soaked, and water dripping from his head to his bullet belt. He told me it was nice.

Eventually, more people either came into the pool or were thrown in. Soon, almost everyone was in there, including Sue, in all her clothes. I think I saw trails of color behind her head as she moved about in the water. The only people who were not in the pool were a bunch of skinheads who were sitting at a picnic table. We were afraid of them. We had chicken fights, drank beer in the pool, and even had diving contests. At one point, as Sue was telling me a story about how Mike Blank likes to pee in pools, I looked over and saw Mike standing in the pool, near the steps, with a silly grin on his face. I pointed him out to Sue.

"Not in my pool, Mike" yelled Sue. But it was obviously too late. Then Mike swam over to two girls and sat there with them, one arm around each girl.

"Are you Furious George?" asks this huge skinhead guy as he swims up to me. He is wearing shorts, no shirt, and red suspenders. I kinda panic, but figure I better tell the truth.

"Yeah," I tell him, "I'm him."

He then gives me a big old bear hug and tells me he loves the band and stuff, and that he is good friends with the Blanks. I try to sigh a breath of relief, but can't, because the guy is hugging me so hard. He finally lets go, and I catch my breath. He tells me his name is Junior, and I tell him I'm pleased to meet him. We talk about bands for a few minutes, then he starts to yell, "No, Pedro, no!" I ask who he is yelling at, and he points to the diving board.

On the diving board is this skinhead guy — Pedro, I guess — a guy with tattoos and everything. And he's taking off his clothes. Junior keeps yelling for Pedro to put his clothes back on, but Pedro ignores him. Soon, Pedro is completely naked, and Evan points out to me that Pedro is definitely not a Jew. Everyone in the pool by now is screaming. Junior tells me that Pedro is a gay skinhead, and there is nothing wrong with that, but Pedro should put his clothes back on. Pedro then jumps into the pool, and swims toward Junior and me. Junior screams and yells for Pedro to get away, but Pedro gives Junior a big hug, naked. We all laugh.

We swim around some more, and eventually Pedro puts some shorts on. Then it's Evan's turn. Not being one to shy away from cheap attention, Evan gets on the diving board and starts to take off his bathing suit. We all yell for Evan to please not do this, but he does anyway. We yell, "Put it on, put it on!" but Evan ignores us, gets naked, and jumps in the pool.

He starts to swim around, and it's like a fucking scene from *Jaws*. Everyone is screaming, and it's like Evan is the shark. Every time he gets near someone, they scream and run out of the pool. Finally Evan puts his suit back on, and we all breathe easier.

Now it's Mike at 18's turn. He gets on the board, wanting the attention that Pedro and Evan just got, so he starts to take off his clothes as well. Now Mike at 18 is a cute young boy, and really funny, so we all yell for him to take it off. He gets all mad at us and says, "How come you yell that at me, and to the other guys, you say 'put in on?" Poor guy. So confused at just 18.

We continue to drink and swim and soon it starts to get dark. I eventually get out of the pool, as does Evan, and Ryan, who, by the way, also went into the pool entirely dressed. I change into my dry clothes as does Evan. Ryan has to go back to the city with us, soaked. But he doesn't seem to mind. He's entirely drunk.

"Thanks for coming out to the party," Sue says to us and she hugs us all, one at a time. We thank her for the good time.

"You go," says Mike Blank, "back to the city." I tell Mike we will.

As we make our way to the car, we say our goodbyes to everyone, including my new skinhead pal, Junior. Sue asks me how much time I spent in the Blanks van, and I ask her why.

"Well, most people who spent time in the loft got the scabies." I tell her I was only in the van for about twenty minutes in Lancaster, that I was up on the loft, reading the funny notes the band wrote on the ceiling, and that I don't think I caught anything.

"Good," she says. I ask about the signs of scabies, and she says itching, red bumps, stuff like that. She tells me that the incubation time is about three weeks, and I quickly do the math. I figure that if I get them, I got at least two weeks before anything happens. But it won't. Not to me.

Evan, Ryan, and I get into the 1987 Black Thunderbird and make our way back to the city. We all talk about what a great time we had, and eventually, Ryan and I fall asleep from exhaustion by the time we get to the tunnel. I think Evan was still talking.

Exactly two weeks to the day, later, the itching started. Doh.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

I do have *two* books out... *Playing Right Field* and *Surfing Armageddon.* If you like my stories here, you'll love the books. You can get them at any bookstore or off of Amazon. And it would really help me *a lot* with medical bills and such. So really, check them out...they are real books with really funny stories!

Box Of Crayons' *From Beer To Eternity* fuckin' rocks! Check these fellow New Yorkers out! Great fun stuff! Standouts here include such hits as "Punk Rock ATM" and of course, "StaynBklyn." Yo!

The new Potato Famine record is due out any day! In the meanwhile, check out *The Blood Runners* demo on Myspace. Real punk rock played by real men! Best band since The Dead Boys! Tell 'em George Tabb sent ya!

That movie *Juno* rocks. See it when it's on DVD. You won't be sorry. It really is punk rock. And a great story!

Got some good and bad games this month. "Burnout Paradise" rocks. Fast women, faster cars, and punk rock! Especially if you invent your own radio station! Yeah, baby! There is nothing like speeding around listening to Slayer and the Ramones! Then there's the new version of "Turok," that dinosaur killer guy. The aim is off, the dinosaurs suck balls, and the game just feels like it's not done. Don't waste your time or money. And I really wanted to like this one. Of course, "The Orange Box" from Valve for the Xbox 360 rules. Five games for the price of one. Best deal since that

MRR record with all those shitty bands from back in the early 80s. My stepdad, Nick, used to say it was worth it for the weight alone! "The Club" from Sega. Lots of shooting, arcade style. Fun for killing, and a good rush. Not very long...but still, fun! In film, "The Darjeeling Limited" is a great DVD. Three brothers bonding over the stupidest shit. Punk Rock! And did I mention that "Blue Harvest," The Family Guy DVD is the funniest thing I've seen since "Star Wars: Episode 3?" But not boring...

The "Dance Dance Revolution" Disney Version is cute for little little little kids. But what the hell his "High School Musical"? Looks gay as hell to me. And "Contra 4" for the DS is the bomb! Boom!

Lately I have been thinking a lot about materialism and punk rock. I, like a lot of people I am sure, have a lot of "stuff" — records, books, etc. Mostly media-oriented stuff, to be fair. And in a way I like having it because it's cool to sift through a bunch of stuff and enjoy it from time to time, but more often I find myself with the feeling of being overwhelmed by all the crap I have. I have over the years been much better with rooting out stuff I have and getting rid of stuff I don't want including some jarring record collection purges and massive scorched earth policy reviews of my book collection.

I realize that a lot of punk type folks have this same problem with "stuff." Let's face it: punk is a media and product-oriented subculture, at least as it exists in the west. The usual stuff punks dig include records, books, instruments, veggie food/products, clothes, fashion stuff, comic books, magazines, toys, and so forth. I am guilty of several of these. It's not that I think this is completely abhorrent, but I do feel it is something worth reflecting on.

I realize that in the worldwide sense, punk is not about consumerism, but about a mentality and attitude. Although in the west it seems to be wrapped up so much in products of various kinds, even if they are independently produced. I have mentioned this in previous columns. Record collecting, in the asshole-sense, having stuff just for the sake of having it, is repugnant to me. If you value the music then that is different but I see that as fairly peripheral to the main current of American and European punk rock record collecting. But even if you value the music and the message, falling into the trap of materialism is easy and troublesome. This has been my experience. I feel obligated to buy stuff, records, etc. in order to stay in touch with what is going on. I don't want to miss out on anything. But fact is sometimes I will and I have to deal with that.

I think materialism and product-oriented elements of the "first world" punk scene is quite detrimental to the overall movement and really kind of makes a mockery out of our otherwise pretty cool political and social message. We are awash in cutthroat capitalism and our scene frequently reflects aspects of that by way of materialistic tendencies, product-centric mentality, and consumerism. Part of the reason, I think, why bands not in the so called "first world" aren't given their due respect in the American or European scenes is because they are not geared towards the consumer-driven, product-centered world that we are absorbed in. If it isn't on vinyl, we don't pay attention. If it's on a tape or a simple-looking CD with raw recording then it's not paid much attention to. I have always felt that this is the reason why those bands are *more* potent, more punk, more radical, and more real than anything the western scenes have to offer.

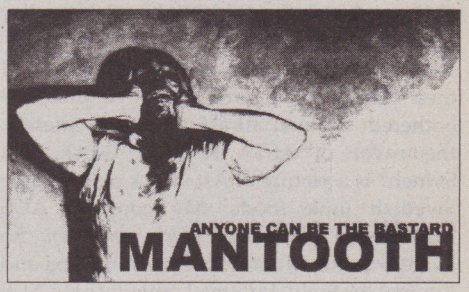
I do believe that the dictum "what you own eventually owns you" is quite true, and have felt this more acutely lately. Having "stuff" can be a real drag and can bog you down especially if you aren't mindful about the whole process. I think having music become a more digitally driven medium, along with books is probably a great thing that technology will help us with and I look forward to when that will be more feasible.

Lately I have been very distracted and haven't been doing much that is punk rock-oriented. Troubling though when you are trying to release records, run a label, and write for a couple zines. I have this happen every so often where I find interest in other things, and then come back to punk. It always happens. Currently my interest has been comic books. Yep. My girlfriend is a huge fan of them and it has rubbed off on me. I even went to Wondercon in San Francisco and was horrified and thrilled at the same time by the display of outright geekery and concurrent coolness. I have been off an on into comics since high school, particularly Vertigo and horror comics but that has been my kick the last few months! I have also been reminded by the fact that libraries still exist and are an excellent way of avoiding the materialism I was talking about. Some of them have really great stuff too, even graphic novels sometimes. Some have vinyl too!

I have not been receiving much in the way of stuff to review lately so people should get off their ass and send stuff in! I have not been buying music a lot lately but I do see this turning around next month I know there are a lot of cool releases coming out so I will be sure to get them and discuss them in next month's column.

I also want to extend my wishes to the families and friends of those who died tragically at the punk show in Indonesia. If you haven't heard there was a kind of panic where people got trampled and it sounds as if ten or so people died. I was very saddened to hear about this, and all my friends and comrades in the Indonesian scene are in my thoughts. Take care guys.

Nick Daniels, PO Box 18884, Oakland, CA 94619
nickmangel@gmail.com



Up until last week, the fact that this issue is the 300th issue of *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll* had eluded my feeble brain-meats. The thought of indulging my sentimental side by writing some sort of weepy "What MRR Means to Me" introspective never crossed my mind because I have no sentimental side. I am pure logic! Free from your salty tears and embarrassing erections! No, instead I will celebrate THE PUNKEST OF ZINES by reviewing 300 of my own records, some of which not very punk at all. But since this is not a democracy and since I don't give a shit, you have no choice. Instead, please *refrain* from sending me email describing your first masturbatory experience finding woods porn. Yeesh.

324 *Something Japanese* is terrorizer-grind from Japan. First song is totally sick, except it's called "Silence Before Silver Screen." OK guys. ABC DIABOLO's *Last Intoxication of Senses* — Question: Is that a bottle or a just a huge cock on the cover? ABC DIABOLO's *Give Rise* is just as good as the "bottle or cock?" LP. ADRENALINE OD's *Wacky Hijinks Of...* was recorded in their underwear. ADRENALINE OD's *Humungousfungusamongus* is great, but my copy is defaced with the following: "This record SUCKS. Bad hardcore, most songs sound exactly alike, completely banal. Immature buttheads from NJ— they unfortunately exemplify the culture. Don't be fooled by the titles cause the songs are *NOT* interesting." AGNOSTIC FRONT's *Victim in Pain* would be a lot better if it didn't have the song "With Time" on it. ALICE COOPER's *Easy Action* contains the song "Return of the Spider," which apparently was written for Gene Vincent, whom I imagine was consumed by a large spider during a

tragic acid freakout, dude. AMEBIX's *Beginning of the End* is a bootleg that contains early Amebix EPs that sound a lot like Joy Division. I really like these tracks, but I kind of can't stand Joy Division. "What's blue and hangs in the closet?" On AMBEBIX's *Monolith*, they thank Ghosthunters Ltd. What the hell? ANTISECT's *In Darkness There is No Choice*. When I was a sophomore in high school I made an Antisect backpatch out of white-out. My copy of ARTICLES OF FAITH's *Give Thanks* sucks because it's one of those crappy Bitzcore reissues. ASSUCK's *Anticapital* is awesome but unfortunately spawned one billion shitty/slick grindcore clones. This goes the same for ASSÜCK's "Misery Index." ASSASSIN's "Interstellar Experience" contains the track "junk food" which is all about their love of junk food and their preference of junk food over hot and bothered German thrash babes. Incidently, the cover of ASTA KASK's "Rock Mot Svinen" is a picture of Asta Kask ogling some Swedish junk foods. My copy of AUS ROTTEN's *The System Works for Them* no longer has the Mumia spoken word flexi and I'm not entirely bummed about that. AUS ROTTEN's *And Now Back to Our Programming* contains that one long-ass ballad that I still think was ad-libbed. ATROCIOUS MADNESS's *Total Control* is, like, all fucked up and shit. The thrash collage on AUTOPSY's *Severed Survival* contains a sick picture of some serious dank nugs, bro. AUTOPSY's *Retribution for the Dead* apparently contains three new tracks "with added brutality!"

BENUMB's *Soul of the Martyr* is underrated, but what's with all the fucking acronyms? BIG BLACK's *The Hammer Party* says on the back, "Mark Hayes yelled a little on one song, but he turned into a total dick and doesn't really warrant the mention." Sure thing, Steven. BIG BOYS' *Where's my Towel?* is unfortunately a bootleg, but there's a collage on the back where I think I see Tim Kerr wearing an "Oi!" shirt. BL'AST's *Power of Expression* is kind of obsessed with the concept of "time." BLUE OYSTER CULT's *Tyranny and Mutation* contains the song "Hot Rails to Hell" which was ripped off by Warsaw in a song that escapes me at the moment. BOXED IN's "s/t" is a really overlooked record, but when I first head about the band, I thought they were named after the NO LESS EP. I wonder how different BRAIN HANDLE's "s/t" would look if they went with Ed's band name suggestion "Absurd Nacho Zombies." BRAINOIL's "s/t" contains probably the best Life is Abuse logo ever made—a shitting goose. BRODY'S MILITIA's *The Twelve Gauge Massacre* has a Cocknoose cover on it? What?

The inner sleeve of CANCEROUS GROWTH's *Late for the Grave* was drawn by Brian Walsby. I bought CAPITALIST CASUALTIES' *Subdivisions in Ruin* at Repo Records in Philadelphia in 1999 where I subsequently soiled the insert with pizza grease from Olympia Pizza II. CAPITALIST CASUALTIES' *Disassembly Line* has that song "General Mormon Dickhead," which always makes me laugh. CARCASS's *Reek of Putrefaction* actually does not contain the song "Reek of Putrefaction." I blame CAREER SUICIDE's "s/t" for every other band these days thinking it's a good idea for their records to be just a bunch of symmetric lines and shit. CATTLEPRESS's *Hordes to Abolish the Divine* is great musically, but the insert is unfortunately symptomatic of the late 90s reliance on shitty photoshop layouts. I actually got copy of CELTIC FROST's *Morbid Tales* for paying a former roommate's portion of the gas bill. That's actually how I also go CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER's *Convicted* and *Money Talks*. When I was sick with food poisoning the other day, I had a hallucination that I played on the recording of COMBATWOUNDEDVETERAN's *I know a girl...* That last so is so scary! OOooOOoOoOoOOo.

DAHMER's *Dahmerized* says on the back, "Homophobes: we're three gays." DEADBODIESEVERYWHERE's "s/t" has the lyric "You rotted in cranktown and your mind went too. Your boyfriend and you are a piece of poo-poo."

Well, there we go. 300 records. That didn't take me nearly as long as I thought it would. I guess that's why I'm a writer for a PRESTIGIOUS PUNK MAGAZINE that now has 300 issues of PUNKNESS under its bullet belt (a belt which unfortunately serves no purpose).

ENDNOTES

1) gregory.mantooth@gmail.com

Dear MRR,

Congratulations on 300 issues!

I was 12 years old when you made your print debut in 1982 and still three years from first hearing the life-changing music you covered so thoroughly, thoughtfully, internationally and politically.

Twenty-six years later, you are still kicking out a monthly issue, still one the most important independent media mouthpieces of underground punk and the DIY ethos. All-volunteer run and not-for-profit, you are more than a great international fanzine. Your pages embody the army of volunteers themselves, as well as the flavor-of-the-moment buzz bands to the most obscure from whichever-corner-of-the-earth bands. By the punks for the punks.

Picking you up every month picks me up. Without you, my record collection would be much shittier. Without your zine reviews, I'd probably never have been able to find my true, fellow zine-writing geeks to trade with. And my hated car's cassette player would be so lonely without its tapes that I find for it to enjoy through your "demos" pages.

Most importantly, however, as we both have aged significantly, you've kept me connected. Why just last night I completely lamed out and missed the EXCRUCIATION show just blocks from my house and instead crashed early with my two young daughters. Not very punk considering the show was written on my calendar for weeks. But I digress...

Waking this morning feeling peeved that I'd let myself down, you were there for me when I had a rare, dull moment while my youngest napped. Smudging more newsprint on my fingers with every turn of a page, I felt better casually reading through columns, interviews, record reviews, and posthumously published punk history by Lance Hahn. Like I could at least stay involved vicariously and feed my punk addiction through a monthly dose of YOU!

So thanks, MRR. Even if my oldest, at eight years old, so far only embraces the styles she passively soaks in while skimming your pages (ala her Punky Color green-streaked hair and her collection of black T-shirts sporting the names of various punk bands she hates listening to, favoring instead to sing along with the vomit-tinged tunes on the commercial-filled pop radio channel), you continue to inspire in me everything else punk is good for, especially being part of a counter-culture that creates for itself and sustains itself instead of passively consuming whatever marketed, profitable pop culture is manufactured next.

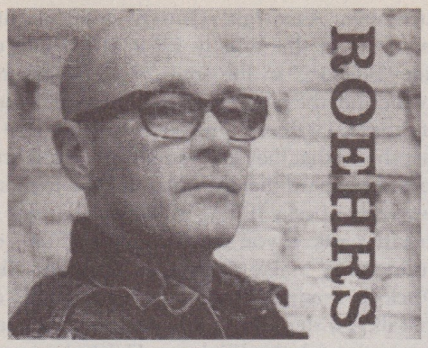
But be careful. You've only got about four good years until you hit 30 years old. And as you well know, punks over 30 are not to be trusted.

Trust me, I've been there already...

Love always, Jessica.

Punkparents, get in touch = yardwide yarns@hotmail.com

PS = I really should have been paying closer attention to what issue number it was last month. Then I would have held onto the interview with Dave Dictor from MDC, who were featured in MRR issue #1, which ran last month. From issue #1 to issue #299, they are one of the oldest, still touring and rocking-the-kids-out Northern California punk bands!



FUCK YOU!! I HAVE ENOUGH FRIENDS!

Look out fuckface! Sick Thought Records presents HERE COMES TROUBLE with their new *Get Fucked* EP! This shit is so raw, so fucking primitive; you might have a dangerous negative reaction! This is dirty punk for bad people with absolutely no redeeming social value! The *Get Fucked* EP starts off loud and boisterous with "Left At The Right." Fucking A! This trashed-out, shouted hardcore will burn the hairs off your earlobes! When you hit song two, "The Kids Are All White," you realize you are in deep shit! This is unhealthy guitar blasphemy sandwiched between unsavory vocals that will make you uncomfortable! You are well aware of Sick Thought Records ability to cause nausea and this EP continues the infection! The DANNY GLOVER EP demonstrated how low Sick Thought Records could stoop! We are speaking of the lowest common denominator known to mankind! Fucking balls-out rock 'n' roll with a capital "R!!!" Song three is "Fuck You… I Have Enough Friends!" Do I need to explain the sentiment of this song to you dimwits? Side B of this unsettling chunk of black-hearted, bleak punk desperation begins with "5 Hours 22 Days." This song will surely make all your feeble hopes for the future wilt. "5 Hours 22 Days" is drenched in negativity and doom! Fuck Yes! The guitars boil and the vocals drag you down into the doldrums! This music is an unpleasant reality check for you suburban pop punks! There are no reassuring positive parts on this slab! HERE COMES TROUBLE finishes you off with "The Void Side." Rarely has a band cranked out so much rank pessimism on such a short EP! HERE COMES TROUBLE commands the superior skill to make all the listeners unhappy! This is a fucking great record from a label that is determined to undermine any false optimism that American youth might still have! Get this EP or suffer the consequences!

Holy Shit! The thrash and destroy machine we call KVOTERINGEN is back to eviscerate you little punks! These Swedish punishers have now taken their manic hardcore to an explosive level! The *Dödens Handslag* EP is KVOTERINGEN's wildest foray yet into extreme violence! This current Communichaos Media EP burns down your safe suburban abode! On side A you crash through "Satan's Yingel," and "Känner Att Jag lever." Brutal! Side B kicks your ass into next week! You punks get to revel in "Ett Äckligt Handslag" and "Omsom Hapen, Omsom Rasande." Fuck yes! For your copy of the raging *Dödens Handslag* EP by KVOTERINGEN, contact: Communications Media, Box 825, 101 Space 36, Stockholm, Sweden.

Holy Crap! Hardcore Survives records have unleashed some manic thrash fury on you unsuspecting punks! The *Hardcore Hell* EP by KRIEGSHÖG is one of the most crazed, over-the-top punk records to appear of late! The strangulated singing and ferocious guitar and bass onslaught are absolutely blood curdling! On side A, the "suicide" side, KRIEGSHÖG smash through their self-titled anthem "Kriegshög," surge right into "Zouo," and finish the devastation with "Rotten." This music is so fucking raw you will be stunned and amazed! Side B, the "genocide" side, initiates the ultimate carnage with "Nuclear Blood Rain." Fucking great! The final burst of death and destruction is "Trapped." Yes! KRIEGSHÖG beat you to a pulp with their relentless hardcore mayhem! Excellent! HELLSHOCK fans will appreciate this hardcore slab! Contact Hardcore Survives Disc & Tape: kaotik-hero@hotmail.co.jp

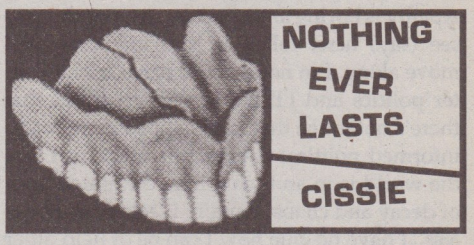
Fuck yes! Mr. Sammy Winston and his Spiderghost Pressgang put on a hell of a hardcore show in San Francisco recently! The "Ides Of March" punk and hardcore fest started with Mr. Winston's band GRACE ALLEY. These guys are so tight it boggles the mind! GRACE ALLEY is obviously a band that practices often and is 100% committed to their music! You should look for a GRACE ALLEY / NEVER HEALED split 7" on Spiderghost in the near future. This upcoming 7" will feature some of the songs from the brilliant GRACE ALLEY *Tiger Sessions*. The *Tiger Sessions* includes "Flat Black," "No Grace For The Faithful," "Ghost Towns," "An Avalanche Of Bricks," and "Sugarcandy Mountain." GRACE ALLEY has been a working band for quite awhile and Mr. Winston is certainly the crowning glory for a band that was already playing in top form. GRACE ALLEY plays hard-edge punk music with well thought out ideas in the lyrics. Read the words to "Flat Black" and "No Grace For The Faithful"—two of the strong tunes on the *Tiger Sessions*.

"Flat Black": "We need no ghost to come from the grave to tell me that I'm on borrowed time / Many a bullet and many a blade have borne my name but I've walked the line / Down in the ground where dead men go and down even further, where the fires glow. I have no time for destiny, so strike me down or let me be / Flat black. Flat black. / When I'm dead, in the grace of rest, let me finally be at ease / Free, at last from the iron chains of days as dark as these / Flat black. Flat black."

Read the lyrics to "No Grace For The Faithful": "We ran along the rooftops of crumbling cultures, as we hid our spitting wounds from the eyes of vultures / Through days of wine and roses / Through the nights of grim neurosis / Young hearts beat the loudest / Old bones moan the proudest / No grace for the faithful / No direction but down now, baby."

Fuck yes! Next up was CRUCIFIED—a first-class metal outfit! These guys can bring you the uneasiness of SUICIDAL TENDENCIES or NAPALM DEATH without leaving the city! For the grand finale, NEVER HEALED put on a mind-numbing display of skinhead/punk excessiveness! Casey and his cohorts destroyed the punk world as you recognize it! This music is so over-the-top, so important, you will not be able to grasp the urgency of this desperation! Casey has recently displayed his contempt for modern society at the VIOLENT MINDS/FY FAN show at Thrillhouse Records. Mr. Yannick from Portland/Montreal was kind enough to present this double bill at a venue accessible to all the young punks! FY FAN is a great band! Going on stage after VIOLENT MINDS is a forgone conclusion—It will be impossible to equal their strength! At the Hardcore show at the Art-Institute, GRACE ALLEY was brilliant as the opener!!! Next up you got CRUCIFIED playing a very powerful set!!. Now you thought you were prepared for NEVER HEALED. With Casey at the helm, NEVER HEALED destroyed everything in his path! With new songs as well as older ammunition, NEVER HEALED annihilated everything in their path! Fucking Great! Casey is causing turmoil in several punk areas. LOOK BACK AND LAUGH is one of the premier hardcore outfits in the United Stated of America! Add VIOLENT MINDS and NEVER HEALED (where Casey goes 100% berserk) and you have a man who lives and breaths cutting-edge punk! Fuck yes!

Until next month: see you around. I'll be seeing you. See you fucks at the bar!



The Happy Rant

As you have probably figured out by now, *Maximum Rocknroll* has made it to its 300th issue and to commemorate we are paying homage to issue #1 with a whole lotta NorCal coverage. I'm not normally one for localism and I feel a little false being a recent transplant to California and having only worked on seven issues of *MRR*, but I'm really excited about the content this time around. I think we've done a good job painting a portrait of

the current underground punk scene in the Bay. I'm still in the process of absorbing my relatively new surroundings, and compiling this issue helped to accelerate the process. I'm slightly confused by the punk scene in the Bay Area. It's so large that almost every show that I attend has a different audience and I feel there is very little crossover within the different sub-scenes. Some might say that punks in the Bay are spoiled and they would be partially right, but a lot of effort goes into making this scene work. If all the people that help out at *MRR*, Gilman, and Thrillhouse gathered in the same room with all the local folks that release records, regularly book shows, make flyers, and offer their homes/businesses for punk-related events, you'd be hard pressed to find a larger and more organized punk scene. At any rate, I hope that all of *MRR*'s readers enjoy this brief peak into our hometown (and surrounding area) happenings.

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The Not-So-Happy Rant

I'm not a social person; not interested in being the life of the party, but the 21st century is all about the party and as a result I feel like a throwback from a different era. I just want to have a few more meaningful conversations in my lifetime, but at this point that may be too much to ask. I find myself searching for substance, and have realized that in these times it's much harder to find. In a post-*Vice* world, apathy and irony are two of the only acceptable "emotions" for a person involved with subculture to express, and the greatest concern is finding that elusive rager of a party.

At this point, apathy and irony might as well be running mates in a political platform, and if there is an "us" and a "them," then "they've" definitely won in many aspects. I found much of the '90s to be dull and politically overbearing, but seriously, it's OK to have some convictions and there's nothing wrong with balancing this modern apathy with *anything* from empathy to flat-out hatred. Apathy is boring and irony is trite—nothing to see (say) here, folks, so you might as well move along. I'm not a fan of banal cookie-cutter politics and I'll be the first to admit that there's not much that is less appealing than ill-informed political babble, but it is a fact that the world is in an increasing accelerated state of decay and chaos. Usually I feel pretty hopeless...I have no clue how I can be of help other than not supporting blatantly fucked-up corporations. Modern life and politics are a total clusterfuck. This feeling of helplessness is surely one of the causes of apathy, which furthers my notion that "they've" won. The powers that be have put the world in such a state of disrepair that young people have given up hope for any chance of change. I guess I've gotten used to this overwhelming feeling of disappointment that I have in people from my generation. I lost hope over 15 years ago and while I can't argue the fact that I'm jaded, I still can't stomach apathy.

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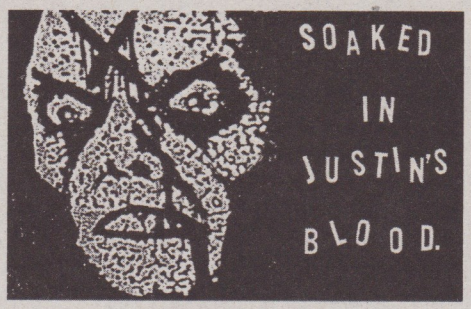
Soundtrack for the month: Ratsia – first LP, Siekiera LP, Mission of Burma – *Forget* LP, the Jam – *Setting Sons* LP, Kinks – *Face to Face* LP, Estranged – both EPs, Australian punk of yore, Italian hardcore from yesteryear



So, as you can tell by the cover, this is the 300th (!!!) issue of *Maximum Rocknroll*. (Well, I guess since there was an issue #0 it's really the 301st and if you count the photo zines, it's the 303rd, but still...) Hopefully it's obvious that what we tried to do is focus on the goings-on of the NorCal punk scene, much in the same way that issue #1 did. On the whole, Cissie and I have done everything in our power thus far to stray as far away as possible from the whole nostalgia/punk-as-an-artifact trip and focus on the now with the mag, but in this case, our goal was to show a bit of NorCal's history/punk's history/*MRR*'s history/OUR history without it venturing even close to a "those were the days"-type of wasteland, but there had to be at least some of that. Right? We wanted to show that, "Fuck Yeah! There's still tons going on up here," by including plenty of the here and now. I'd just like to extend a huge pat on the back to all those that helped us out with digging up content for this issue, and I'd also like to point out how truly honored I am to be a part of this milestone. And on that note...

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This month gave birth to one of the most furious hair-ripping records in recent memory—I'm referring to the *Hardcore Hell* EP from Japan's Kriegshög. We're pretty spoiled around here since we get to hear practically every punk record to come out each month, and it's a rarity when something like this shows up unexpectedly to blow the fucking doors off. Nothing too groundbreaking stylistically, but Kriegshög knows what they want to do, and they do it so fucking well. The guitar/bass riffs are simple. The drumming is super rudimentary. What really makes this stand out are the layers of fuzz and noise thrown in to every possible nook and cranny, and the fucking throat-tearing vocals over this super-stripped-down and raw hardcore bludgeon. It's really hard not to pump my fist and bang my head every time this is on the turntable. Aaaarrgh! One of my favorite moments of this beastly EP is at the end of side-"Suicide," in the song "Rotten," where, by the end, the guitar sounds so incredibly out of tune and it doesn't matter one bit because it just shows that they are pounding so hard and rocking so hard that they had no time to monkey with a pesky tuning problem. That shit is fuckin' punk. If you fancy yourself a "fan" of bulldozing, noisy Japanese hardcore like Disclose, Framtid, Frigöra, or other bands of that ilk, I order you to do everything in your power to track this EP down. FUKK! So good.

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I will have finally seen Criminal Damage live by the time you read this. Woo Hoo!

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On another note, we here at *Maximum* are very proud to be co-releasing an album along with Smooch Records (run by another *MRR* staff member; Andrew Murphy) from the early-'80s Denver hardcore band Bum Kon. When the band recorded their classic *Drunken Sex Sucks* EP in '83, they recorded 25 songs, five of which: "Bum Kon," "Forced Away," "The Draft," "Drunken Sex Sucks," and "Slow Death" were released on the 7", but the other 20 tracks sat collecting dust until now. In my opinion, all of the songs are just as good as the EP, and if I do say, some of them are even better. The CD of this should be released by the time next issue comes out and the LP will follow a little down the road, so keep your eyes peeled for that and possibly look for interviews from some old Denver punks in these pages. I've heard a number of their stories and this will most definitely be an entertaining read. That's if I get my ass in gear. While you're waiting, check out Smooch's *Local Anesthetic* compilation for more old Denver punk/hardcore/goth/new wave stuff.

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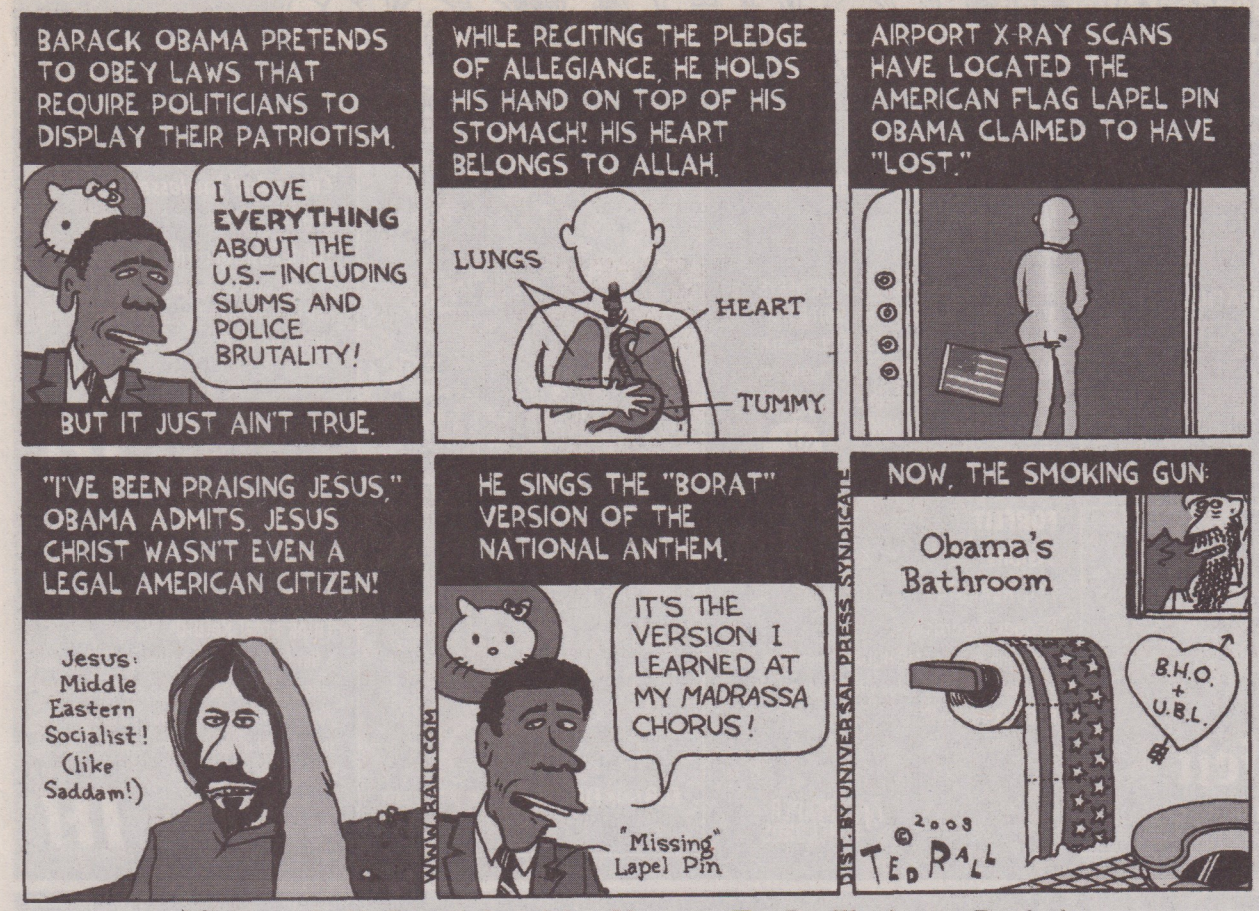
So, now it's that time in today's programming for everyone to get out their checkbooks 'cause *MRR* can now accept your donations as a non-profit. We have signed on with Indy Arts and Media, a company that basically works as a middle-man so that organizations involved in the arts can accept tax-deductible donations of any dollar amount, or even goods and services. We are still working out the details of how these donations can be made, but the contracts are signed, so if you have anything you think we might need, like a copy machine, a printer, computers, $$$, rich punks with even more $$$$$$$$$, toss us a line.

***

This month was brought to you by: Meat Puppets 1st 7", Billy Bao 10" and LP, Kriegshög EP, and No Peace *Zombie Brains* EP. And how could I forget how fucking ripping Fy Fan were at Gilman?! It's been quite some time since I've seen a show where band and audience exploded with so much energy.
I need a V/A-*THE NEW HOPE* LP. Got one?



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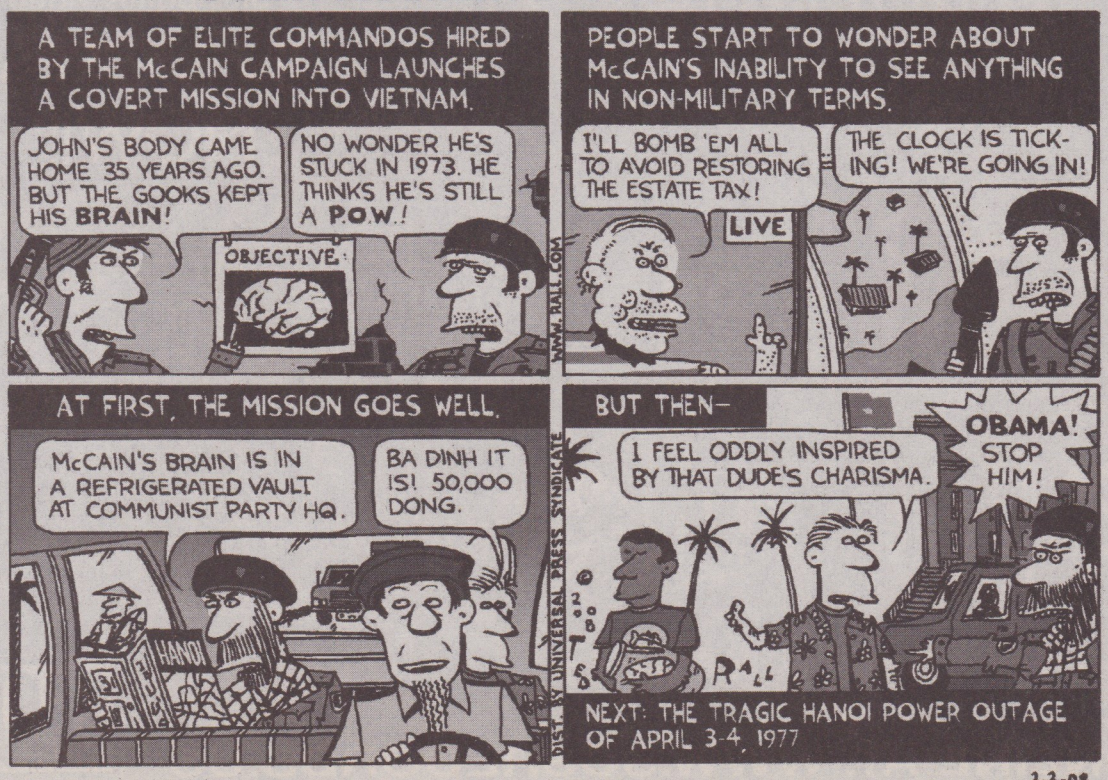

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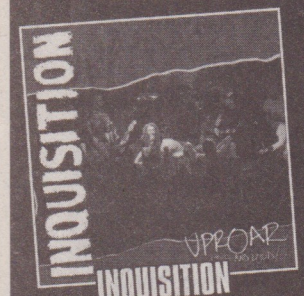

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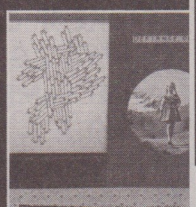

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"Great Dep." LP/CD

"Share..." LP

THE TIM VERSION

"Decline of the Southern Gentleman" LP/CD

PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS

"We Ride to Fight!" (The First Four Years)

DOUBLE-LP / CD

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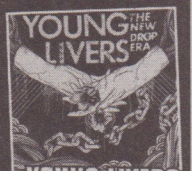
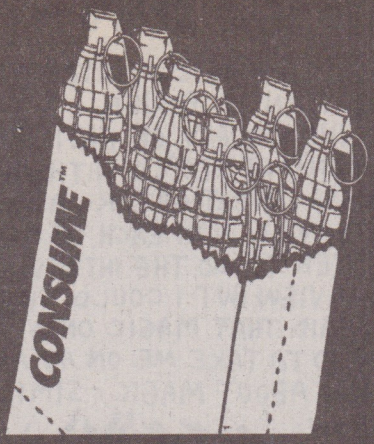


YOUNG LIVERS

"The New Drop Era" LP/CD

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS

"All Things..." LP/CD



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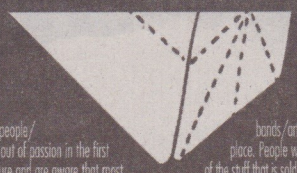

We like to meet people / bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in a underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

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MRR NEWS

MRR NEWS FOR ISSUE # COMPILED BY ARIEL CELESTE

CRIMES BY HOMELAND SECURITY AGENTS STIR ALERT

Miami Herald
by Jay Weaver and Alfonso Chardy

Bribery. Drug trafficking. Migrant smuggling. US Customs and Border Protection is supposed to stop these types of crimes. Instead, so many of its officers have been charged with committing those crimes themselves that their boss in Washington recently issued an alert about the "disturbing events" and the "increase in the number of employee arrests."

Thomas S. Winkowski, assistant commissioner of field operations, wrote a memo to more than 20,000 officers nationwide noting that employees must behave professionally at all times—even when not on the job. "It is our responsibility to uphold the laws, not break the law," Winkowski wrote in the Nov. 16 memo obtained by The Miami Herald.

Winkowski's memo cites employee arrests involving domestic violence, DUI and drug possession. But court records show Customs officers and other Department of Homeland Security employees from South Florida to the Mexican border states have been charged with dozens of far more serious offenses. Among them: A Customs and Border Protection officer at Fort Lauderdale-Hollywood International Airport was charged in February with conspiring to assist a New York drug ring under investigation by tapping into sensitive federal databases.

Winkowski, a former director of field operations in Miami, called the misconduct "unacceptable." He told The Miami Herald that while he wrote the memo because of an uptick in employee arrests last fall, he didn't believe the problem was pervasive. "Do I believe this is widespread in our organization? No, I do not," he said in an interview Tuesday. "Are there examples where we fall short? Yes."

Two highly controversial issues, illegal immigration and national security, have thrust the Department of Homeland Security into the public eye as it labors to prevent another terrorist attack in the post-9/11 era. The bureaucratic behemoth grew out of a controversial consolidation five years ago of several agencies, including the US Customs Service and Immigration and Naturalization Service. Employees of both joined either Customs and Border Protection or Immigration and Customs Enforcement, known for their acronyms CBP and ICE. CBP handles the border, airports and seaports, while ICE investigates immigration and customs law violators. "We as an agency are constantly policing ourselves so that the public trust is not diminished as a result of inappropriate activity, whether it's on the job, off the job, criminal or not criminal," said Zachary Mann, a special agent and spokesman for Customs and Border Protection in Miami.

Some Immigration and Customs Enforcement employees also have been caught up in episodes of alleged misconduct. But Anthony Mangione, the special agent in charge of Immigration and Customs Enforcement in Miami, said he was not aware of any increase in criminal or administrative actions "even though we have had a substantial increase in personnel since the merger."

UNDER WRAPS

Federal authorities normally keep administrative incidents quiet. But officials cannot control publicity in the event of serious criminal behavior, like the February case involving the Border Protection officer at Fort Lauderdale-Hollywood International Airport. Elizabeth Moran-Toala, a six-year veteran, allegedly accessed an electronic database known as Treasury Enforcement Communications System, a tool to stop illegal drug imports. According to an indictment, she is accused of tapping into the system several times to pass along information to a Delta Airlines baggage handler who was conspiring with a drug ring to transport cocaine and heroin from the Dominican Republic to New York. Moran-Toala, 36, was transferred to New York in February for prosecution.

Other recent South Florida cases—mirroring a pattern along border states—have involved officers and agents accepting payoffs for migrant smuggling, drug trafficking, witness tampering, embezzlement and rape. Agency managers say these cases reflect individual criminal behavior, not the culture of the agencies. But some longtime employees said administrative incidents, like hostile confrontations or heavy drinking, may reflect the low morale and intense rivalries following the merger of federal agencies under Homeland Security.

Some employees from the old Immigration and Naturalization Service are the most vocal in their complaints. They bitterly denounce employees who came from the old Customs Service for "seizing control" of both CBP and ICE, "lording it over" former INS employees and showing disdain toward immigration-related work. Expected to improve efficiency, the merger has instead spawned tension. Both Border Protection and Customs Enforcement scored near the bottom in a 2007 survey of employee satisfaction at 222 federal government agencies. "It's become a cultural clash, tensions between officers from the merged agencies," said a Customs and Border Protection officer who asked not to be identified because he did not have authorization to speak publicly. "There's low morale and tension. Some people drink; others take it out on their colleagues or supervisors. It's no fun anymore."

Mangione dismissed the notion that employee misbehavior is a result of post-merger friction. "It's somebody being a criminal." Mangione, who came from Customs, noted Gabriel Garcia, second-in-command in the Miami Immigration and Customs Enforcement office, came from INS.

ATTACK AT PARTY

The tension may have been a factor in a Jan. 11 brawl between two ICE employees at a Broward police association hall. During a retirement party, an ICE supervisor with a Customs background allegedly attacked an ICE agent with an INS background. According to an internal document on the episode obtained by *The Miami Herald*, ICE group supervisor Mack Strong assaulted ICE senior special agent Francisco Meneses at the party. The altercation began when Strong used profanity to refer to another officer, also from INS, and Meneses asked Strong not to use such an expletive. "Strong came at me again, grabbing me and throwing me down to the floor, where he continued to physically strike me with his fists," Meneses wrote in a memo that went to Mangione.

Neither Meneses nor Strong wanted to speak on the record. Mangione said the case is being investigated: "It was turned over to the Office of Professional Responsibility and there it lies."

UC REGENTS SUE ALF, THE ANIMAL LIBERATION BRIGADE

UC Regents Sue ALF the Animal Liberation Brigade
anarchistnews.org
It was late into the night when 25 people in ski masks descended on professor Dario Ringach's family home. Pounding on the door, frightening his small children, they screamed into megaphones, "Animal killer! We know where you live! We will never give up!" And they apparently meant it. That year, 2006, according to court documents, animal rights activists launched a summer-long campaign of harassment against Ringach, an assistant professor of psychology and neurobiology at the University of California at Los Angeles and other scientists who conduct research with laboratory animals.

They hurled firecrackers at his house in the middle of the night and planted Molotov-cocktail-like explosives at other faculty houses, threatening to burn them to the ground. UCLA hired private security, but Ringach feared for his family. "Effectively immediately, I am no longer doing animal research," he finally wrote in an e-mail to his persecutors, pleading to be left alone. "Please don't bother my family anymore."

The University of California regents have responded by suing UCLA Primate Freedom, the Animal Liberation Brigade, the Animal Liberation Front and five people allegedly affiliated with them. It is a tactic that the regents successfully employed nine years ago. The regents hope to win a permanent injunction similar to one granted against Last Chance for Animals in 1989. But some experts note that the regents now are battling more violent, Internet-savvy foes who thrive in online communities, post faculty "targets" on Web sites and upload how-to guides for their attacks.

"The reality is that, unlike in the past, where movements really relied on interpersonal communication and gatherings to ferment this radicalization, all this is happening online now," according to Oren Segal, co-director of the Anti-Defamation League's Center on Extremism in New York. "The ability for people to learn about the movement and how to carry out attacks on behalf of it are easier than it's ever been because of the Internet."

Indeed, a temporary restraining order—prohibiting harassment and posting of faculty members' personal information on the Internet—was granted Feb. 21 by a Los Angeles County Superior Court judge. But three days later, six masked protesters reportedly disrupted a child's birthday party at the home of a University of California at Santa Cruz researcher and confronted her husband at the door, hitting him on the hand. It is unclear whether the protesters are connected to those named in UC's lawsuit.

Harassment by violent animal rights activists has climbed at universities across the country, including Oregon Health and Science University, the University of Utah, and Ohio State University, where researchers have been victims of home visits or, in one case, found their windows slathered in glass-eating acid. Scientists, administrators and lawyers are closely watching the effectiveness of the California regents case. Experts say the shift toward more personal attacks is a response to increasingly fortified laboratories, which universities began securing in the 1980s and 1990s as attacks heightened.

Now, groups have shunned "Fort Knox" in favor of ill-prepared homes, said Jerry Vlasik, the former vivisector turned spokesman for the North American Animal Liberation Press Office. Vlasik has repeatedly advocated for using "whatever force against animal research scientists necessary." "If killing them is the only way to stop them," he said in a telephone interview, "then I said killing them would certainly be justified."

Some scientists refuse to relinquish their work, but others are not taking chances. Like Ringach, some continue to work but not with animals. Most who leave the profession make their decisions quietly, not wanting to fuel the movement. Still, ripples are spreading through the science community. Positions in animal research are increasingly difficult to fill, according to Frankie Trull, president of the Foundation for Biomedical Research, a national organization that supports the humane and responsible use of animals in medical and scientific research. "I do hear scientists say that they have open positions and nobody to fill them because it's animal research," Trull said. "The bigger question, and we worry about this a lot, is what will happen to the future of biomedical research? Will brilliant young minds go to some other field because this field has become too contentious?"

EDITOR THREATENED OVER JESUS DEFECATION POSTER

news@thelocal.se
by TT/Peter Vinthagen Simpson
The editor of a Swedish newspaper has received death threats for publishing a picture of Jesus being defecated on by the devil. *Östgöta Correspondenten* editor Ola Sigvardsson has received several death threats since the publication of the picture, which featured on posters for a punk festival. The poster depicted a Satan figure defecating on Jesus.

Linköping city council had previously censured the festival poster. The newspaper published the picture last Saturday and it sparked a vigorous debate on its homepage. On Thursday however the discussions became more threatening and Sigvardsson received the first of several telephone calls involving death threats.

Sigvardsson has, among other things, been threatened with having his throat cut. "I was mostly confounded," Sigvardsson said. Sigvardsson admitted that he realized that publishing the picture would be controversial, but he underlined that the censured picture addresses the issue of freedom of speech and it was therefore important to run the story.

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GUNS, 'ANARCHIST BOOK' FOUND WITH RICIN

By KEN RITTER
Associated Press

Firearms and an "anarchist type textbook" were found in the same motel room where several vials of the deadly toxin ricin was found, police said Friday. The room was most recently occupied by a 57-year-old man who has been in critical condition with breathing problems at a hospital for more than two weeks. Las Vegas police said there was no apparent link to terrorist activity, and no indication of any spread of the deadly substance beyond the several vials of powder found in a plastic bag in the man's room on Thursday. But what the ricin was doing there remained a mystery.

A pinprick of ricin is enough to kill. "Six to eight hours, you're going to start showing symptoms," said Greg Evans, director of the Institute for Biosecurity at Saint Louis University in Missouri. Capt. Joseph Lombardo said at a news conference late Friday that the book was tabbed at a spot with information about ricin. Lombardo did not give more information about the book or specify what kinds of weapons were found.

A friend or relative of the sick man found the vials after going to the Extended Stay America motel, several blocks west of the Las Vegas Strip, to retrieve his belongings, police Deputy Chief Kathy Suey said. Tests by police homeland security officers, the Nevada National Guard and a laboratory in Las Vegas came back positive for ricin, she said. A cleanup of the motel has been completed, she added. Seven people, including the man who found the ricin, the manager, two other motel employees and three police officers, were decontaminated at the scene and taken to hospitals for examination, but none have shown any signs of being affected by ricin, Suey said. All were released overnight.

"There is no information to lead us to believe that this is the result of any terrorist activity or related to any possible terrorist activity," Suey said. "We don't have any reason to believe any of it left the property." Police cordoned off the hotel and told residents to stay in their rooms. The cordon was lifted early Friday morning, and the motel has been open since then. Lombardo said precautionary tests were also done a room in the Excalibur hotel, where the friend or relative had been saying. He said they came back negative.

Suey said the manufacture of ricin is a crime, but it was not clear the substance found belonged to the man, who was hospitalized in critical condition Feb. 14 after summoning an ambulance to the motel and complaining of respiratory distress. The man was unconscious and unable to speak, Suey said, adding that he was not currently a suspect. "We don't know an awful lot about him," Suey said. "We don't even know that it was him that was in possession of the ricin." She said she could not say how much ricin was in the vials.

Cancer research is the only legitimate reason for anyone to have ricin, Evans said. Ricin is made from processing castor beans, and can be extremely lethal. As little as 500 micrograms, or about the size of the head of a pin, can kill a human, according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention in Atlanta. Castor beans also were found in the man's room, officials said.

An American Medical Response paramedic crew that took the man to the hospital about 11 a.m. Feb. 14 had no indication of ricin poisoning, AMR general manager John Wilson said. Wilson would not say whether the two paramedics who handled the call entered the man's room, but said neither have shown symptoms of exposure.

Naomi Jones, spokeswoman for Spring Valley Hospital, said the patient was in critical condition when he arrived at the hospital. She said Las Vegas police contacted the hospital Wednesday about a possible ricin exposure investigation. "The investigation started two days ago, that's when we began cooperating," Jones said. "The patient who has been exposed is not contagious to anyone else, as ricin has to be injected, ingested or inhaled." Police refused to comment on whether the hospital was contacted Wednesday, a day before police said the ricin was found.

Evans said the fact that the man suffered respiratory illness suggested he was exposed to a powder fine enough to float in the air. "If he went to the hospital with difficulty breathing, he actually inhaled it," Evans said. "For some reason he opened the vial and it must have been aerosolized." Multiple vials would probably contain enough ricin to sicken many people if it was spread, for example, around a buffet table or sprayed in a closed room. "If it was aerosolized in a confined space then it certainly could harm dozens of people," he said.

Police said they had spent 12 hours containing and cleaning up the site. "My understanding is cleanup has been done," said Dr. Lawrence Sands, chief health officer of the Southern Nevada Health District. "There should not be a threat to anybody at this time." The motel room had been unoccupied since the man was hospitalized. Someone who knew the sick man found the ricin in the room and brought it to the apartment manager, Suey said. "He claimed to be a relative. We haven't confirmed that yet whether he is a relative or a friend," she said.

The manager had begun an eviction because the sick man hadn't paid his bill, and the friend or relative had gone to retrieve his items, she said. Suey said there were several pets in the room when officers arrived. A dog was found dead but the animal had gone at least a week without food or water, Suey said, and she did not attribute the death to ricin. Evans, of the Institute for Biosecurity, said that if ricin is inhaled, symptoms would include difficulty breathing, fever, cough and nausea. Injection would lead to vomiting and severe diarrhea. Eventually these symptoms would progress to seizures, hallucination, bloody urine and damage to the kidney, liver and spleen and death. Tom Obrig, an expert on ricin who teaches nephrology at the University of Virginia, said there have been about 700 reports over the years of people trying to commit suicide by eating castor beans. "Usually it doesn't work because it's not digested well," he said.

For the most part, however, the toxin has more of a cloak-and-dagger reputation linked more closely to spies and assassins. He recalled one particularly famous murder in 1978 involving Georgi Ivanov Markov, a Bulgarian dissident in London. Markov "was standing on a corner waiting for a bus and some spy came along and injected a pellet in his leg from an umbrella," Obrig said. "The guy died three days later. It was traced back by Scotland Yard who figured the only thing potent enough to do that was ricin."

CANADA, US AGREE TO USE EACH OTHER'S TROOPS IN CIVIL EMERGENCIES

canada.com
Canada and the US have signed an agreement that paves the way for the militaries from either nation to send troops across each other's borders during an emergency, but some are questioning why the Harper government has kept silent on the deal.

Neither the Canadian government nor the Canadian Forces announced the new agreement. The US military's Northern Command, however, publicized the agreement with a statement outlining how its top officer, Gen. Gene Renuart, and Canadian Lt.-Gen. Marc Dumais, head of Canada Command, signed the plan, which allows the military from one nation to support the armed forces of the other nation during a civil emergency.

The new agreement has been greeted with suspicion by the left wing in Canada and the right wing in the US The left-leaning Council of Canadians, which is campaigning against what it calls the increasing integration of the US and Canadian militaries, is raising concerns about the deal. "It's kind of a trend when it comes to issues of Canada-US relations and contentious issues like military integration. We see that this government is reluctant to disclose information to Canadians that is readily available on American and Mexican websites," said Stuart Trew, a researcher with the Council of Canadians.

Trew said there is potential for the agreement to militarize civilian responses to emergency incidents. He noted that work is also underway for the two nations to put in place a joint plan to protect common infrastructure such as roadways and oil pipelines. "Are we going to see (US) troops on our soil for minor potential threats to a pipeline or a road?" he asked. Trew also noted the US military does not allow its soldiers to operate under foreign command so there are questions about who controls American forces if they are requested for service in Canada. "We don't know the answers because the government doesn't want to even announce the plan," he said.

But Canada Command spokesman Commander David Scanlon said it will be up to civilian authorities in both countries on whether military assistance is requested or even used. He said the agreement is "benign" and simply sets the stage for military-to-military cooperation if the governments approve. "But there's no agreement to allow troops to come in," he said. "It facilitates planning and co-ordination between the two militaries. The 'allow' piece is entirely up to the two governments." If US forces were to come into Canada they would be under tactical control of the Canadian Forces but still under the command of the US military, Scanlon added.

News of the deal, and the allegation it was kept secret in Canada, is already making the rounds on left-wing blogs and Internet sites as an example of the dangers of the growing integration between the two militaries. On right-wing blogs in the US it is being used as evidence of a plan for a "North American union" where foreign troops, not bound by US laws, could be used by the American federal government to override local authorities. "Co-operative militaries on Home Soil!" notes one website. "The next time your town has a 'national emergency,' don't be surprised if Canadian soldiers respond. And remember—Canadian military aren't bound by posse comitatus." Posse comitatus is a US law that prohibits the use of federal troops from conducting law enforcement duties on domestic soil unless approved by Congress.

Scanlon said there was no intent to keep the agreement secret on the Canadian side of the border. He noted it will be reported on in the Canadian Forces newspaper next week and that publication will be put on the Internet. Scanlon said the actual agreement hasn't been released to the public as that requires approval from both nations. That decision has not yet been taken, he added.

PROTESTERS SAY THEY HAVE BUGGED JAPANESE WHALERS

Planetark.com
AUSTRALIA: CANBERRA – Anti-whaling activists have said they have chased the flagship of Japan's whaling fleet out of waters near Antarctica after tracking it with high-tech bugs planted by two protesters who boarded the vessel last month. Captain Paul Watson of the hardline Sea Shepherd group said he was confident the Japanese would not make even half their quota this year of almost 1,000 minke and fin whales after protesters tagged the fleet during a boarding at sea. "This is the third day now they have not killed any whales. After next month they will not be able to continue and I'm pretty confident they have not taken more than 400 whales so far this year," Watson told Reuters.

Watson said two crew from his protest ship Steve Irwin covertly planted tracking devices on the harpoon ship Yushin Maru No.2 when they boarded it mid-ocean sparking a three-day standoff as they were held on board. "They weren't kept locked up, It seems strange, but they were able to move about the ship," Watson said. He also hinted other homing devices had been planted on some or all of the six-ship fleet, either at sea on in port before leaving Japan. "It's not just the Yushin Maru, which they're probably ripping to pieces right now," he said. "We were able to do more than one. We're pretty much able to track the entire fleet."

Despite a moratorium on whaling, Japan is allowed an annual "scientific" hunt, arguing whaling is a cherished tradition and the hunt is necessary to study whales. Its fleet has killed 7,000 Antarctic minkes over the past 20 years. But activists say the scientific hunt is a cover for commercial whaling and have vowed to stop the annual slaughter.

The Steve Irwin located the Japanese fleet in the vast Southern Ocean three days ago after being forced to abandon the chase for 10 days to refuel and switch crew in Australia. The activists intercepted the whalers 80 miles north of the Shackleton Ice Shelf, inside Australia's self-proclaimed southern whale sanctuary, which Japan does not recognise. "They are not going to make their quota this year. We are more than half way through the season and they are running. There is a lot of ice and fog, a lot of sleet and snow," Watson said.

Australian Benjamin Potts and Briton Giles Lane who boarded the harpoon ship were eventually taken off by an Australian customs vessel sent south to monitor the fleet and gather evidence for a possible international legal challenge by Canberra. Australian police have warned Watson's group against more boardings as the Steve Irwin was in turn tracked by an ocean going trawler, the Fukuyoshi Maru No.68, which Sea Shepherd says is carrying Japanese Coast Guard officers.

FIVE YEARS LATER: A VERY BRIEF LOOK AT 1,826 DAYS OF WAR IN IRAQ

By Golnar Nikpour

"Five years after the outbreak of the war in Iraq, the humanitarian situation in most of the country remains among the most critical in the world. Because of the conflict, millions of Iraqis have insufficient access to clean water, sanitation and health care. The current crisis is exacerbated by the lasting effects of previous armed conflicts and years of economic sanctions...Armed violence is still having a disastrous impact. Civilians continue to be killed in the hostilities. The injured often do not receive adequate medical care. Millions of people have been forced to rely on insufficient supplies of poor-quality water as water and sewage systems suffer from a lack of maintenance and a shortage of engineers. Many families include people who have been forced by the conflict to flee their homes, leaving those left behind with the daily struggle of trying to make ends meet. A sustained economic crisis marked by high unemployment further aggravates their plight."—From the March 2008 report on Iraq from the International Committee of the Red Cross

"If you look back on those five years, it has been a difficult, challenging but nonetheless successful endeavor." –Vice President Dick Cheney

On March 17th, 2003 United States President George W. Bush issued then-Iraqi President Saddam Hussein an ultimatum: vacate power and leave Iraq, or face the threat of U.S. attack within 48 hours. This ultimatum came despite massive international (and a great deal of domestic) opposition to White House's war agenda, as well as mounting evidence that there were no weapons of mass destruction—the Bush administration's flimsy and still-unsubstantiated reasoning for war—in Iraq, The ensuing drama was predictable for at least the first few days: Hussein—a former ally of the United States during the bloody years of the Iran-Iraq war—remained in his seat of power in Baghdad, and as promised, American forces (with the help of the United Kingdom and a small number of troops from countries including Australia, Denmark, and Poland) invaded and occupied the already war-beleaguered country. The following months saw the defeat of the Ba'athist, state-sponsored Iraqi army, and the flight and eventual capture of Saddam Hussein in December 2003, even as they saw the ominous birth of a massive and multi-faceted Iraqi insurgency as well as the opening rounds of violent Sunni-Shi'ite power struggle and ethnic strife throughout the country. Regardless, months before the fall of Hussein, President Bush took his now-famous ride in a Lockheed war-plane and landed on the deck of aircraft carrier USS Abraham on May 1, 2003—mere weeks after the first days of the invasion—to proclaim the mission of "Operation Iraqi Freedom" accomplished. Democracy, Bush claimed, was happily blooming in shocked and awed Iraq, and American work there was almost done. American officials proclaimed the capture of Hussein as further proof of the victory, despite mounting (and increasingly organized) violence all over Iraq, massive social turmoil among the Iraqi citizenry (including devastating looting all over the country) and a growing and ever-splintering Iraqi insurgency that continued to swell in the ensuing months. Even as the insurgency overtook Iraq, and the images and reports poured in from Fallujah, Basra, and Baghdad, Bush and his cohorts took every opportunity to claim and re-claim victory in Iraq, stating that the insurgency was nothing more than a few disgruntled Ba'ath party loyalists, and that the prolonged violence was "normal" in the aftermath of even a successful war. After all, the wisdom from the White House went during those distant days, you can't make an omelet without breaking some eggs.

Fast-forward to March 17th, 2008, the fifth anniversary of President Bush's ultimatum and nearly five years after the so-called "end" of the Iraq war. That day, in the Shi'ite holy city of Karbala, fewer than a hundred meters away from the shrine of Imam Husein (one of the holiest sites in the Shi'ite world), a car bomb killed 52 people and wounded 75 others. This attack came just two weeks after a similar bombing near the shrine that killed 42 people, and occurred in the midst separate trips mounted by Vice President Dick Cheney and presidential hopeful John McCain to Iraq. Ironically, McCain's trip was organized in order to prove that the country was safe, and Cheney's trip included a statement that U.S. forces had made "phenomenal" improvements in securing the country for ordinary Iraqis. Scores more people died in Iraq during that grim anniversary week alone despite Cheney's absurd and incongruous claims, as both Sunni and Shi'ite insurgents battled each other, the weak U.S.-backed Iraqi regime (led by Prime Minister Nouri al-Maliki), and American troops (many on their third, fourth, and even fifth tours of duty). In that same week, the staunch American ally Turkey made a major incursion into Iraq in order to punish Kurds associated with the Kurdish workers party, an offensive that has cost hundreds of civilian lives to date. Even as I write this essay in late March, troops from Turkey are claiming attacks against Kurds in Iraq—a group that supposedly stood to benefit from the overthrow of Hussein's regime—and killing scores of people a day, all against a backdrop of still-escalating violence between the Southern Iraq-based Badr Corps and Moqtada al-Sadr's Mahdi Army, as well as various other factions of the Iraqi insurgency.

A lot of the above narrative is one that readers' of this magazine are no doubt familiar with, at least to some extent. Certainly, many of us have been among those who have raised our voice in opposition to the invasion and occupation of Iraq. Writing this, I realize that it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to sum up the devastation of the past five years of war in Iraq in one brief article in a punk fanzine. It would probably take ten times as many pages just to list the major players in this war, and to try to make sense of their relationships to the disaster in Iraq, let alone to neatly summarize all of the effects of war—the facts on the ground, as it were, are genuinely overwhelming. It is probably still more impossible for me to successfully grasp the quotidian reality of life in Iraq for the average Iraqi in the midst of the profound nightmare that the American invasion has unleashed in that country. I can barely grasp my own disappointment and dismay at daily reports from Iraq, which seem to only

grow more desperate and irrevocable with each passing month. Regardless, I am writing this to take at least some stock in the reality of unending war in Iraq, even as *Maximum Rocknroll* celebrates its 300th issue, its 61st consecutive issue running alongside the brutal reality of Iraqi occupation. It is as important now as it was five years ago to register opposition to the American occupation of Iraq, because the situation in that country has reached grotesque heights that even many of those who opposed the war from the outset couldn't have fathomed. The situation only stands to get more dire: at the end of 2007, the Bush administration and the flagging government of Iraqi Prime Minister Nouri al-Maliki signed into place the legal basis for permanent United States involvement if not outright occupation of Iraq in the form of a promised permanent supply of U.S. security forces to the region and the possible establishment of a permanent American "Green Zone" in Baghdad. This threat of legalized permanent occupation only serves to further cement fears outlined by anti-war voices months before the initial attack, and doesn't give much hope to anyone who has watched the U.S. bungle one effort after another in achieving some semblance of stability in Iraq.

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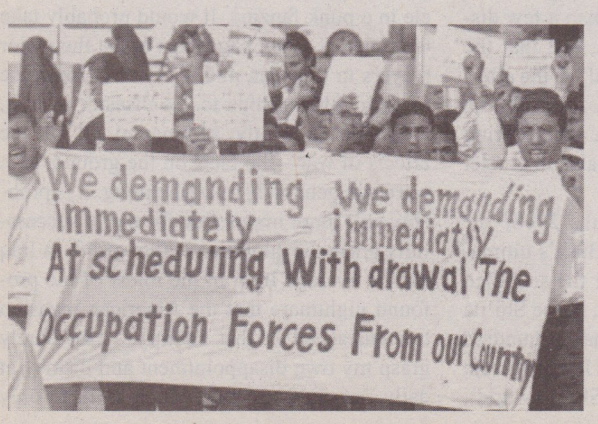
What are some of the most damning effects of this war? Certainly, one of the most disastrous results of the U.S. occupation has been the creation of a massive refugee population of Iraqis, many of whom have no resources for successful or even livable relocation. During these five years of war, one out of every five Iraqis—a full twenty percent of the population—has been displaced from their erstwhile homes. Indeed, according to the UN Refugee Agency and the International Organization for Migration in 2007, almost five *million* total Iraqis have been dislocated by the violence in Iraq. Creating a bona fide refugee crisis in many neighboring states as well as within Iraq's borders, the sheer number of Iraqi refugees is staggering: 2.4 million Iraqis have fled their homes for relatively safer parts of Iraq, close to 1.5 million now reside however precariously in Syria, and over one million more refugees have fled to Jordan, Iran, Egypt, Lebanon, Turkey, and Gulf States. In formerly mixed Sunni/Shi'ite neighborhoods in Baghdad, massive ethnic cleansing campaigns have cleared the city of much of its Sunni population, with conservative estimates saying that approximately 75 percent of that population has either fled the city or been killed. In other parts of the country, such as Shi'ite controlled Southern Iraq, similar efforts of neighborhood-by-neighborhood ethnic cleaning have been waged by both Sunnis and Shi'ites alike. When Bush administration officials say that ethnic warfare has decreased in the past year in some cities they are not altogether incorrect. What they fail to mention, however, is that such ethnic violence has "decreased" because many cities in Iraq (most notably Baghdad) have been witness to "successful" campaigns of ethnic cleansing; now, there are simply fewer ethnic minorities in any given location to kill or displace.

Other numbers related to the past five years of war are similarly scary. Currently, this is an almost exclusively American war—of 164,481 total troops, approximately 155,000 are from the U.S. The human cost of war in Iraq is both awesome and awful. Among U.S. troops alone there have been over 4,000 deaths and over 30,000 wounded. Among Iraqis, the numbers are downright horrifying; one study (conducted by Johns Hopkins University's Bloomberg School of Public Health) has the count at over 655,000 Iraqi deaths. This is to say nothing of the monetary cost of war. Approved and spent war spending from the United States alone has cost U.S. taxpayers about $600 billion over the course of these five years. The Bush administration has requested another $200 billion for 2008, which would bring the cumulative total to close to $800 billion. Almost $10 billion of these dollars is *lost* or otherwise unaccounted for by any government agency. Nobel-prize winning economist Joseph Stiglitz and Harvard budget expert Linda Bilmes recently released a report that estimated the real cost of the Iraq war to the United States as close two trillion dollars. Naturally, there is no way to fully account for the effects of pouring so much money into Iraq on the people living in the United States, millions of whom live below the poverty line with few effective social services and diminishing access to public education.



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In taking even brief account of the effects of the Iraq war over the past five years, the results should be downright scandalous, not to mention reason for immediate pause. Instead, I fear, they are merely desolate reminders for those of us who care of what has already transpired, and what is almost certain to follow. As *Maximum Rocknroll* celebrates more milestones and publishes more issues, and the punk scene marches bravely forward, we know that it does so against the barren landscape of perpetual war. I know many of us oppose this war, but we are into the sixth year of the occupation with quite a long road ahead of us; rhetorical opposition alone isn't going to get us very far. How better to end this article, then, than with that old punk cliché: (reading) this is not enough, stand up and fucking fight! Here is to the hope that it doesn't take another 300 issues of this punk bible to see the full withdrawal of U.S. forces in Iraq…

Want to learn more, punk? Knowing what's going on may not actually stop the war, but it will make you seem like less of an asshole. I got much of my information for the above from The New York Times, *Wikipedia, and the following:*

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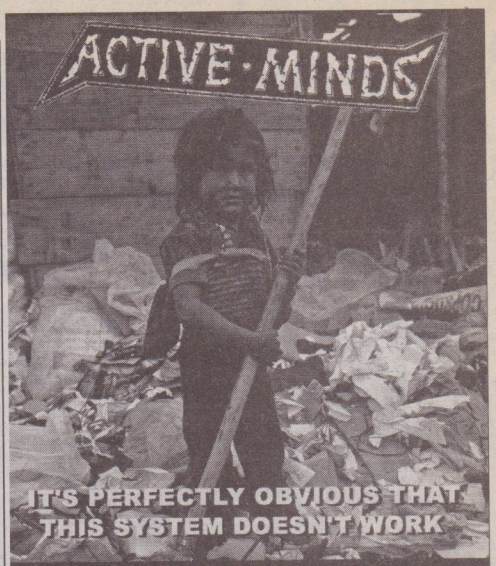

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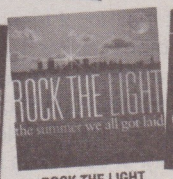

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IT'S STILL NOT QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

SANTA CRUZ

Meanwhile down in the South Bay, there's a grip of hungry bands, old and new, struggling to keep the scene alive. Just a few years back Santa Cruz's punk scene was practically non-existent. If you weren't into reggae, jock rock, or bigger name mainstream crap, you were out of luck and not going to see a hometown show. With the help of my production company (Ciderup prod.), a couple of other promoters, and the support of a handful of very dedicated bands, we've managed to put ourselves back on the map. The problem now is venues. There aren't any. We went from five bar venues and four all-ages venues, to two of each. The Blue Lagoon is basically the main bar for shows nowadays, and the Vets Hall and the 418 Project being the two legit all-ages places to play. We manage but need help.

As far as talent, one of the best and longest running bands from Santa Cruz is LOS DRYHEAVERS. They've been going at it for nearly a decade. They have three full lengths out on Lorilei Records, a label run by Joe from FURY 66. They've toured Europe twice and are about to embark on a 22-date jaunt through Mexico. The members hail from Watsonville and still pack 'em in at their local teen center as well as various other venues around the bay. There are also a few new school bands putting out that old school sound, bands like THE INFERIORS for instance, 12-year old kids pumping out tunes reminiscent of early '80s L.A. hardcore. They share members with another faction of youngsters called DOGBONE, who is definitely making a name for themselves around town. They've recently recorded a demo at Seavolt Studios, and draw the kids iby the dozen and keep the crowd moving the whole time. Then there's THE LOST BOYS; hands down one of the best bands to ever come out of Santa Cruz—hardworking, dedicated and damn talented. With a full-length record under their belt and a ton of shows behind them, they're charging forward and are not to be missed. They'll be playing April 12th with ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE at the Vets Hall downtown.

LOS DRYHEAVERS

There's also a bit of a rockabilly/psychobilly and horror punk scene that has been brewing for quite awhile. With bands like THE CHOP TOPS paving the rockabilly road in Santa Cruz they continue to march forward, stronger than ever, after four-full lengths and countless tours. STELLAR CORPSES has defiantly made a name for themselves in the psychobilly world during the last couple of years. Their EP, *Respect the Dead*, is a fine addition to any psycho's collection, and a new full length has just been recorded at the Compound. It should be out in time for their spring European tour with REZUREX.

THE INFERIORS

Other up and coming crossover horror bands include MISERY AND COMPANY, led by Rev. Scotty, who combines metal, punk, horror, and 'billy and actually makes it work. THE FORMALDEBRIDES has been together for a few years and has seen a few lineup changes but seem to be grounded now. They recorded a demo at Seavolt Studios and have a full length in the works. Their brand of all female-horror punk/billy works for almost any occasion, and they are a great live band. They share drummers with another all-girl assault known as DIE DARLINGS. The sexiest MISFITS cover band you'll ever come across is getting better with every show and practically doubling their draw with each gig. ASTRO ZOMBIES is another local MISFITS tribute band that has seriously got it down. The vocals are about as close to Glenn's as you can get. Look for them to be blowing up the Bay Area soon. GOOD NEIGHBOR is on top of the food chain with a full length out on Lorilei records and a new 7" coming out this summer. They're gearing up for a Japanese tour at the end of March. They share members with the hardest working band in Santa Cruz, DUN BIN HAD. These guys always have their ear to the ground for new talent and are consistently bringing bands through town that might otherwise never get a chance to play our area. They play straightforward punk with some ska influence and breakdowns. They've recorded two 7"s on Vinehell Records and their second full length comes out in

DUN BIN HAD

FORMALDEBRIDES

April, just in time for their next US tour.

A few other honorable mentions are LAST CHORDZ, BUMPING UGLIES, C.R.A.P., and two newcomers: RUSTED ANCHOR and JOHNNY & THE PACHECOS. Catch the Pachecos on April 12th with ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE at the Vets Hall. Show up early. For booking in Santa Cruz, contact me at ciderup@hotmail.com or www.myspace.com/ciderup.

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CHICO NOISE

Chico is a small town located 200 miles northeast of San Francisco. Surrounded by farming communities, it is home to California State University-Chico. Like many college towns, it offers an extensive history of indie-pop bands with not much in the way of punk rock. The most prominent underground bands to emerge from Chico include indie-pop pioneers VOMIT LAUNCH and 29th DAY, which featured prolific singer/songwriter, Barbara Manning. VOMIT LAUNCH will have a song featured on the upcoming film, *The Wackness*. Indie/experimental bands sporting ironic mustaches playing SKYNYRD along with SUBLIME cover bands continue to reign supreme in the downtown bar scene.

BANDS

Currently, Chico is experiencing an explosion of punk bands, branching out into various punk related sub-genres. Newly formed, BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA brings the town Profane Existence style crustcore with scattered grind beats, howls, and screams. Networking excessively while on the clock at their day jobs, BLACK HOLD OF CALCUTTA plans include upcoming split 7"s with GATT (Indonesia), AUTONOMIA (Peru), LYCANTHROPY (Czech Republic), and an appearance on an INFEST tribute CD. Half of BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA also plays in the hardest working thrash band in Chico, THE MAKAI. With their second full length, *The End of All You Know* released on Chicago's Seventh Rule Records, THE MAKAI delivers Scandi-thrash epics about half-men/half-beast civilizations bent on the destruction of mankind. After finishing up a two-month European tour, THE MAKAI will be gearing up to hit the road for their third U.S. tour by the time you read this. The LP version of their latest full length arrives on gray splatter-wax with exquisite inner and outer, silk-screened cover art by local artists, Matt Loomis and Matt Held. Equally hard working, GRUK, has completed five national tours and appeared on ten releases, including their latest, *Don't Fuck With Her*, a four-way split CD also featuring ALL OR NOTHING HC, BRUISE VIOLET, and RIOT THIS, available from On the Rag. Fronted by the *spazztastic*, Rachel Loveless, GRUK plays CHARLES BRONSON inspired fastcore. Buy them a beer or veggie dog when they hit up your town this summer.

On the opposite end of the speed spectrum, DIRTY SISTER plays BLACK SABBATH influenced garage-punk led by the wailing vocals of Meredith Kelley. Their heavy shredding LP on Cock Energy features seven originals and covers by the RUNAWAYS, IKE & TINA, and GG ALLIN. DIRTY SISTER's bass player, Katie Kelley, also plays in the garage psych band CANDY APPLE. Having played extensively along the West Coast CANDY APPLE just released their debut 7", a split with the SHANKERS, Chico's finest live act. With his number one lady, Kara, on the stand up bass, and a beat up Danelectro guitar, Johnny Shanker adorns a cape whilst rocking the fuck out as if BUDDY HOLLY's corpse was dug up and reanimated by a heaping line of Oroville trucker-crank. Total rockabilly bliss minus the Mike Ness worship and Sailor Jerry tattoos. Sharing the same drummer, Miss Zombie Vixen, and a love for all things dead, the ZOMBATS play rockabilly drenched in Pabst and fake blood. Residing in Chico's longest running punk house, the Zombie House, THE ZOMBATS set consists of obscurities written by dead rockabilly icons such as SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS, RONNIE DAWSON, JIMMY PIPER, and KIP TYLER. Also residing at the Zombie House is DISORDERLY EVENT, Chico's longest running worst band. If punk rock was a competition to see who could get the most drunk and play the same song (i.e., "Drink 'til We Sound Good") the most times in a single night, DISORDERLY EVENT would be the LeBron James of punk.

For punk with a social conscience, P.A.W.N.S. (POWER AND WEALTH NEED SLAVES), featuring husband and wife duo Ray DeHated and Saint Ann of Archy, has been playing protest songs in the vein of SUBHUMANS (UK) and SUBMISSION HOLD for over a decade. P.A.W.N.S. latest release is a split LP with VALS (NL) out on their label, Manifest Destiny. Sing along to a chorus in person, as they will be traveling to your town this summer with MDC. Formed in retiree Mecca, Paradise, CA (an unlikely place for any politically charged punk band), MADMOM fuses Mystic Records era crossover and contemporary melodic death metal/thrash influences with a vocal delivery akin to NAKED AGGRESSION. Recordings to date include the self-released CD debut, *Vomit* and the *Panopticon* 7". Rounding out the Poli-Sci punk scene in Chico is dead cop rock quartet, ZABALEEN. Known for his entertaining stage banter, front man James Lopez was the inspiration behind *Mr. Punk Rock*, a crowd pleaser from HIT BY A SEMI, a once popular Chico *sno-core* band, before they set sail for Orange County. ZABALEEN has since co-opted the song into their set. Cody K., guitarist of ZABALEEN, ZOMBATS, and BAGHDAD BATTERIES, can also be seen fronting his own band, KIDS WITH HEAD LICE. Get their debut 7" on Manifest Destiny if you can't get enough of Recess Records bands or vocals that sound like some perverse amalgamation of Joey Vindictive, Dave Mustaine, and Golem. Kicking out rock-pop anthems about superheroes, post-apocalyptic cinema, and genocide, BAGHDAD BATTERIES is certain to never play outside of Chico, release a record, or even post a song on MySpace. Upstaging most bands that share the stage, BAGHDAD BATTERIES will remain Chico's best-kept secret. Although similar in bass player, SOCIAL CONCERN is worlds apart on the ambition scale. They continue to rule the West Coast with DISTILLERS-influenced punk. Their second full length CD is due out this spring.

Formed by two graduates of the Tom Savini School of Special Effects, SEASON OF THE WITCH dazzle audiences with homemade costumes and stage props. Their self-titled CD is an unrepentant MISFITS/SAMHAIN devotion. From the theater to the street corner, one-man band mainstay, Brad a.k.a. NOTHING LEFT now fronts his own inebriated quartet. Imagine SOCIAL DISTORTION played by some '90s East Bay *Geekfest* band, acoustically. NOTHING LEFT sans band has a self-released CD, *Nothing Left But What's Inside*. Rivaling in simplicity, SLEAZY EARL RAY AND THE TWO DRINK MINIMUM is a two-piece country act with broomstick bass and anthems about someone finding your porn stash. TWO DRINK MINIMUM a.k.a. Steve Bragg was also the drummer in VOMIT LAUNCH and runs Limey Tees, a local screen print shop that has supplied shirts, show posters, and LPs for most Chico bands. Barbara Manning's latest project, SLEAZE TAX, plays

fuzzed out rock versions of songs from Barbara's past catalog. SLEAZE TAX also features the always-entertaining columnist, Mark Lore.

Also worthy of mention, NOTHING PEOPLE from neighboring Orland have a 7" on S-S Records that is pure synth-pop perfection. Either they're too hip for Chico, or Chico is too disconnected from the rock 'n' roll underground to invite a band 20 minutes away, because I've never heard of them playing here. A shame given that they blow away any synth-pop that has played to a packed house on the Chico bar circuit.

VENUES

The two premier DIY venues in Chico are Monstro's Pizza and the Zombie House. Monstro's is an all-ages pizza place that serves killer slices, $1.50 Pabst bottles, and is covered in sawdust. The local Pyrate Punx chapter is responsible for most of the labor in hosting shows there. Past and upcoming touring bands include SUBHUMANS (UK), MDC, NEW BLOODS, RAW POWER, OLD HAUNTS, I OBJECT, and BOOK OF BLACK EARTH. The Zombie House (formerly the Langolier, and House of Broken Glass before that) also hosts regular all-ages shows for local and touring bands.

Bringing punk rock to the local bar scene since 2002 is local promoter Katie Perry with Devilkatrock Productions. She has booked shows in at least ten different venues and hosted DOA, VERBAL ABUSE, THE EPOXIES, THROW RAG, THE PHENOMENAUTS, and many others. Currently, Katie promotes shows for Nick's Night Club and is also booking an eight-week US tour for Greg Ginn.

SUMMARY

With a plethora of local punk bands, many of which tour and release music, and the long running success of DIY shows at Monstro's, Chico is expanding beyond it's indie roots and fast becoming a destination for touring bands. Larger bands continue to avoid Chico, as they are unable to cash in on their own hype in a town devoid of DIY press (including *MRR*), record labels, or record stores. Despite the absence of such bands, quirky acts such as MONOTONIX (Israel), MOSQUITO BANDITO, ROCK N ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS, and the GODDAMN GALLOWS have managed to carve their own niche and continue to return to Chico.

CONTACTS

All bands and venues can be contacted via MySpace. For mail correspondence, write to:

Kevin Ryan
PO BOX 8793
CHICO, CA 95927

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A SAN JOSE SCENE REPORT

As I look at the San Jose scene in the year 2008, I don't see too much movement, but like most cities there are many ups and downs. In the early '80s there were many great bands and clubs that paved the way to what is now the San Jose scene. LOS OLVIDADOS, RIBZY, THE FACTION, EXECUTIONER, THE STIFFS, MISTAKEN IDENTITY, SOCIAL UNREST, and FRONTLINE were probably the most prevalent and active. This was also a time when punk shows were mostly all-ages and set up at various halls and random venues like the Laundry works. There was also Club X, which was like a moving venue set up by Larry Trujillo, who now runs *Zero Magazine* and The Blank Club.

The next wave was a combo of the '80s fans and their predecessors. CAUSTIC NOTIONS, SLIP (featuring Lars Fredrickson and Gordy), DIESEL QUEENS, PREACHERS THAT LIE, DISCREPANCY, HEMI, etc...At this time hall shows were becoming more and more difficult to continue because of the constant problems with the police. In reaction a few official clubs started to pop up. The Cactus Club was a long-running venue where local bands could play. To a lot of the DIY punks it was a shit hole but I think as we look back it was definitely an asset. There was also Marsugis but it was 21 and over. These were not the greatest venues but at least it was something.

Around this time, I would say 1990, another wave was emerging and these kids wanted to see change. We wanted to play all-ages shows and not these crappy bar shows. We would play at this place in Redwood City called the Pony Express Pizza. It was small but it was all ages and they let us do shows. They also sold pizza and beer, so that appeased the drunks! Many shows were set up by Andy Jenks who ran *Playground Zine* and played in COLLATERAL DAMAGE. Other common names that played there were: NO USE FOR A NAME, STIKKY, KRUPTED PEASANT FARMERZ, CRASH COURSE, ASBESTOS DEATH, DRIPPY DRAWERS, KILLER KRACK, and THE CURBS. Unfortunately, it was a bit far. We tried doing some shows in and around San Jose at various pizza joints and some halls but nothing was consistent. So we decided to make a collective that would meet once a week and organize shows and it was called the Sunnyvale Music Club. One of the best short-lived venues was Saratoga Lanes. It was fairly big and could host bigger acts. We had GREEN DAY, FINAL CONFLICT, ECONOCHRIST, and others. We also did smaller shows at pizza spots like Olympic and Italos, library community centers and smaller halls like the Knights of Columbus. Some really cool and innovative bands emerged from this flux of inspiration: MOHINDER, APEFACE, RED NUMBER NINE, BETTY'S LOVE CHILD, and SUCKDOLLS to name just a few. This lasted for a year or two but fizzled out as venues got shut down and key players went off to school or stopped playing. This seemed to create a bit of downtime for the San Jose scene but just like the kids of the '90s there is always a new generation and diehards that keep it going.

One thing that I haven't mentioned is the house party scene, which was often separate from the all ages/DIY scene because of politics, lifestyle or whatever. Of course there are always house parties but one guy that was consistent was Big Phil. He had a house in Sunnyvale that had shows almost every weekend for years during the '90s. Many of these bands did not want to play the Sunnyvale Music Club shows or were not allowed because of the crowd that they would bring or their FTW/nihilistic attitude. LOADED, SKULLDUGGERY, ACME, MUGSHOT, SAD BOY SINISTER are a few I can remember off the top of my head. Phil ended up moving downtown and started what many people say was the best venue in San Jose, Shady Acres! It was basically a detached garage in the back of Phil's house but the downtown punks and drunks would come out in force because it was all-ages and no rules. Some common bands that played there are: MISCREANTS, SMUT, ROTTEN FUX, GINCH, INVISIBLE ENEMIES, AGGRO, and VERBAL ABUSE. Oh, and THE EYESORES played every Christmas for the unfortunate or bah humbuggers.

There was also the 7th street house ran by Joe Demaree He has been very active with his art and music since the late '80s, early '90s. Joe's main bands in chronological order: FLYING DEADSKIN, LEMMING, RINGWURM, and THE UNIT BREED. Really cool place for shows. They were usually early shows on Sunday and sometimes accompanied with a BBQ. Many of the folks from SMC played here.

Oh shit, I can't forget the Gingerbread House, which is right next door Demaree's house. After Joe moved out the new occupants didn't really do shows anymore, so the Gingerbread House took up the slack. I know there are more house venues that bands such as HOSTILE TAKEOVER would play at, but I have never been to them.

The other official all-ages venue was the Gaslighter. It was an old theater turned in to a show space. It was also all-ages and served beer. Ideal situation, eh?! THE VEX, CALL TO ARMS, and POPS seemed to play there at least once a month and catered to the street punk scene. There were also some church and school type venues like The Cave. I know HEAVY HEAVY LOW LOW would pack these places as well as the Gaslighter and created a new scene in the '00s; you know, that whole new emo/glam thing. The Los Gatos Outhouse still has some shows and has been doing so for over ten years. Oh, that brings to mind Eric Finali who somewhat continued where SMC left off and catered to the ska punk scene doing lots of shows at The Outhouse. Currently there are some weird spots like the Aloha Roller Rink, and Nickel City Arcade. (Super teen vibe!) It makes ya feel weird when you're pushing 40. There's also MACLA on South First, which is actually really cool and has had some good hardcore/grind shows.

ROTTEN FUX

Last but not least is the downtown bar scene. It consists namely of The Blank Club and the Caravan. The Caravan Lounge has been a staple in downtown San Jose since the mid '90s and the last 10 years it's been having local shows every Thursday and Friday with a packed house from regulars alone. Music ranges from rock, punk, metal, to country! Here's a list of the most active punk bands in the past 10 years: THE FORGOTTEN, WHISKEY SUNDAY, THE CLIFTONS, VACANT CHURCHES, THE FLAMES, JOHNNY MANAK AND THE DEPRESSIVES, THE OBSESSORS, MUCKRUCKERS, ANGRY 4 LIFE, VEX, CALL TO ARMS, THE ODD NUMBERS and all of its spawns (STATIC REVOLUTION, STOUT CITY ROCKERS, CHURCH OF THE SATURDAY SAINTS, PIMP STICKS, etc.).

MIKE FOX

I'm sure I left out a million bands, and venues but that's what I have stored in my brain at the moment. Oh, I forgot to mention labels and it's hard to think of any that put out more then their own band's stuff or five releases. I use to do Farmhouse Records during the SMC years and now I do Vinehell Records. There is also Asian Man Records, which is actually the biggest label from the area, Braindart Records, Super Speedway Music, Ray Steven's label, (Nothing Enterprises), Springman Records, Stinky Feet, hmmmm.... Can't think of anymore off hand.

What else?? Zines, radio shows. Not too many! There was the Stinky Show on KSCU ran by Stinky Rich (PTL, THE FLAMES) and Branch (APEFACE, SHITKICKERS), the DJ Rion show also on KSCU and *Eat Poop Zine*, ran by Nathan Nothing who also did some occasional shows. Can't forget *Playground Zine*!!

Ummm...Oh! I can't believe I almost forgot Murray Bowles who has been documenting Bay Area punk since the early '80s and much of San Jose as of late. There you go! A San Jose Scene report.

-Rob Fraser

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SAN FRANCISCO / OAKLAND

Right now is a great time to be a punk in the San Francisco/Bay Area. There's so much going on—so many new bands starting up and so many existing bands just keep getting better. Unfortunately, a good handful of current groups have recently called it quits; to save precious space, I've left them out of this scene report entirely. Also, due to the same reason, I have had to omit contact information for the bands/venues/labels listed here and had to keep many of the details to a minimum. However, thanks to this recent technological advancement called the Interweb, most of these folks are easily reachable on either MySpace pages or band websites—and if that's not good enough, you can write us a letter and I will personally steer you in the right direction. As with every other scene report, it's inevitable that I left something out, so please don't hold it against me. See you in the pit. Compiled by Justin Briggs with assistance from: Brace Belden, Ryan Murphy, Paul Curran, Eric Butterworth, and countless others.

ACTS OF SEDITION is still kicking after their killer *Crown Victoria* EP, and by the time you read this they will be heading off on a tour of the western half of the US. In the works are split 7"s with SURRENDER and Tennessee's SADVILLE. Speaking of SURRENDER, the East Bay's white-clad anarcho darlings plan to follow up last year's *Last White Flag* EP with an LP in the not-too-distant future.

After a good number of shows, STIFF JEANS has just released a demo of great rockin' punk and are about to set off on a West Coast tour. Nothing too fancy, just timeless punk tunes along the lines of Legal Weapon. I believe they've just recorded for a 7" or two.

THE VEX

Erick and Ivy from ALLERGIC TO BULLSHIT and countless other bands have a new outfit called BLACK RAINBOW that has a demo out and they have recently recorded for two 7"s, one of which will be on Thrillhouse Records.

ANNIHILATION TIME is still delivering their fair share of debauchery and menace as a somewhat part-time band since Jimmy now lives in Pittsburgh. Look for a third LP of classic rock-drenched 'Flag-core soon on Tee Pee Records.

Naomi from the recently defunct HEY GIRL! and Goldilocks Pince have teamed up with Galen of BOSSY/CRYBABY MACARTHUR/etc. to start a new band of melancholic pop-punk called BLONDE AMBITION that has also just released a demo and has been playing shows seemingly almost weekly.

LOVE SONGS need haircuts, and ONION FLAVORED RINGS has just released their epic concept record, the *Perfect Evolution* EP, and a split 7" with FUTURE VIRGINS, and hope to do a bunch more small tours.

In the wake of the break-up of GIANT HAYSTACKS, Alan and Allan have formed a new band called AIRFIX KITS that picks up fairly close to where GIANT HAYSTACKS left off—less angular, but the Minutemen/Gang of Four influence is still apparent. They have a demo out.

The hell-raisers from WARKRIME have finally joined the league of jet-set punks and are flying to the East Coast for one show. ECOLI have a ripper of a 7" that came out last year on Stress Domain Records and I've heard rumors that WARKRIME's Apex Retard is now in the band. They are apparently gonna have tracks on a few comps that will be out soon and a new 7", so you should keep your eyes peeled for them. WARKRIME's drummer Sean is also playing in a couple other bands: BRUTAL DEATH, who are more grindcore, and MIGRAINE, another more straightforward hardcore band. I think Brace has some other shit going on too. FUNERAL SHOCK is another meat 'n' potatoes hardcore band whose members have been kicking around the scene here in one way or another for quite a while now. They have released three EPs so far and are currently working on a two-song single for Tank Crimes, which will be followed by a four-song 7" that they will release themselves and probably a tour of the West Coast and Southwest in the summer. Another newer '80s style hardcore band around these parts is FOLLOW BLINDLY from Sunnyvale—they have a demo out and are working on a 7". The IMPEDIMENTS is a new band of KBD-obsessed young 'uns that I've yet to see or hear, but the peanut gallery tells me they're great.

ANNIHILATION TIME

ACEPHALIX

DEADFALL is also still playing a decent amount shows and are working on a split 7" with LA's BAD REACTION on TKO Records. VOETSEK have recently added a second guitarist and will be heading off to Europe in July to follow up an LP set to come out this Spring on Self Made God.

FIX MY HEAD is a ripping new hardcore band from Oakland with Matt from SCURVY DOGS on vocals. They put out a killer demo several months back and have just released a 7" on Vinyl Addict. The other three members of SCURVY DOGS have a new female-fronted hardcore band called ABRUPT that has been playing a bunch of shows and just released a demo. The band formerly known as DESOLATION is back playing with a new singer. They are in the process of writing new material and deciding on a new name. Grant, the previous DESOLATION vocalist, has new band called DOPECHARGE that he plays guitar in with some PELIGRO SOCIAL members. They've just recorded and a demo should be circulating by the time you read this. It appears that PELIGRO SOCIAL is still a band in some respect but haven't been playing out in a while. Another offshoot of PELIGRO folks that's been really active lately is ACEPHALIX, whom are an awesome mix of crust and NYHC. They also have just recorded and will have demos out by the time you read this.

The South Bay's noise-masters ROTTEN FUX is supposedly playing one last show before calling it quits and will be releasing one last 7". Although many of the members have recently located to SF, there are actually lots of new bands that have their roots in the South Bay these days—SECOND OPINION is still playing tons of shows, as is their brother band NIGHTSTICK JUSTICE, who has just released a new 7" and have another one coming out shortly on Grave Mistake.

NEVER HEALED has been playing a bunch of shows recently, has a 7" coming out soon on Parts Unknown, and may head to England for some shows in December. Casey and Randy from NEVER HEALED are also current members of VIOLENT MINDS, who have played a couple shows here of late due to Zack's not-so-recent move to the Bay and will be keeping at it. And I hear that Andrew, guitar player of NEVER HEALED, has started a new band called MIND.

After three demos, compiled in a special box-set, badass hardcore powerhouse SKIN LIKE IRON will soon be releasing a split with GRACE ALLEY, another local hardcore band with a more "rockin'" sound that has also just released a demo.

PUNCH is a new band with a bunch of ex-members of DOPPELGANGER and ROSENBOMBS. I've yet to see them live but they put out a five-song demo in January. John the Baker and co. are still kicking with INSTANT ASSHOLE; they will release a split with MOUTH SEWN SHUT from Boston and are planning a tour of the East Coast for May and June.

PARASITES GO! is a newish band that carries on the tradition of late-'80s/early-'90s Berkeley/Mission-style pop-punk; they really seem to put more heart into what they're doing than any band I've seen in ages. They're looking for a label to release their record and will be going on tour shortly. SHOTWELL are also still at it and are just about to release a new LP in the very near future.

YOUNG OFFENDERS have just finished up new recordings

for a split LP and a 7". I'm listening to the mp3s now, and if you liked the catchy, angular, mod-ish sounds of the two previous 7"s, you'll surely dig this too.

With axe-man Scott's recent relocation to San Francisco, LIMP WRIST is now 50% a Bay Area band and just played a couple shows here. In fact, as I write this, they are in Portland putting the finishing touches on a new 12". Scott and Martin are also in another band with a handful of other vets called NEEDLES that has just put out a ripping EP. Martin also handles the vocal duties for a more straightforward punk band called N.N. Look for a 7" from them soon.

There's also plenty going on in the North Bay, and one band that's been playing out a lot lately is Fairfield's CRUCIAL CAUSE. They've got a pretty bare-bones hardcore style with plenty of youth crew influence thrown in. Look for their recently released 7" on Flat Black Records. Another North Bay band that's been making waves the world over is CEREMONY. CEREMONY recently played the Rivalry showcase at Gilman, but has been rather quiet locally for the last few months. Check out their most recent record *Scared People* on Bridge 9 and be on the look out for a new LP this summer. CEREMONY will also be taking their show on the road across the whole US with fellow Bay Area-ns LIFELONG TRAGEDY and SABERTOOTH ZOMBIE in May and June.

WARKRIME

POPULATION REDUCTION, the Bay Area's amazing grind/comedy duo have a new LP/CD out called *Each Birth a New Disaster* on Tank Crimes that totally rules. Justin, the drummer of POP REDUX, plays guitar in a ripping D-beat hardcore band called WARTRASH that killed at Annie's Social Club last week and has just released a demo tape. Justin also plays drums in a doom-crust band called WORLD EATER. Be on the lookout for their new split EP with DAISY CUTTER on Constant Migraine. Oakland crustlords STORMCROW are still playing out constantly and are working on a split LP with fellow Oakland doom-sters LAUDANUM. Speaking of doom-y crust, after a false hiatus, DRAIN THE SKY have a new LP called *Haunted By Rivers* on Level Plane.

And how could we forget BORN/DEAD, the busiest band in the Bay Area? They've just returned home from a 27-week tour (no, that's not a typo) of Europe and Australia and still play out all the time locally. Look out for upcoming splits with BEHIND ENEMY LINES and Japan's ORdER.

San Francisco also has a huge scene of rockin' garage punk bands and unfortunately I'm not the authority on it so you're not gonna get the whole story here. This scene's hottest live band, in my humble opinion, is the PETS, who have put out a handful of singles in the last couple years. Featuring a former member of Sacramento's FM KNIVES, the PETS picked up a new drummer at some point last year, and are still running wild. The FLAKES, made up of some older-timers from the Purple Onion days, formed several years ago, released a full-length LP, and are still around. Tina Bobbyteen and her band of troublemakers, TOP TEN, have two EPs out and still play fairly regularly.

NIGHTSTICK JUSTICE

The TRADITIONAL FOOLS are best experienced at parties but have an EP out from last year, a split with the PRIMATE FIVE, and will have an LP soon! TY SEGAL from the TRAD FOOLS also has a "solo" LP coming out to follow last year's awesome demo of dirty garage-y rock 'n' roll. And last-but-not-least the NODZZZ are recording soon for an LP to follow last year's nerdy *I Don't Wanna (Smoke Marijuana)* single. Local pop-sters TULSA have a new LP out now called *Sour Digs* on Starcleaner and seem to be on tour perpetually.

I don't really know where to begin with BAADER BRAINS. They've sprung from the ashes of PLEASE INFORM THE CAPTAIN THIS IS A HIJACK and BULLETS IN and have an LP on Clean Plate with some of the craziest packaging I've seen in a minute. If you liked those previous bands, you'll like BAADER BRAINS too.

Redwood City's COMADRE are still pumping out the releases; with a slew of CDs and records under their belt, they will be heading back to Europe in June and July. Also planned are a couple of comp appearances.

It's hard to describe OVENS (maybe a cross between the RAMONES, DINOSAUR JR, and the FUCKING CHAMPS?) but they're ex-DYSTROPHY and they just recorded their fifth or sixth album that won't be released. Scene vets KREAMY 'LECTRIC SANTA have a new 7" out called *1980 to 2007, 6-song Retrospective of Unreleased Material II* on Digestive System Records. The INSIDES sprung from the ashes of SHITSTORM, play melodic DIY punk/indie rock, and have been witnessed in live performances recently at several San Francisco gigs including the already legendary Thrillhouse basement venue. Now go start your own band.

The Bay also plays host to many a record label. NO OPTIONS puts out punk, crust, and hardcore records from all over the world. Slated for release are a reissue of Econochrist's *Ruination* LP, and EP from Mexico's Los Monjo, and an Instinct Of Survival LP. Mrs. Butterworth's MAKE A MESS Records put out the Nodzzz single and will soon release an LP from the Traditional Fools. BROKEN REKIDS has released tons of records by the Gits, the Feederz, Heart Attack, A.P.P.L.E., and many more. Stevo's 1-2-3-4 GO! Records puts out mostly pop-punk records and has just opened a store in Oakland at 40th and Telegraph. Martin's LENGUA ARMADA has reached the 50-records mark with releases from Punch In The Face, No Thanks, G-3, and Look Back And Laugh, among many others. PRANK doesn't seem to be letting up anytime soon. SIX WEEKS and TANK CRIMES are also still at it—see their interviews in this issue for a more in-depth update. THRILLHOUSE is not only a label, but also a store and show space at 30th and Mission; upcoming releases include Black Rainbow 7"s and a repress of the Sexy *Por Vida* LP. There's SPIDERGHOST PRESSGANG that has done records for Trash Talk, Never Healed, Violent Minds, Duck Hunt, and as I previously mentioned will be releasing the Grace Alley/Skin Like Iron split. RIVALRY is still pumping out high-quality hardcore records from the likes of

ACTS OF SEDITION

the recently defunct Go It Alone and New England's Soul Control, and last month held a fest at Gilman of bands mostly from the label's roster. WIZZARD MOUNTAIN is a tape label run by this guy Kyle and has done tapes by Ty Segal, Jump Off A Building, and Traditional Fools. He also has shows in his basement apartment once in a while. Negative Tom's LOUD FAT RULES put out the final record by Case Of Emergency and will be releasing a 7" for Follow Blindly. BLOODTOWN put out the Acts Of Sedition *Crown Victoria* EP, the Comadre/Trainwreck split, and I believe a couple other platters. And as out of the loop as they are as far as current DIY punk/hardcore is concerned, ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES are still at it and will be releasing the 924 Gilman documentary.

As for venues, there are plenty of places that regularly host punk shows. In the East Bay, there's Your Haus, the Campbell Street house, Apgar, the Purple House, 924 Gilman, 21 Grand (still functioning on some level, although they ran into some problems with The Man recently), Longhaul, and, for club shows, there's always the Stork Club. In San Francisco, there's Annie's Social Club, Balazo Gallery, the Knockout, Thee Parkside, the Hemlock Tavern, the Bike Kitchen, Egg (which is part of the Art Institute), and Thrillhouse, who are organizing a big fest to take place at many of these venues between August 6th-10th. With the ever-sunny weather in the Bay, guerilla generator shows happen on a relatively regular basis at such colorful locales as the Albany Landfill, Warmwater Cove, Potrero Del Sol Park, and just around the corner. The craziest show space around is "The Bus." It's a converted AC Transit bus that has shows inside of it, along with a vending machine full of bands' demos! The Bus is mobile so it hosts shows in random spots all over the Bay Area.

Dig it!

*****

FRESNO: I'd Really Like To Know The Reason, Steve Perry Didn't Stop Believin'

The ghost of William Saroyan still floats around the city taking dumps on Mayor Carlos Brown. Popularly known and celebrated as Bubba, from the scorching southern hit *In the Heat Of the Night* he has captured the clogged arteries and overworked hearts of those of us lucky enough to live in California's Central Valley.

Fresno, a city not known for being #1, sure as fuck was. For a sliver of a second, reality was suspended, existential crisis waned, and in the stench of the summer heat life took on the surreal quality of an especially sexy 'n' sizzling episode of *In the Heat Of the Night*. I can still hear the "fuck yeas" and the tall cans clanking together when we found out we had the highest levels of condensed poverty in the nation.

Playing in Fresno is like being the bridesmaid and never the bride. But because we're not total assholes, and we don't want the wedding to be postponed we still show up…drunk, pretending to be stoked, and crying by ourselves afterwards. Hold back our hair while we puke.

Posthumous Releases and Reissues:

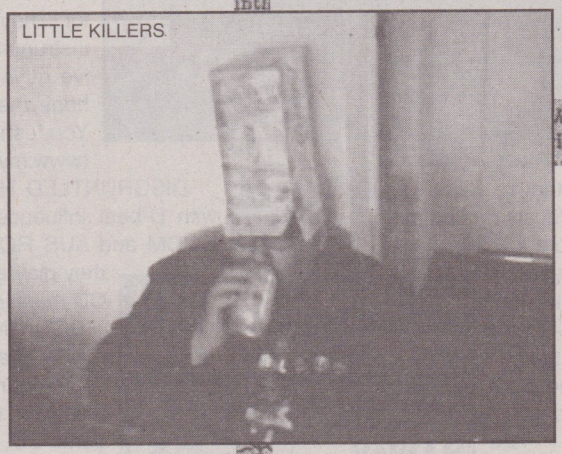
First up THE MANIAX are reissuing a collection of old demos as a CD, and while I've only heard one of their songs, shit still deserves hype. The band members were 13 to 14 years old in 1981 when they recorded this jammage on a hand held mic and a tape recorder. The band also put in a fab appearance to *MRR*'s *Not So Quiet on The Western Front* comp and played a show at SF's The Mab. They did all this while they were in junior high. The band was an early incarnation of THINK TANK. While many people consider CAPITOL PUNISHMENT to be the best band to ever come out of Fresno, I don't necessarily disagree but in my humble opinion THINK TANK released the greatest record to come from Fresno. Their opus, the *What Now* 7" from 1986 is totally fucking rad. It sounds like THE MINUTEMEN but they thrash it up a li'l bit on occasion and have just enough sass to give their tunes an unearthly glow. They were doing their own thing, and lyrically were taking on different issues than a lot of the hardcore crowd was accustomed to. Songs about homophobia and Jane Fonda rocked worlds, including my own 20 years later. I've got a bootleg of their 7" but I've never seen it anywhere. They also have a shit load of mp3s on line that are worth checking out… www.shuster.com/thinkmp3/. Back to the Maniax re-issue, you can get more information at www.maniaxmusic.com. According to Dale from CAPITAL PUNISHMENT, "The doors opened for these young guys quickly. They were invited to go on tour with FLIPPER and BLACK FLAG but were unable as they were just too young."

Also in the posthumous release category is BORN HAIRY'S upcoming demo. (There have been rumors of a split 7"). BORN HAIRY featured three-quarters of MIDDLE CLASS MILE and some members were previously in SNAKE FIGHT. The main two songwriters in the band were the only two punk DJs that have broadcasted non-ass radio shows in Fresno during the last ten years They met via a mutual recognition that Armalite did exist. They were only a band for two months, and played one show. After the show one member split to Portland where people didn't mistake the Vegan tattoo on his forearm as an homage to the Street Fighter 2 Character "Vega." Another moved to San Francisco and only wears sweatpants and listens to ANDREW WK. In their two months of existence they made a couple songs that surprised the shit out of me. Sometimes they remind me of a CARRIE NATIONS/ANDREW WK hybrid, other times I hear the YOUNG LIVERS crossed with ANDREW WK. Either way

they made some fuckin' all right, No Idea-ish pop punk. More importantly their drummer has one eye, welds by day and cage fights by night.

In the non-reissue/non-posthumous release category:

Dale from CAPITAL PUNISHMENT has been steadily involved in a multitude of musical affairs since CAPITOL PUNISHMENT disbanded. His most recent is DALE AND THE DUSTUPS with Joceylin, from CAPITOL PUNISHMENT. A lot of people, including myself, were stoked on this shit. Some of the songs have a folk bent but a couple songs, "Talil to Taji" and "From The Start," remind me of a folkier GIANT HAYSTACKS and are really fucking rad. Dale's been doing some solid shit, including reissuing the *Hardcore '84* tape comp he initially put out on his label Stage Dive records over 20 years ago. The record rounded up some great songs from local bands (check out the WAWONA BOYS Choir track). Dale also set up a really in depth website with the history of punk in Fresno (www.geocities.com/punksnax/ fresnopunkhistorymain). It's awesomely thorough and thoroughly awesome. Lots of great old pictures, fliers, history, and you can stream songs. While I won't go much into CAPITAL PUNISHMENT, they were unquestionably the most awesome motherfuckers ever. You can't go wrong with any of their early stuff, and their later period stuff isn't bad either. They played hardcore from the early-'80s to the mid-'90s and had a few different singers. In the early to mid-'80s they had a dude with gruff vocals rocking shit that sounded pretty unique.


LITTLE KILLERS

A current band that caught my attention as being spectacularly non-ass is the HOP SKOTCH HEROS. In a scene saturated with really shitty hardcore and equally shitty semi-melodic punk they invoke THE GITS, and do it deftly and at times startlingly well. The singer's got a pretty amazing voice that sounds like a better Tina Turner.

NEEDY EVY

The dude who wrote songs for the LITTLE TRIGGERS recently moved to Gainesville and he took the band with him in his beard, but before he that he wrote some SCREECHING WEASEL influenced songs that sound more influenced by THE CHINESE TELEPHONES and THE SWINGING UTTERS. They were writing some pretty good pop punk songs and I'm curious to see what this dude shits out in the future. The singer from the LITTLE TRIGGERS also played and sang in SNAKE FIGHT and played guitar and sang a bit in MIDDLE CLASS MILE.

TEENAGE FUCK YOU stumbled upon some drug induced BANANAS sounding shit that's actually pretty good. Their output has been pretty limited so I don't really know what else to say.

NEEDY EVY plays a lot of shows and reminds me a little of a female fronted RAMONES who are pulling from THE PIXIES and THE LUNACHICKS. THE RAMONES comparison works a little but it's fucking lazy on my part because they don't at all sound like a RAMONES clone and they've shat out some pretty catchy shit. They stare at you while they're playing and make you feel like an asshole and they're great to listen to.

A band not from Fresno but from the Central Valley area that's been getting some good reviews is VOMIT. They play no frills hardcore and put out a 7" that a lot of people seem to like.

THEY CALL ME GREYHOUND played keyboard and drum instrumental stuff that wasn't half bad but they moved to the Bay Area. They put out one EP. Members of OCCAM'S RAZOR were in the band. OCCAMS RAZOR played screamy hardcore; it was a little more creative than a lot of the genre. I wasn't too into a lot of their early output, but the last 7" they put out, *A Real Proposal For An Invisible World*, is totally fucking stellar. And without a doubt one of the best punk records to emerge from the smog plume that ensconces the central valley.

Nate Fornicate has played in bands around Fresno and recently moved to Fresno. He's a well-loved (drunk) man about town who charismatically reads his poetry at shows.

I briefly played in a really shitty band called FOR DICK. But motherfuckers couldn't hold me.

I took the title of this article from some SNAKE FIGHT lyrics.

Best regards,
Matty Shitballz

FRESNO part 2

Hello people of *shitwork* land and scenester hippies everywhere. Here's a long overdue but quick scene report of what's going on in the Fresno punk scene at the moment. For those who don't know Fresno is smack dab in the middle of California between SoCal and the bay. I'm not going to cover the surrounding areas, but the valley is alive.

THINK TANK

First I'll start with ATTACK DISARM TAKEOVER (ADT), which has members from ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT, STRYCHNINE, and was formally called AMERICA'S DIRTY THIRTYS. After a line up change, they're called ADT now. I call it mid-fast d-beat influenced raw punk: verse-chorus-verse-lead type stuff with a strong Fresno type sound and feel. The vocals are mostly shouted though it varies sometimes. They play out very often, locally and other cities as well (www.myspace.com/dirtythirtys).

HOPSKOTCH HEROS

Next we'll move onto a band I like, they're called OJ SIMPSON and are a fast thrash fury. Vocals remind me of Avi from MAGRUDERGRIND a whole lot, filled with blastbeats and breakdowns. Non-serious thrash lyrics, even two songs about me! "Faster than Lonnie Flattering," I know. These guys have nothing out so far but they play all ages shows often, so if you happen to be stuck here for a month, look for a flyer and catch them before it's too late (www.myspace.com/ojsimpsonthrash).

If you enjoy street punk, check out the VELISHA. They've been around a few years and remain active, playing bigger shows as well as headlining local gigs. These kids play mid tempo to slightly fast street anthems, catchy and long, spikes, charged hair, the jackets. Pretty good if your're into street music, check 'em out (www.myspace.com/thevelisha).

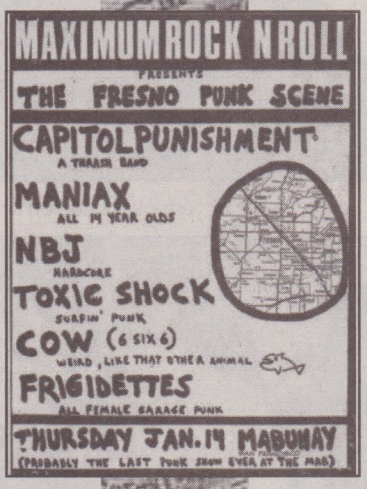
Now I'll talk about a few *edge* bands. LOCKED OUT is a sXe outfit with gruffly-shouted vocals and songs filled with heavy breakdowns and floor punching action. They have demo CDs and they went on a successful small tour a while ago (www.myspace.com/lockedout559). PINKEY SWEAR is an edge-crowd favorite that has been around a bit. Kids go nuts for this band. I see t-shirts and last show flyers a lot, but I'm informed they're still active. DIE ANOTHER DAY plays the 21+ circuit a lot. They're kind of cool; fast punk rock with meaty vocals, like if THE MISFITS played fast and tight all the time but with a small hint of *Nardcore*. They might have called it quits…? (www.myspace.com/dieanotherday2). LRA I hear has changed their name too…? Drunk verbal self-abuse, saying how terrible they are when they play. They have a fast, straight hardcore sound, shouted vocals again. But if they stick around they might put out a cool EP (www.myspace.com/thelra). OK, onto NOT 4 HIRE—this band has been around for fucking-ever, man! Since like 1998 or something? Holy fucking shit! They play mid tempo to slightly fast angry punk rock. Chorus/riff/hook type stuff—sometimes semi melodic chorus with punk guitars and angry vocals. (myspace.com/not4hire). Now, I hear TRON is lurking in the bushes, but I think it's just a pipe dream (no contact). Also, TOMS WHISKEY BINGE I see is back in effect. A lineup change and some better equipment. They play faster and meaner, unlike their original style. These are mostly unheard, yet decent efforts from the valley.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT is kind of sweet. Weird hardcore punk played fast with a breakdown thrown in every now and then for good measure. They're really cool guys, and will never flake on a show. I've seen them rotate members a lot. They'll play with whoever's around, changing instruments a lot. It's great. They're really supportive guys but they haven't played in a while so I hope they're all right. They might have a demo. You should really get one if they do. (www.myspace.com/dontworryaboutitrock)

DISGRUNTLED HIPPOS is a three-piece raw punk band with D-beat influences. They're known to cover the likes of DOOM and AUS ROTTEN. They're actually really good and they play a fair amount of local shows. They have a CD release

DON'T NUKE SADDAM has been going for a bit. A new anarcho-type crust band with female vocals I'd compare to Sarah of DETESTATION. They play fast with varying tempos, and have a four-song demo CD. IVD is cool. These kids play fast-style HC punk with grubby and angry vocals, nice circle-pit selection if I might say so. Youthful, short to the point songs, sloppy in it's effect to not sound polished, these guys are kind of fresh and I'd like to see more of the "fuck it, we don't care" attitude back in punk rock, instead of, "dude, we played tight tonight," mentality.

Now onto my bands. I play guitar in STRAIGHT EDGE KEGGER. So far we have three 7"'s, six split 7"'s, one LP, two split LP's, and a few 7" comp tracks, as well as old demos and *COD* comp tracks. We're described as superfast, hardcore punk and over the top thrash…*shitloads* of blastbeats, insanely screamed female vocals. We're on many great labels, domestic and Euro, and are loosely planning on touring Europe sometime soon—more records are in the works as well. We don't play out a lot, but when we do, it'll be with *bigger* type bands, maybe two to three times a year. Order records from us (myspace.com/ xstraightedgekegger)! I also sing for POMPOUS HARDCORE. We have a split 7" out with AxRxM and hopefully more to come. We play a lot of shows, and destroy them as well. Our live sets are very crazy: blood, projectiles, surprises, pure madness, etc. Our style is fast hardcore with mid-range screams over blastbeats and fastcore parts, and then mixed with punk rock-style stuff and street trash type vocals. We change constantly, so who knows what



BORN HAIRY.

we sound like. We've been getting a buzz because of our live destruction, so check us out. (www.myspace.com/pompoushardcore)
To contact me, or my bands mentioned above send an email (torturedflaghc@juno.com) or snail-mail love letters to (Lon 3147 W. ALAMOS AVE FRESNO CA. 93722)
Cheers//orals//bongs Lonnie Potbag

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BAKERSFIELD

Real Rockers: Welcome back to another Bakersfield Scene Report! Since the last report in *MRR* there has been tons of new bands popping up and of course tons of new assholes trying to cash in on punk rock, but fuck them. Here's what's happening! Now you might have only thought there were three or four bands from the last scene report but that's not true…

BANDS

LOSER LIFE is my favorite local band, they have a new 12" called *My Hell* out now, and it is easily their best release! Euro punk rockers get excited, LOSER LIFE is working on a

CONTAMINATORS

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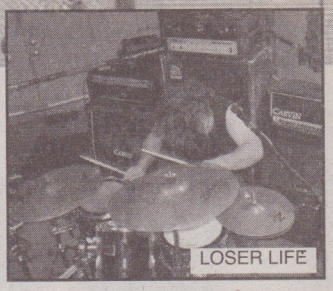
European tour for the summer of 2008. I always described them as a mixture of later ARTICLES OF FAITH and early HUSKER DU, and I think that is still pretty accurate. Panda will want me to say they "sound like PEGBOY and SAMIAM," which they might, but whatever. Their new 7" will be out soon on Rock Bottom Records, and it's sure to be full of noise, anger and bummer lyrics. Cannot wait! HUMAN MESS is another band with members of LOSER LIFE and CONTAMINATORS. There is a 7" out now on No Way records. The next EP will be on Going Underground! The CONTAMINATORS LP is currently on its second pressing; it's a hit so pick it up. I'm in the band so I feel kind of funny describing it, but it's rock 'n' roll punk, heavy on the JOHNNY THUNDERS/HEARTBREAKERS. HEART BEATZ is another band I do, which is fucked-garage-y-punk and we've released two 7"s. *Secret Girls* on Going Underground and *Die Alone* on P Trash. MARK MILES PER HOUR also recorded a somewhat solo project with the help of Joe from SABOTEURS. I plan to release a 7" on Going Underground in the future. Mark is always recording new stuff so send him some cash and get whatever he has! Enough with all of our bands, let's move on to the other local rockers...VAGGIE SKABS is a local hit. These dudes are real scum bags, so watch out. If you are into TUBRONEGRO/GG ALLIN check these guys out. Their live show is



LOSER LIFE

something else, due to the singer punching random crowd members in the face and dressing in a tutu. They have been around for years, but have only released a couple CD demos. PACI-FISTS is a newer band and plays '80s hardcore punk, by the time this prints their demo should be complete.

PROCESSORS has a member of HIPS but sound nothing like that—they are more in the artsy SONIC YOUTH vein. HATE DEVIATE was another ex-HIPS band that didn't go anywhere. They were really good, messy punk. They recently have gotten back together to record and play shows. TOO MANY SCREAMING CHILDREN is a grind/power violence band with two bass players and lots of noise. Ouch! CARL WINSLOW is a powerviolence thrash band, with members of TOO MANY SCREAMING CHILDREN. These guys have a guitarist though. There was a demo released a few years back, so if you are into that 625 sound…you know what to do. EAT SHIT plays a mixture of '80s punk/thrash and has singers. It's good to see the 19th street drunk punx finally started a band. They are pretty good but sometimes a little too fast for my liking, but what do I know. BLUE RUIN is going for the early Level Plane/YAPHET KOTTO sound and they do it well, if that's your style check them out for sure. MODERN BOMBS is the new wonder group of kids. These kids are so fucking young and they destroy! These guys draw influence from Deathwish and B9 style hardcore but mix it with say, LOSER LIFE's sound so it's not generic and boring. Just wait and see; these dudes will be famous. The SOULSTEPPERS are an amazing reggae band and have been around forever. They have a number of releases, most of which have been released overseas, and they play authentic '60s reggae. CIVILIAN is another newer band and is doing the East Bay/No Idea pop punk sound mixed with metal and some ska. CALICO SUNSET is an electronic duo that has been around with some releases out. They also do the more folksy GRIZZLY OWLS. All right that's all you get for bands this time around. There are so many bands in this town; I'm leaving out some I know, but hey, sorry. Oh and the SICK-E'S are not from here.

LABELS / RECORD STORES

Going Underground is my label/record store. The store itself has been open almost seven years now. I have been putting out releases for a little over three years and at the time of writing am working on release #13, which will be the debut EP from

EAT SHIT

MODERN BOMBS

FRANCIS HAROLD & THE HOLOGRAMS. Up next we have new releases from HARPOON GUNS, SO COW, HUMAN MESS, and some other killers! The shop itself is small but filled with current and rare punk, hardcore, and indie records. Stop by if you are in the area (www.goingunderground records.com). Brittle Records is the only other label putting out vinyl in Bakersfield. They started off with a release of a split 7" between locals LORD GALVAR/SWIMSUIT RIGHTS (which honestly isn't a very good record) then did a BOYRACER 7" and the newest release is the HIPS *Final* 7" that has been ready for a good six months, *but* the flakes in the HIPS cannot finish the cover art. Fugly is a CDr label that Jason does. He focuses mainly on grind/powerviolence stuff and sells the CDs for very cheap. Get at him if you're into it. Gigantic Vintage is located downtown; they sell vintage clothing and some records. Go in there and ask AJ about mods. Downtown Records is mainly classic rock. Worth a shot—they have a zine library down there, but that's for hippies only. Rock It Records is located in the East Hills Mall. Mainly classic rock but you used to be able to find some goods sometimes.

VENUES

Jerry's Pizza is the oldest venue that is still doing shows and has gone through a few changes recently. Hopefully their no punk policy will be removed. This is the place where most medium to bigger bands play mainly whatever trend is in: emo, metal, grind, garbage. This place was once run by the legendary Nate Berg but Jerry's has changed "management" numerous times and I really don't know what goes on there now. The Gate is a cool place to play and just moved to a new location. The only thing that sucks about this place is that it's run by a Christian origination. You have been warned, but to their credit, they are easy to work with and honest...excellent sound, nice stage. Munoz Gym: shows in the infamous boxing ring venue that's the size of your parents' bedroom. I have been doing shows there since 1997, but I don't really have the time for them anymore. I now enforce the, "I really have to love your band" rule to book the show. My Grandpa still trains boxers during the weekdays from 4 till 8:00, so go there and learn how to box from a king, Mr. Paul Munoz. Bad sound, no stage, punk as fuck. The Dome is the current hip place for $14 punk shows. The stage is way too big and I didn't like the sound when we played there. The kids love it and dish out their money to see the U.S. BOMBS and the same four locals play every three weeks.

Blue Ruin House is a sweet house show spot—one of my new favorite places to play. When you play this house you are bound to run into groups of creeps you never want to see. The Mint is the punk/scum bar to go to if you are in town and every so often they have bands play. It's always a riot to play there and for drinking it's definitely the best bar to be at. There are a few more venues, but they don't matter, so no need to write about them.

Ok, that's all you get. Bakersfield is not the cesspool of piss and disease like once stated by some asshole. If anything you read about on here interests you contact the bands and check them out.

Neutron Ron

CONTACT INFO:

Going Underground 1822 G St. Bakersfield, CA 93301 (goingundergroundrecords.com; goingundergroundrecords@gmail.com)
LOSER LIFE: myspace.com/loserlife
CONTAMINATORS: myspace.com/contaminators
HEARTBEATZ: myspace.com/theheartbeatz
HUMAN MESS: myspace.com/humanmess
TOO MANY SCREAMING CHILDREN/Fugly: Jason Morris
1503 Pacific St.
Bakersfield, CA 93305
CARL WINSLOW: myspace.com/carlwinslowthrashfiesta
MODERN BOMBS: myspace.com/modernbombs
VAGGIE-SKABS: myspace.com/vaggieskabs
PACI-FISTS: myspace.com/pacifistsca
HATE DEVIATE: myspace.com/hatedeviate
Jerry's Pizza: Jerryspizza.com
The Gate: thegaterocks.com

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SACRAMENTO

Hey yo...how are you fellow punks, rejects, losers, and fucks??? There hasn't been a Sacramento scene report in *MRR* in quite some time. We figure since there's sooo much shit going on every week that we should share the info with the rest of the world. Sacto isn't a place to skip over anymore, and anyone who has seen the insanity here in the past year can attest to the validity of that statement!

I'm Ken Fury and I will be your tour guide this issue of our lovely little city. I'm going to start by exposing the glue to our tight knit little scene here. There are a few people and entities that, unbeknownst to most, are responsible for holding this shit together. Kenny Motherfuckin' Hoffman (the Hoff) has been a local punk playing in numerous bands, running a label, and booking fucking insane shows for as long as I can remember. (Which is a pretty long time since I sobered my dumb ass up!) Kenny runs Buriedinhell Records, which has several releases in the grind/death/gore/etc. genre. He released the REBELS ADVOCATE 7", which has become a heavy spin on a lot of record players around here and elsewhere. Kenny puts on monthly shows at On the Y, a 21+ spot for punk/metal/hardcore/grind shows. He also currently plays in two bands: KURU and the local scumfuck legends KNIFETHRUHEAD. Kenny also runs Bearded Lady Buttons...fucking good quality buttons for hella (hey...I'm from fucking Nor-Cal brooo) cheap!!!

Another person who deserves way more credit than he gets is Paul Imagine. The first thing that needs to be said about Paul is that he is a badass motherfucker. He has been supporting the local scene with his artistic talents for well over a decade, and is responsible for the art on this article header. Many of you may have seen his shit recently on the CRUCIAL CAUSE 7" or on the VOETSEK/CAPITALIST CASUALTIES tour shirts and posters. This guy is constantly doing hand-screened posters, shirts, fliers, etc. for a shitload of bands and bookers here in Sacto. He did the logo for the band I'm in and Kenny did the buttons...see how that shit works!!?? Bands...get in touch!! If he likes your shit, he'll work with you!!!

Sacramento now has a pretty rad independent record store. It is owned by Russ Solomon (he started Tower Records) and is a complete departure from that old store. They have the biggest, most extensive selection of underground music of anyone in town. They carry some pretty decent vinyl and also host local and touring bands in the store...right on the floor. The place is actually pretty damn rad cause they have a big ass plasma TV and lounge chairs so you can kick back and enjoy a movie...sometimes they even make popcorn. Living here in Sacto, it's nice to have an air-conditioned kick-it spot in the summer, because this motherfucker gets hotter than hell!

Some of the venues we had around town have been lost to the pigs and yuppies, but we have a few that are still going strong. In the heart of Midtown is the Distillery, a 21+ bar that is well known for hosting shows that end up being so fucking packed that you can't breathe. The Distillery has been very supportive of the local underground scene, as well as touring bands. Another very supportive (and one of my favorites) venue is Silk Bar right on the edge of downtown. This place fucking rules: 18+, food, reasonable prices, all-ages matinees on Sundays, and the light rail stops at the front door, literally!! Also downtown are two spots right next to each other that host all-ages shows but can only hold 49 people. The first is a pizza place/bar called Inferno and the second is a coffee joint called Java Lounge. Both places are pretty cool, but both have caught heat from city scum in the past. Java Lounge is a pretty cool spot for non-corporate coffee, updates on activist actions going on around town, and generally a good spot to meet up with like-minded people. On the coffee shop front, there is also True Love coffeehouse, owned and operated by Kevin Seconds and his wife. There is also an indoor skater park on 28th and B that occasionally hosts shows, usually of the all-day variety. There are several houses around town that hold shows too, the best two of those being the Off the Grid house and Casa de Chaos. There's also the Witch's Dome, and the Dam Haus, and Charred Dog House both in Davis. We have a pretty sick all-ages VFW out in the suburbs right down the street from the rock club that shall not be named. The VFW is run by one of the coolest dudes ever and is considered by many to be part of the family now. I briefly mentioned On the Y earlier. This place is 21+, but it fucking rules. I have seen many awesome shows there. The people that own and run the place are really fucking supportive of the local scene too. There's another 21+ bar downtown called The Blue Lamp. This place is good for a handful of good shows every year. There's a new place out in the 'burbs called the Fire Escape, which is owned by one of the guys from THE FACTION. I heard that there is supposed to be some all-ages shit going on there; we'll see. The Stag is in Woodland and is a dive bar that has fuckin' rad punk rock shows. This place is DIY and it rules. There are two all-ages clubs in the 'burbs that are owned by churches. I don't support the religious infiltration of underground music so if you want to know about those places, ask someone else!!

BEERLORDS

One of the most important resources in Sacramento is www.myspace.com/sacramentopunkshows. This is ran

by Old Man Craig-Ohhhhh...old school peace punk and vegan chef extraordinaire. To put it simply...this is the list for Sacramento. You want to know what's going on, go to this page!!! Period. There is an extensive calendar as well as links to other punk oriented things in the area. Craig is a super rad guy that has been providing extra yummy vegan feasts, for bands and crowd alike, at a good majority of the shows that the Sacto Area Pyrate Punx have been putting on.

Speaking of which, Sacto Area Pyrate Punx is the 17th chapter of Pyrate Punx World Wide, and started in March 2007. The chapter began with an impressive first show featuring THE EXPLOITED, FINAL CONFLICT, and four other bands. Since the beginning, this crue of old schoolers and youngsters has been full throttle. They have brought some of the best shows in recent memory, and have been instrumental in helping to unify the Sacto punk scene.

Sacramento Food Not Bombs has been running for several years and serves every Sunday at Cesar Chavez Park at 9th and I St. downtown. They serve meals at 1:30—get there early, there's usually quite a few folks.

Now the crazy shit. Sacramento has always been home to some pretty amazing bands. There has also always been that Sacto sound, which most of us are proud of. There is an insane amount of bands, new and not so new, young and old, right now. I want to begin this section by saying this is in no way a complete list of every band in Sacramento, as no single person could know all that info. There is also a good fucking chance that I will forget some bands...don't take it personal because it's not! And if you got skipped and want to be included...write a fucking scene report! Or you can always interview your favorite locals or touring band and send it in to *MRR*. It is what YOU make it, always has been, always will be. Without further ado, here are the bands of Sacto:

SECRETIONS

We will start this off with some Sacto mainstays...bands that bust their asses, have stood the test of time, and rep Sacto hard. First off is THE SECRETIONS, straight up punk in the vein of RAMONES or WEASEL. Danny, Mickie, and Paul put 110% into everything they do, and they're a great group of rad guys. Next up is HOODS SACRAMENTO. This band is a fucking hardcore beast!!! They have been around for a long time and Mikey Hood is one of the busiest, hardest working dudes in Sacto. When he's not on tour, Mikey is booking shows, running sound at The Distillery, and running his label. Next we have PSYCHOSOMATIC, a badass thrash band that always fucking kills it live. These three dudes are totally righteous guys and bust their asses to support our scene. They are definitely among my top five favorites locally. MONSTER SQUAD isn't technically from here but I think every punk in Sacto claims them as ours. Rightly so, this band fucking rips with their brand of charged and fueled street punk. THE BEERLORDS have been at it forever as well; straight up old school, beer soaked, hardcore punk rock. If you can actually catch these guys live somewhere they haven't been kicked out of, it is well worth it. These dudes are fucking fun as hell live and leave a trail of destruction everywhere they go.

I briefly mentioned KNIFETHRUHEAD earlier. These cats have been at it for a long time, and always are good for a great live show, complete with costumes and tons of shit talk. One of my favorite local bands of all time is THE DISEPTIKONS. Old school hardcore to circle pit and skate to. These guys seem to rear their heads every six months to a year, as they are all in other projects now. Still...when they play, it's fucking nuts!! In relation to THE DISEPTIKONS, we have RED TAPE. RED TAPE has been playing the local scene for several years and features extremely dedicated dudes. In the street punk and Oi! camp we have two bands that have been synonymous with Sacto punk rock for years. WHISKEY REBELS and PRESSURE POINT both have helped to put Sacto on the map when it comes to punk rock. Some of the dudes in these bands are also responsible for bringing some pretty damn amazing shows through town. Last but not least in the oldies but goodies section are two bands that have been in Sacto for years. When people refer to the "Sacto sound," THE FOUR EYES and THE BANANAS come to mind—good, fun times, party punk. It's rare that either band actually plays in town, so when they do, it's a treat for us.

Now on to bands that haven't been around forever, but aren't considered new. PLANETARY RUINS is technically from Woodland, but whatever. They rip it up with their brand of punk, thrash, crust and do a good fucking job at it. They will be sharing the stage with RESIST here in April. Along the same lines sound-wise is ESCAPEMENT who are fun as hell live. Another band that isn't technically from Sacto is UNCUT:HUNKS. Hailing from Davis and fronted by local nut job Mr. Mick Mucus, this band is great fucking hardcore with a feel that makes you want to take your mom's prescriptions and commit crimes. TRASH TALK is fucking hardcore played by bad asses. This band busted out of the gates and took fucking over. They are constantly touring and now have several releases under their belts. Label mates KILLING THE DREAM has been fucking shit up for a bit with their hardcore/metal sound. DANCE FOR DESTRUCTION is female fronted, keyboard driven, political hardcore punk rock. This band is fucking sick and has an EP that is great. DRASTIC ACTIONS is made up of great dudes playing good hardcore punk rock. Jasson Drastic has been playing in bands in Sacto for years and does a monthly show

at On the Y called "Punk Rock Holocaust." The last one he did featured ANGRY SAMOANS. VOMIT has been rocking the locals lately with hardcore, no bullshit punk fucking rock. They have a big sound and inspire great pits live. Another of my favorite local bands is NOWHERES. These sleazebags have punk rock 'n' roll coursing through their damaged veins. I fucking looove this band. FINAL SUMMATION plays very anthemic, melodic street punk. Some of the nicest guys you'll meet. IGUANDON—HOLY FUCKING SHIT!! Epic thrash metal with insane theatrics! MDL (MENTAL DEFECTIVE LEAGUE) is fronted by local punk legend Ground Chuck. The band is good, loud, old school hardcore punk. MAYYORS features ex-members of every rad band to come out of Sacto in the last few years and has that Sacto sound. Power-pop punk band, BOATS!, has been turning a lot of heads—I have yet to catch them but am eager to. LORD'S RESISTANCE ARMY is a two man hardcore fucking behemoth— off the fucking hook. Speaking of two man bands, TIMES OF DESPERATION is by far one of the raddest things to come out of Sacto in years. Stoner grind at its finest. RAZORBLADE MONALISA is a death punk band with an early '80s feel. They remind of the days when goth and punk went hand in hand. MADHOUSE DISCIPLES plays street punk, and honestly I haven't been able to see them. I know that they are always playing some really good shows around town. A lot of people think that this next band is from the Bay, wellll...they're not. REBELS ADVOCATE has been blasting out the heavy as fuck grind for a while. If you get a chance to see these guys...fucking go. Kevin Seconds has a new project called KEVIN SECONDS AND THE ALTRUISTICS. I have seen them twice and it is good old-fashioned punk rock 'n' roll. STORYTELLERS plays reggae dub with a punk attitude. These cats put on a great show and are fun as hell. I haven't seen VIRULENT DEATH, but I have noticed that they have been playing some of the better thrash shows lately. WARM STREAMS is a spazz-out hardcore band fronted by Josh (ex-BEHEAD THE PROPHET, MUKILTEO FAIRIES) and from what I've been told, they are fucking amazing. THE ROUSTABOUTS are still at it and are about to release a new EP. I'm anxious to hear what direction they're headed in now. THE PIZZAS are fucking great—solid power-pop punk.

Now for one of the most important elements of the Sacto scene...the kids!!! I can't fucking believe how many young bands are in the area right now. NO ADMISSION reminds me of early GREEN DAY with a hint of FIFTEEN. Adam, the bass player is a fucking nut. ISONOMY play great punk rock with a shitload of influences. They sound like they could have been on The Thing That Ate Floyd. THE DISGUSTEENS are from Vacaville but we claim them. They play real snotty punk rock and are fucking great. RIOT ON ROSEWOOD plays heavy as hell, badass hardcore. FLOWER VIOLENCE is fucking mental. Seriously, these kids are off the fucking map. CHICKS WITH DICKS break shit when they play, and are fucking sick!! I haven't heard 1-STEP AHEAD or HUMAN FILTH but both play shows around town.

Now for new bands, some of which have not played shows yet but are going to be fucking vicious. BASTARDS OF YOUNG has been rocking some great hardcore-fused street punk. I saw them once, and was impressed. KEPI THE BAND is a new project featuring, you guessed it, Kepi of GROOVIE GHOULIES, and others from ISONOMY and SECRETIONS. I am fucking anxious as hell to hear SMASH THE GLASS. The band is comprised of some dudes that have been in some pretty rad bands. KOBRA KOMMANDER is a new thrash band. DEAD FACE is basically DOMINION FIEND with a new singer; seriously can't wait to hear this shit! RAT DAMAGE is a new band fronted by yours truly. Hardcore punk rock 'n' roll with ADD The new band that I am most anxious to see play a live fucking show (hint, hint) is KILL THE PRECEDENT. Heavy, sleazy, industrial, punk played by veterans of the Sacto scene.

NOWHERE

Time for Odds 'n' ends. Deranged Designs is a totally DIY clothing designer. This woman makes some pretty rad shit, totally unique and 100% DIY. Movies on A Big Screen is a bunch of folks who show indie films on a big screen out at the Longshoreman's Hall in West Sac. Undietacos.org is a DIY message board and event calendar. It tends to lean more toward the indie/art scene but sometimes gets bombed by punk info!! Josh Ploeg (WARM STREAMS, BEHEAD THE PROPHET, MUKILTEO FAIRES) is a world-renowned traveling vegan chef!! Check him out at joshuaploeg.blogspot.org—he has several cook books available. I just ate at this joint over on Stockton Blvd. and 10th Ave. called Au Lac. Inexpensive vegetarian Asian cuisine…fucking YUM! There are two radio stations that you can listen to online that have great punk shows. KDVS in Davis 90.3 FM (kdvs.org) Punk Roger, Mick Mucus, Trotsky, and a ton of other DJs hold it down nice. Another one out of Sacto is kssu.com with shows from Danny Secretion and Kevin Seconds. Some local labels of interest are Buriedinhell Slambo Rat, Downtown Academy, and Gearheads, which also has a store in Woodland that you should go visit if you're in the area.

So there it is. The Sacto scene report. There is a lot of shit going on in this town and we're all fucking stoked about it. Next time your band is on tour, hit someone up from this article. You can find most of the bands and individuals mentioned either on Myspace or elsewhere online. Actually, everything that I've mentioned here can be accessed through www.myspace.com/sacramentopunkshows. Come play Sacto! Hope to see some of you out here in our neck of the woods soon.

Cheers,

-Ken Fury

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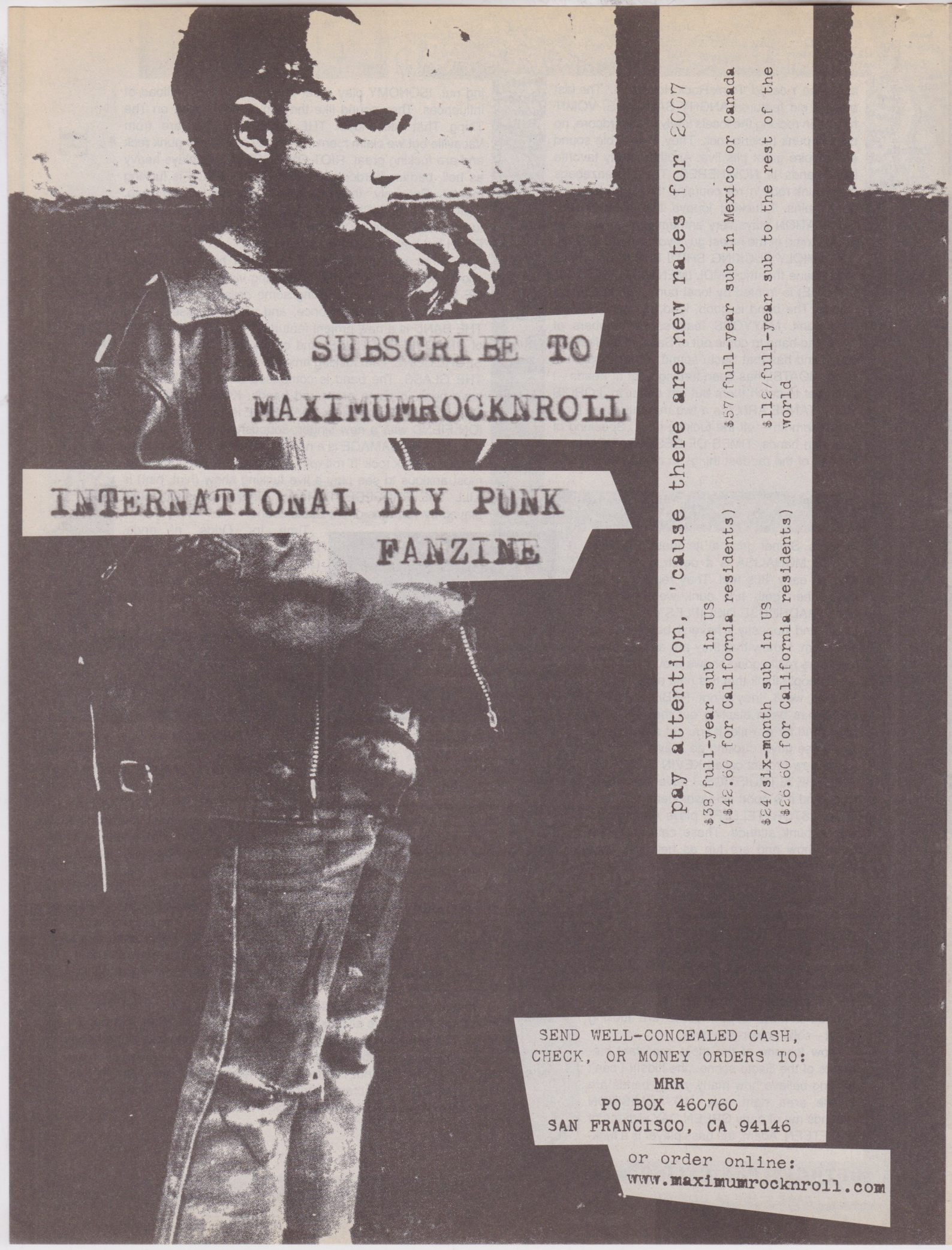
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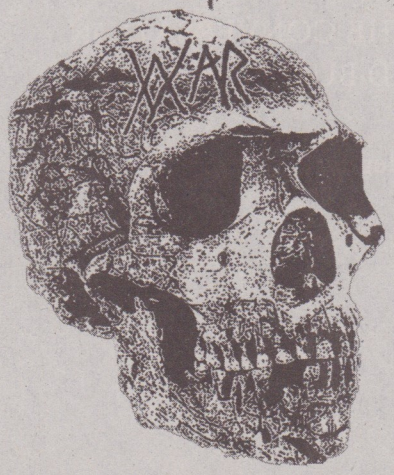

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A SCOTSMAN, AN ENGLISHMAN, AND AN IRISHMAN WALK INTO A BAR. THE BARMAN SAYS, "IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE?" NAH MATE, IT'S THE YOUNG OFFENDERS INTERVIEW, SHUT YER MOOTH AN HOWK THE SWALLIE.

THE YOUNG OFFENDERS ARE A GROUP OF MATES WHO GET TOGETHER ONCE A WEEK OR SO AND PLAY SOME MUSIC. THEIR SOUND HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS PART '77-'79 UK PUNK/DIY, PART '80S INDIE ROCK. TO ME, THEY SOUND LIKE DEAD-END GLUE-HEADS WHO WENT TO ART SCHOOL AND DISCOVERED WIRE. SOMETHING ABOUT THE COMBINATION OF SCRATCHY/JANGLY GUITARS AND TERRACE CHORUSES. THEY PUT OUT A WELL-RECEIVED DEMO AND THEN TWO MUCH-SOUGHT-AFTER 7"S–ONE ON ART OF THE UNDERGROUND AND ONE ON PARTS UNKNOWN RECORDS. THERE'S HOPEFULLY LOTS MORE TO COME. WE DID THIS INTERVIEW WHILE EVERYONE ELSE IN AMERICA WATCHED THE SUPER BOWL. WE JOIN THE CONVERSATION MID-STREAM, TALKING ABOUT YOUTHFUL RECORD-BUYING HABITS...

Interview by Allan McNaughton. Photos by Martin Sorrondeguy.

YOUNG

MRR: I didn't buy a lot of records, period. I was relying on what I taped off the radio.

Tim: Same here. I used to trade tapes with people as well.

Dougie: I was on two records a week.

MRR: There's no way I was buying two records a week.

Dougie: I worked in a Dunn stores, it's like the Irish equivalent of Safeway's.

MRR: What is the Irish equivalent of Safeway's? Is it a big barn, with five different kinds of potatoes, mix 'n' match?

Dougie: If I worked overtime, I was on about 38, but usually I got 28 quid a week, and I put ten quid away in my savings for records.

MRR: And the rest of it went to the cause...

Dougie: It went to balaclavas for the IRA.

Tim: That was your mum that was knitting them, wasn't she?

Dougie: (old Irish lady's voice) "Keep warm, son."

Tim: Tell the story about your Granny.

Dougie: This story sums up my Granny. She was the tightest woman you'll ever meet. She was born in Scotland. That explains it. Sorry Allan. The IRA planted a 1000 pound bomb in the neighborhood, and so the army wanted to evacuate everybody, but she'd just loaded up her electric meter with 50p—this is true—and she refused to fuckin' leave her house. And the bomb went off and she had to basically be dug out of her house. She lost all her hearing in one ear and partial hearing in the other, all because she didn't want to leave her house cause she'd stuck 50p in the meter. Miserable oul cow.

MRR: Let's backtrack and start off with the name, age, instrument, and country of birth for each member.

Tim: Pete "The Ox" Colpitts, 36, drums, he comes from San Mateo, California. Jason Dearen, guitar, he is 36 or 37, I think. He's from Downey, California, near LA. Tim Brooks, 35...

MRR: A nipper! The youngest Offender!

Tim: 35, from Cornwall in England.

Dougie: And Dougie, 38, from Belfast in the north of Ireland.

MRR: What else does everybody in the band do?

Tim: Jason's a journalist, Pete checks gas meters for the utility company.

Dougie: I paint houses, Allan, I'm a house painter. Done it for the last five years, I'm quite proud of it.

Tim: And I edit TV commercials. So we're split half and half.

MRR: Between the working class and the middle class? Or between the media and the working class?

Dougie: But there is no working class in America. They call us blue collar over here.

MRR: So when did Young Offenders get together officially?

Dougie: We've been going for a long time although we've not got much to show for it. Was it 2004?

Tim: No, it's later than that. It was 2005. It was me, Pete, and Dougie, and then Jason joined. We were never going to play out. We were just jamming. We only played out because Smalltown (from Sweden) were coming over and they asked us to play.

Dougie: We got Jason, what, seven months after we started playing?

Tim: Yeah, Jason came because we needed a singer, but in the end, me and him both sing.

Dougie: I think it was also the arrival of Jason that gave us the impetus to start playing out.

Tim: Yeah, we weren't going to, we always imagined we weren't gonna play out.

MRR: Why not?

Dougie: We could never really get it together. We could never really string a succession of practices together due to work commitments, and these guys having kids and whatnot.

Tim: And we just didn't think we were going to get round to it. Jason had done it before, he had toured a lot in a band he was in, Dolores Haze. They were an indie rock band. He'd grown up on punk rock, in LA, but he was never, he definitely wouldn't class himself in any way as punk rock. And he thought he'd never be in a band again. He came because we said we weren't gonna play, we weren't gonna tour, we were just gonna jam and drink beer or whatever. Plus, we started playing music that we didn't really know who we'd play with, originally. We didn't really think we were even a punk band when we started.

MRR: So when you got together, there wasn't really a plan, like you'd got together and said, "We want to play in a band that sounds like

OFFENDERS

this..."

Tim: Well, originally we did, but by the time Jason got there...

Dougie: I was Tim's roommate, and we would just sit and jam in the house unplugged.

MRR: A folk duo. Kind of like Simon & Garfunkel?

Tim: A bald Simon & Garfunkel.

Dougie: We originally said, yeah, we should get a practice space, maybe do some power pop stuff.

Tim: We kind of wanted to sound like The Chords. But we realized we weren't good enough.

MRR: But then you'd have had to learn some chords.

Tim: Yeah. But then we just went and started just fucking around. And because all of us like so much different stuff, we would just play whatever. There wasn't any like, "Well, I don't like that music, so we can't play that."

Dougie: When we got that practice space we just said, "We'll go down there, we won't have any preconceived notions, and whatever we want to play, what it sounds like, it sounds like."

Tim: We didn't really want to be a band particularly, we weren't trying to tailor our sound to an audience. But the first gig we did, we were just like, "All right, we can do a few more of these."

MRR: That was with Smalltown at Balazo.

Tim: After that, we thought, "We'll play with friends of ours when they ask us to play, or when there's something going on, or whatever." And then it just sort of got a bit more...people seemed to really like it.

Dougie: All we needed was for four people to say, "That was a good show."

Tim: And then we had another one where friends were coming through town and I was putting the show on for them, so we might as well play. But we still don't play very often.

Dougie: The most important thing, more than playing or putting out records, is getting together on a Wednesday night and having drinks, and just talking. The four of us together just playing music and shooting the shit, what's going on with our lives and what's happening here and there.

Tim: And that's what we do more than anything. 'Cause I've got two kids, Pete's got two kids, Jason's got a busy job.

MRR: You're all married or in long-term relationships.

Tim: Me and Jason work a lot of weird hours, and it's the one thing we do every week.

MRR: Given all those factors, why be in a band, why not just go out on Wednesday night and play snooker or whatever?

Dougie: It's a common denominator. Plus we like to make noise.

Tim: There's just something about it, playing music. We've all been in bands before.

Dougie: Getting together, and everybody in sync, and writing a tune together, and playing a tune together, and thinking, "That's a good tune."

Tim: For me and Dougie, playing with Pete, who's a great drummer, and Jason, who's a great guitarist, means to us that it sounds good. I'm not a great guitarist at all so being able to play with people who are really good...you end up making noises that are different. And it became a habit, that's what we do. Originally, we just didn't want to go through the fuss of being in a band. I don't want to go out there and try and prove myself to people. I don't want to go out there and try and become popular. I don't care whether people come and see us or like what we do. We do it for us. I know loads of people say that. But that's why we don't play very often. When we play, I honestly believe that half the people who come only come because we don't go out very often. So it's just a night out. And a lot of people know that that's the night we're both going to be out. And to be honest, it's gotten to the point where that's the only nights we're out. So it's got to be a social occasion when we play.

Dougie: We're gonna play and we're going to hang out afterwards and then we're going to another bar, it's a night out.

Tim: But it's gotten to the point where we do like what we play. The first part was just jamming to get out of the house, but now we do like it.

Dougie: I always thought I was bluffing. And then I started playing with proper musicians and it does sound good.

Tim: You still are bluffing it, mate.

MRR: Half the time you're not even plugged in, are you? So do you think that stuff, and maybe age as well, has changed what being in a band is about for you, as opposed to if you were 22 and in a band?

Dougie: Definitely. You're more secure of yourself, and you're less inclined to be affected by what anybody says about your band.

Tim: I think we're a better band because we genuinely don't care. We don't want to be part of a scene so we'll happily play with hardcore bands, or...we'll play with anyone if it's going to be fun.

Dougie: We don't necessarily have to like their band. If they're friends of ours.

Tim: The fact that we are older, and our music taste is much broader, means that we have a lot of influences that aren't necessarily that punk.

Dougie: We've got nothing to prove.

Tim: I've been in bands in the past where we wanted to fit into a certain style.

Dougie: You want to look the part and you want to sound the part and you want to be on that right label.

Tim: And the songs you write, you might come up with something and think, "That doesn't fit." Whereas the songs we write now, there's never a "doesn't fit." The only reason we'd bin it is if we didn't like it.

MRR: Both of you are not American. How do you think that shapes the kind of band Young Offenders is? Or doesn't?

Tim: I think it does 'cause we have a completely different view of people and how we are when we're here. We grew up doing different stuff.

Dougie: I think also that we didn't grow up in a scene that was segregated. There's a lot of scene segregation over here. The garage kids stick to one scene and the hardcore kids stick to their scene and the pop punk kids stick to their scene. And we didn't grow up with that. So we're just trying to embrace it all.

MRR: Here's the thing—San Francisco's a

good example because there's actually a pretty decent scene for each of those different things. But you're right about it being segregated.

Tim: I mean, you don't see the garage heads at hardcore shows.

MRR: And if a band comes up—for example, Young Offenders—there are aspects of your music that could appeal to any of those factions. Oi fans could find something to enjoy. Pop fans could find something to enjoy. But most of your gigs end up being hardcore gigs. No one's going to pull together and unify the scene, if you know what I mean. Ideally, a good band would pull in people from all the different genres, but it doesn't happen.

Dougie: We're not setting out to do that.

Tim: Our thing is we'll play with anyone, any kind of music. I think the reason is that we grew up in England and Ireland going to see any fucking person who came to town.

Dougie: One week you'd be at Fugazi, the next week you'd be at Carcass, the next week you'd be at Jeff Mills, E'd off your head. And the same people would go to all three shows.

Tim: We would go and see anybody, 'cause we didn't have the luxury of picking and choosing. I had no idea when I came here, even as late in the day. I was nearly 28 years old when I moved here.

MRR: You have to pick and choose though. When you first come here and you get off the plane and get to San Francisco and open your first San Francisco Bay Guardian [local alternative weekly newspaper] and look at one venue—take the ad for Bottom Of The Hill. When I first came here, every single night there was a gig that if it was in Glasgow, or in London, you'd be there. Every single night.

Tim: You do have to pick and choose, but what I've found here is that people, for example, who are into hardcore bands, they go out often, but they only go to see hardcore bands. Whereas I still pick and choose. I've got kids, I hardly go out, but when I do go out there's such a range of what I go and see. People are very set in their ways, even though they have all this choice and they get to see more gigs than I got to see back home, they're only seeing hardcore bands. Whereas back home I only got to see so many gigs, but they would be everything from folk to electronic music to punk to hardcore. And coming here, to a big city, I assumed there'd be more of that. I thought there'd be more open-mindedness in music, but there really isn't.

MRR: I know for a fact that there are people out there who are going to see lots of different kinds of music. But they're probably not coming to DIY punk and hardcore gigs. And why would they? 'Cause you're rolling the dice. Nine times out of ten there're going to be five bands, one of whom might be good, but are you going to hang around for hours with a bunch of fourteen-year-olds in somebody's basement to see that one band that might be good? You have to be pretty dedicated to put that effort in. In fact, you pretty much have to be in that scene already to even hear about the gig.

Dougie: And with the DIY scene as well, you've got bands that have practiced four times and they're up there doing their songs and it's friggin' awful.

MRR: Bands can practice four times and go up there and be great though. But the thing is there's no way of knowing when you're going to get that experience.

Tim: There are people like that, but even within the punk scene, you go and see Jay Reatard or whatever and there'll be a certain group of heads there to see all that stuff but you never see them at anything else. And even within our little world, like within *Maximumrocknroll*, there are people who are really compartmentalized into groups of what they like, and I didn't grow up like that. I didn't realize that's what people did. I grew up in Cornwall, which is in the middle of nowhere.

MRR: More like the edge of nowhere, really.

Tim: Yeah, it is the edge of nowhere. When I got into punk and hardcore, I just assumed that everyone liked all of it. From Youth of Today to Napalm Death to Descendents to the Boys to the Adverts. If you were into it, you liked all of it. I had no idea that people only liked one type of music.

Dougie: And the thing with us, we've had certain reviews that put us with the Carbonas and the Busy Signals, people have lumped us in with that crowd. And yet none of that crowd has ever come to see us. We're not on the right label, and we don't look the way those people think bands should look.

IT'S THE HARDCORE SCENE THAT'S TOTALLY GOTTEN BEHIND US. WE'RE THEIR GUILTY LITTLE SECRET. THE POP BAND THEY'RE ALLOWED TO LIKE!

Tim: People look at us and assume we're a skinhead band or a hardcore band, and we're neither.

Dougie: It doesn't even matter, even if they've heard of us they're not going to see us, we don't wear skinny pants!

MRR: Well, you're saying that, but you yourself are a very fashionable man.

Tim: You are a very fashionable man. He wears flares though.

Dougie: I wear flares, Allan.

MRR: So do The Time Flys.

Tim: He hasn't got shaggy hair and flares though.

Dougie: I'm very much embedded in the New York Dolls, Dictators sort of look. MC5.

Tim: More Small Faces than any of them, I think.

Dougie: I've gotten to the point now where I couldn't care less about who we play with. We've been taken in by the hardcore scene, they've put us on, they've come to our gigs, they've put out our records, and we're a million miles away from being a hardcore band. But that's where we get most of our support. They're the people who ring us up to play. It's the hardcore scene that's totally gotten behind us. We're their guilty little secret. The pop band they're allowed to like!

Tim: The local people who are always calling us are the people from Look Back and Laugh,

Skin Like Iron, Nightstick Justice, it's the hardcore people who are always calling us up. I think there's a degree of osmosis or whatever that's happening in town, where hardcore kids are starting to be like, "I like this stuff." And they're picking up on power pop stuff and listening to The Outcasts or Rudi and all these bands that no one ever mentioned over here. And that's actually what our influences were.

We don't sound like them but there's an element of that in us.

MRR: If you could play like them you would.

Tim: Yeah, but also because we have Jason.

Dougie: Jason doing his little Sonic Youth things.

Tim: We all write together, but Jason has a certain way of writing guitar stuff that ends up sounding the way we sound, because it's not straight three-chord stuff.

Dougie: Jason will come in and he'll play a song that sounds like Pavement or My Bloody Valentine or the Wedding Present, and we'll go, "Yeah that's good, I like that," and then Tim will stick his riff over it and in 30 seconds it's a punk song. It still has that underlying element.

Tim: Abrasive Wheels meets Pavement.

Dougie: It seems like a lot of the hardcore kids are starting to wise up to a lot of good music though.

Tim: I think what's surprising is that, when you turn up and play, a lot of kids just haven't been to a gig where bands are playing something different. And whenever we play hardcore gigs, kids will come up and go, "Fuck, that was great," just because they've never been out at anything else.

MRR: Do you think the stuff that's come out of the practicalities of being in bands at your ages and with your responsibilities, such as not playing loads of gigs, and not writing loads of songs and putting out loads of records—does that inadvertently create a myth around the band, or a sense of mystery, as opposed to bands that are playing every week that you can go see and find out what they're like? 'Cause there was a certain feeling going around, when the Art of the Underground single came out, like "Young Offenders, they're the new hype band from San Francisco." That came from nowhere, it wasn't as if you'd actually done anything to try and hype it up, but people can jump to this conclusion that it was this hype thing.

Dougie: It was really just us not doing much because we're old.

Tim: I dunno. We're not really involved enough to know. We're not really out there enough.

Dougie: We didn't even know there was a hype.

Tim: The fact that we put out a record that was super limited was nothing to do with wanting it to be super limited, they just wanted to do it. It was songs that we'd already had on our demo, so we'd already done them. So we put out songs that were already out there. We re-recorded them, but we'd already done them. So to us they were extra. It felt like a cheat if we were putting them out in a big press or whatever. And we just didn't believe that more than 250 people wanted them. We didn't. But people love all that shit. People are more interested in the single that's limited than the single that's not limited. Even though the single that's not limited has four songs that are better than the two on the limited single, they want something they can't get.

MRR: I don't know if I'd agree with that. "Trewlawny's Army" is your best song.

Dougie: But we're sick of that song.

MRR: Maybe, but that's what happens to bands. I know you're sick of it. It doesn't matter, I'm not going to argue, it's subjective.

Tim: But I don't believe people wanted the single because they thought it was the best song, I think they wanted it because they thought they couldn't get it.

Dougie: That's the scene that we're involved in.

Tim: I really didn't think of it like that. When we put that record out, we just were happy to get it out. I had no idea that it would be an issue.

Dougie: I've been in a few bands but I've never had a record, so I was just excited that a label actually approached us and said "We'll press up 250 copies of your record." Well, cool, we'll have a record out. And in my mind that was my first and last chance to have something that I had a part in writing down on vinyl.

Tim: And that was our feeling at the time too, that we were still sort of living on borrowed time. Everything we did had to be done quickly, 'cause in theory it could all end. So at the time we just thought, "Let's get it out, let's do it now, because we probably won't be going next year." We just thought, when we started, if we can get a band together and just start practicing, we'll be happy. And then if we can have a recording that we'll keep to remember it by, and do one gig, we'll be happy.

Dougie: I remember we said, if we can just do one gig at the Parkside, we could quit and be happy.

Tim: And then later on it was like, if we could do one record, we'd be happy. And then we did that, and we'd have been happy with it. But then we did the Parts Unknown single.

Dougie. That's two records we've done, and we've played all our favorite venues in San Francisco.

MRR: You played Gilman.

Tim: Once.

Dougie: And never again.

MRR [to Dougie]: Young Offenders only played Gilman because you wanted to!

Tim: No, no, no, we played Gilman 'cause Jason wanted to.

Dougie: We played Gilman because my 17-year-old self would have jumped in that time machine, come up to 2007, and kicked me in the balls if I hadn't played Gilman. Because Gilman was the myth, back in England and Ireland, it was the epicenter of punk rock. And we saw all the pictures and read about the punk shows at Gilman and thought, "Fuck, this is amazing, this is the mecca." The idea of Gilman to me was you'd go in there and everybody's smiling and they'd say, "Oh, you're from another country? You can stay with us," and everybody's all friendly and it's a big collective spirit. And then you get there and it's a bunch of jaded fifteen-year-olds. Only in San Francisco and the Bay Area do you get jaded fifteen-year-olds.

Tim: But yeah, we got to play Gilman and we got to do a few bits and pieces, but we're not trying to hype ourselves up. Our thing is still, we don't want to play too often, 'cause we just haven't got the energy. And I just don't want to do it. Mostly, we now do gigs that are with bands that we want to see, so that me and Pete

YOUNG OFFENDERS

can go out and see the bands. We went to Texas just to see the bands that we went to Texas to play with. We didn't go to necessarily go and do a tour, we went cause we wanted to see the Marked Men. So Timmy Hefner sorted it out. And that's kind of how we do shows now, we only do them with bands we want to see.

MRR: There's kind of a luxury involved there. Why do you think that you're able to do that, to basically pick and choose when you do gigs, when there could be a band down the street just now who could be like, "We only want to play with the Marked Men," but no one's ever going to ask them to play with the Marked Men.

Tim: Part of it is just if you've been around for a long time, you know people who can help you out. That's part of the deal, part of how the scene goes. There're hundreds of bands way better than us. The reason we can choose, often times, to do stuff is just because we know a lot of people from being around.

Dougie: The thing is we get offered a hundred gigs a year. And we choose to only play ten of them. We can whittle all those shows down to the ten we want to play, with good bands. It's not that we pick and choose, it's that we refuse to play a lot of shows.

Tim: It's just that we turn down the gigs that we just don't really want to do. And invariably we play first or second or whatever.

Dougie: We'd rather play first. Get stuck into the beer quicker.

Tim: Because we know a lot of the people who are putting the gigs on or whatever. They work at *Maximumrocknroll* with Dougie and me, or we've known them from when we lived back home or that. Usually your friends want to put you on so you end up playing with your friends' bands or whatever, you know? I think from being around a while you sort of know people. It's not from any kind of hype.

Dougie: It's not as if we're sitting around waiting for the best bands to come around and then asking "Can we play with this band?" We like playing with Skin Like Iron, we loved playing with Giant Haystacks, and they're not massive bands. Marked Men aren't even that big, fuck.

Tim: It's usually just bands we really like. Or we'll do gigs at venues we really like, or gigs that are put on by people we really like. So if friends of ours want us to play, we're more likely to do it. We don't play for the sake of playing, that's for sure. We haven't got the energy and the time to be hauling all our shit around.

Dougie: The best nights usually are on a Friday or Saturday night in some dingy basement, all-ages venue where you can have a beer if you want, with a couple of bands you really like.

MRR: Well, on the subject of drinking. I've seen you guys play a lot, probably every gig you've played in the Bay Area but one.

Dougie: Where were you for that one?

MRR: On tour probably. Anyway, I've seen you in varying stages of sobriety and intoxication. I'm not saying one's better that the other, I'm just wondering—because, for me personally, I couldn't play drunk.

Tim: Nor can he!

MRR: Is there a happy medium? Is it hard for you to play sober? Would you have a hard time playing sober?

Dougie: The happy medium for me is three drinks. Anything after three drinks and I'm in big trouble.

Tim: We did a gig with Fucked Up last year and Dougie had been drinking all day, and we were shite.

Dougie: After three drinks my memory just goes.

Tim: We're usually all right, even after a few drinks.

Dougie: That's the first and last show I've played really drunk.

Tim: There's only one that we've really fucked up from being drunk. We usually have a few beers but nothing, you know, that's why we like to play early. We can go down, have a couple of beers, play, get it over with, and then enjoy the night.

Dougie: We do like to get drunk afterwards.

Tim: We do like to have a couple of beers but we don't like to overcook it.

Dougie: And when I say I've got a three-drink limit, it's three lite beers.

Tim: The problem with him is, when he's hammered, he thinks he's just rocking it.

Dougie: That's the thing, if I'm drunk and you look over at me, I'm not even playing. I'm just looking at my bass.

Tim: But at the end I was like, "Mate, you were all over the place," and you said, "I was fine!"

Dougie: I was lying! That's what you do when you're drunk, you come home and your wife says "You're drunk," and you say "I'm not drunk," but you're pissing in the corner.

Tim: To be honest, we don't usually get drunk when we play.

Dougie: After the Fucked Up show, I've given Tim money. I've said, "There's $50 or $100, if I get fucked up you can keep that."

Tim: That's why we don't play these big long all-dayers where you have to wait around, we'd just drink all day. We just like to have a good night out.

MRR: Some bands are better when they're plastered. It lends itself to certain kinds of music more than others.

Tim: We're definitely not better. We don't practice enough or play out enough for us to be able to just blow it out.

Dougie: The weird thing is as well, when I was drunk, the songs I fucked up most and couldn't remember were the ones I wrote! I couldn't remember a single lick of this fuckin' song! I play better on Vicodin though!

MRR: I can't do painkillers.

Dougie: You should just stick to the coke and speed then.

MRR: Aye, no needles though. Unless it's the band Needles.

Tim: Who we love.

MRR: Aye, we love the band Needles. You were saying you got a MySpace message asking if you were skinheads. And you are all bald.

Tim: Apart from Pete.

MRR: Which came first, the shaved heads or the bald heads? Were you shaving your heads before you went bald?

Dougie: That's a probing question, Allan.

Tim: Before I was going bald I had a mohican. But I've been going bald for a long time. I started shaving my head when I was 21.

Dougie: I had flowing locks like a viking. I had long hair and I shaved it off.

Tim: We're definitely not skinheads. I mean, Jason is particularly not a skinhead. Me and Dougie are not shy of a bit of reggae, rocksteady, bit of soul; we've got a toe in the skinhead scene, but we're not skinheads.

Dougie: When I moved over here, I was still rocking the skinhead thing, the boots and braces.

Tim: Yeah, and I've done it in the past, but that's the classic thing—ex-punk rockers that are going bald, what else are you gonna do? But we've always had a soft spot for a bit of soul and all that stuff, but we're definitely not a skinhead band.

MRR: Are you Nazis?

Tim: That is a tough one innit? What *exactly* do you mean by that, that's the thing?

MRR: Well, over the history of punk there's always been kind of a flirtation with Nazi

imagery.

Dougie: Are you trying to ask me if I iron my socks? 'Cause I do. If that makes me a Nazi, then I'm a sieg heiler all the way.

MRR: You're definitely a Nazi then. I think it does. But there's something to the whole thing of cultivating a mystique, like, "We might be skinheads, we might be right-wingers, we might be Nazis," or whatever, and I don't necessarily see it coming from your band, but obviously from the Pistols with the swastikas, and Joy Division.

Dougie: Siouxsie and the Banshees.

MRR: And with this music that we're into, even bands that didn't have that per se, I remember when I was a kid and I was first getting into American hardcore, and there was the Black Flag song "White Minority."

Dougie: Minor Threat as well.

MRR: "Guilty of Being White." And I'm thinking, "I like this music, but are these bands racists?" Every time you see pictures, I wasn't really aware of Bad Brains at that point, everyone you saw was white, all these white kids, and these lyrics, and when you analyze the lyrics of a song like "White Minority," it's obviously anti-racist if it's anything, but when you're young and impressionable, I wasn't sure about it.

Dougie: When I first got into Dead Kennedys I thought they were a nasty, nasty band.

MRR: "Nazi Punks Fuck Off" didn't tip you off?

Dougie: I got a tape when I was ten or eleven from my cousin who was a skinhead. Angelic Upstarts and Dead Kennedys. "Nazi Punks Fuck Off" wasn't on it, of course. But I thought the songs were so nasty and so mean. I loved it, but so mean. I thought, "These bands are dangerous!" And Nazis, for some reason.

MRR: Even Stiff Little Fingers, I remember, without being able to read the lyrics, just having a tape that someone made me. I've still got the tape, it's so fuzzy. I'm lucky I could make out the words.

Dougie: "Fly The Flag."

MRR: "Fly The Flag," "White Noise"—I'm like, are these bands racist? Am I getting myself into something pretty horrible here?

Dougie: We were victims of the whole media thing back in the day. The media just totally demonized punk. All punk was bad, all punk was right-wing. It didn't help when I was that age going downtown and seeing all the boneheads, standing down the street corner playing the Dead Kennedys.

Tim: The people I got into punk through were so into Crass and Conflict and they were so extreme in their political views that it never crossed my mind. To be honest, it's more in the later years that people sort of dabble in Nazi imagery. When I was younger, it never happened. See, for me, because I really like reggae and I really like soul, that's always what, to me, what skinheads are.

MRR: Well, obviously if you know anything about that scene you know that...

Tim: And for us, the fact that we've got three bald blokes in the band is the only thing. We don't use any of that sort of imagery. One bloke did ask if we were skinheads but—

Dougie: The fact you're wearing a v-neck sweater and combat boots, Tim, doesn't really help us does it?

MRR: Or that Young Offenders t-shirt.

Tim: That's true, admittedly, one of our t-shirts does look a little questionable.

Dougie: Is that the one with the Greek writing?

Tim: Yeah. But going back to what you said, there's something quite arresting about the Nazi imagery. You know, you look at bands like Fucked Up or Never Healed.

Dougie: It's stark, it's bold, it's very uniform.

Tim: It's kind of weird, dubious.

MRR: And Fucked Up, I don't know if they actively encouraged it exactly, but I think they benefit in some ways from the secrecy and the myth-making around them, that sort of like, "are they Nazis?" and that.

Tim: Well, the only reason you brought it up is because one of our t-shirts has that imagery, but it wasn't intentional. It wasn't intentional to be this obscure band wrapped in myth, with all this Nazi imagery.

MRR: "Ooh, it's a bit spooky...are they? Aren't they? Is it dodgy?"

Tim: But there's nothing about us that points to that. The fact that we don't play very often and we've got a t-shirt that's got Cyrillic writing on it, I don't think...

Dougie: Plus you've got an Amebix tattoo.

Tim: I have got an Amebix tattoo.

Dougie: And I've got my anarcho-syndicalist tattoos.

Tim: Politically we're actually pretty extreme left wing.

MRR: As people or as a band?

Tim: As people.

MRR: Yeah, I don't pick up on any politics in your music particularly.

Tim: We're not apolitical as a band, we just don't sing about politics.

Dougie: We'll sing about politics as it arises, but we don't feel forced, because we're in this scene, to write a political song to validate us as a left-wing band.

Tim: If someone asks us, we're definitely a left-wing band. But we don't sing about politics. I don't think we need to. I grew up on bands that sang about politics.

MRR: It's a bit boring, innit? It's hard to write about politics in a way that reamins intersting.

Tim: It's difficult. And singing about politics, it's complicated and there's a lot more to it than just spouting off a few lines. If people want to talk to us about politics we'll talk to 'em about it. But we're definitely not a political band by any means. But individually, we'd all be seen as being pretty extreme left wing.

Dougie: Are you interviewing the Young Offenders or Warkrime, Allan?

Tim: Two of our new songs have got a touch of

politics in them.

Dougie: Well "Situations" (from the EP on Parts Unknown) is about media manipulation of the war. That's about Bush pumping himself into people's living rooms. I think what we like to write about most is the small person, the little guy.

Tim: When you get older and you get down to it, it's easy to be idealistic when you're young, but really a lot of our stuff is just about the realities of life.

Dougie: We do have two war songs though. But they're not taking a political stance. One's about a retreating army. Just the stark reality of getting defeated and going back home. And we had a song about being stuck in a frigging trench.

Tim: But we have as many songs about work and depression, the things you just have to deal with. As a band we don't have an agenda, we just don't.

Dougie: We didn't start the band to exorcise our anger, or our frustrations with life.

Tim: A lot of our songs, the meanings behind them are very personal, and we're not necessarily going to give explanations of what they mean. But they mean a lot when we sing them, and they all mean something, but in terms of it being a political stance, I don't think we have one. But we're not frightened of having one.

Dougie: We will end up writing a political song, but we're not going to be forced into it. A lot of bands, even bands I like, it's like a Nuremberg Rally, it's like you're listening to frigging Hitler spewing his propaganda. The left wing is guilty of that as well. They're spewing a whole frigging left-wing mantra.

Tim: I've spent twenty years listening to bands preaching.

Dougie: The same old bullshit, "War's bad"—we know war's bad. "Capitalism sucks," fuck's sake give us a break, we know! Challenge us. Tell us something different. Or tell us how to friggin' solve it. If I'm going to listen to politics I'm going to listen to Chomsky, or read Chomsky or Howard Zinn. I'm not going to listen to some Dis band from Finland singing about them.

MRR: They got their ideas from reading Chomsky or Zinn anyway.

Dougie: You know who my favorite lyricist is by the way? Ray Davies from the Kinks. Or is it Steve Davis that's my favorite snooker player?

MRR: He is interesting, Steve Davis. To wrap things up, what's coming up in the future for the Young Offenders?

Dougie: We've actually got this split 12" with a band called Giant Haystacks. They've split up now but they were a very influential band in San Francisco.

Tim: They were, and we felt sorry for them, and we said "We'll do a record with you." But now we sort of regret it, but we can't get out of it. We're doing it with friends of ours, friends of ours are putting it out, it's a big friend release.

Dougie: And it's only going to be friends that buy it!

MRR: "We're pressing seven."

Tim: And then we're doing a single with somebody, but we don't know who yet.

Dougie: Did you tell him we have to re-record again?

Tim: Oh yeah, that's a story. We went and recorded for the new stuff, and then someone broke into the studio, and they stole the computer and the master tapes from our recording, so we have to go in and re-record. And for a band that can never fucking do anything, that's brutal.

Dougie: We can't even get to the practice space that's only ten blocks away.

Holidays in the sun. Photo by Jon Lancaric. L-R: Brooksy, Jase, The Ox, Dougie.

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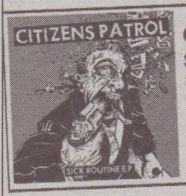

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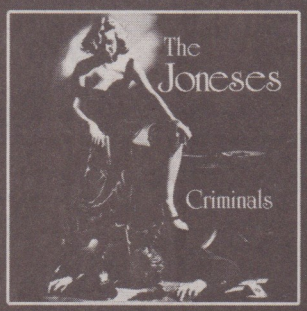

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BLACK RAINBOW

Black Rainbow is a group of friends from San Francisco that started playing music a little less than a year ago. You might catch them playing in parks, busses, or art spaces downtown that sound fucking insane. Since their inception they have been playing (jumping on) shit tons of local shows. Intro lovingly written by Mason Punx. Interview done by Matt Birdflu at Taco Loco on 03/06/08 and transcribed by Swamprat. Photos by Heather Renee Russ

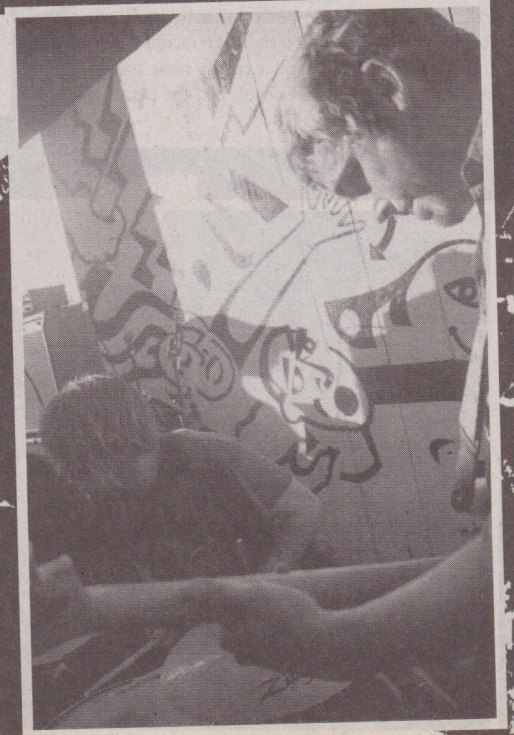
MRR: Who's in the band?
Ivy: Well, there's old Morgie, Mr. Eric Lyle, Scoop!, Ivy.
MRR: History, previous bands?
Scoop: Umm, backup band for Fidel Cashflow, Miami's number one.
Morgan: EJ and the boyz.
Eric: That's with a z.
MRR: You guys haven't been in any bands before have you?
Eric: Shit man, this is our first band!
Morgan: We played the Burlingame Rec Center last week, battle of the bands; we lost!
Scoop: Bumble hole!
Eric: I was in Anal Pour and Yolitha.
Morgan: I was in God's Dick!
Ivy: We've actually gone Christian recently.
MRR: What are your influences, music or otherwise?
Ivy: Our influences are definitely Jesus Christ.
Scoop: Influences? The speed-dealer gas pumper at the New Jersey turnpike who got the shit beaten out of him by Eric.
Ivy: And he poured gasoline all over our car.
Scoop: All over Joaquin's car.
Eric: Yeah, 'cause we don't own anything.
Scoop: Joaquin, the boyfriend of the singer of the Haunted Taints.
Eric: Joaquin is our number one influence. Our influences are Curtis Mayfield and Josh Mayfield.
MRR: Eric, are you ever going to get your own shit?
Eric: No, because property is theft. In Black Rainbow we believe in a radical concept called forced sharing. Can you explain how forced sharing has formed and developed the plan for our first tour?

MRR: Yeah, tell us about tour!
Scoop: Well, brother Eric, I believe you should break out the five-year plan of forced sharing.
Morgan: Forced sharing is a very abstract concept. Its very in-depth and, you know.
Ivy: Basically it goes like this; you have something I want—I take it!
MRR: What's the difference between forced sharing and, say, theft?
Scoop: Well, Black Rainbow doesn't steal.
Ivy: The difference is, besides forced sharing-taking, there's also forced sharing-giving! Please take this beer now! You must! Sharing isn't stealing.
Morgan: See there? It's a good thing!
MRR: What other projects are you involved in outside of the scene?
Eric: Morgan's a corrections officer!
Ivy: Morgan arrested me once.
Eric: Garritt's a boat captain.
Scoop: Fulfilling the fuckin Italian destiny, throwin' dough for a living, livin' the dream.
Eric: I have this really cool job, I've been painting the Golden Gate Bridge for years, and we're always painting it.
Ivy: I sell pills at Bodecker Park in the Tenderloin, if you guys ever need any like dilaudid, adderall, Bodecker Park, Jones Street.
Morgan: I've been successfully, unsuccessfully stealing luggage for my friends for the past month!
Scoop: Shut the fuck up, man!
Eric: That is also a form of forced sharing. That brings up a funny question, though—what does it mean to be "outside of the scene," 'cause that sounds really lonely.
Morgan: Sounds like my house every night. Fuck!
MRR: Ever been in *MRR* before?
Eric: Morgan is the embodiment of *Maximum Rock nroll*. It's gonna be Morgan Rocknroll next time. This is the first time I've been in *MRR* that I have not been interviewed at Hunt's Donuts.
Morgan: This is my first time not bein' interviewed in the fuckin' Gilman bathroom!
Eric: Hunt's Donuts is with us, tonight we are interviewed with ghosts.
Ivy: Johnny Thunders being one of them.
MRR: Can we talk about channeling? Did channeling Johnny Thunders or anyone else help you on tour?
Scoop: Well, we went to New Orleans and to the hotel that Johnny Thunders died in and we had a little tape player and were listening to some Johnny Thunders, some weird live set, like LA in 1990.
Ivy: One of his last records.
Scoop: And it was really sad.
Ivy: He was really funny though. I have to admit. He was a sarcastic motherfucker.
Scoop: And we were listening to it, and we drank like four or five Milwaukee's Bests on the front steps of his hotel that he died in, and ten minutes later—naw, fuck that, not even ten, maybe like three to four—we almost got the shit beaten out of us by these ruthless, bloodthirsty…who the hell were those people?
Morgan: They were clones of Johnny Ramone.
Ivy: It was basically a very sad couple, we were walking with our friend and we overheard some pretty sexist shit and she got up in his face and we pretty much were convinced that it was the spirit of Johnny Thunders following us and trying to give us some trouble. But, then we got to the show…
Scoop: About 20 minutes later I broke Anus's amp!
Ivy: Well, it wasn't Scoop that broke it—it was really Johnny Thunders.
Scoop: Johnny Thunders broke Anus's amp!
Eric: Why would Johnny Thunder's ghost try

to do us harm? Did you guys do something wrong when you went there?
Ivy: We might've.
Morgan: The ghost of futures past. Things went bad later.
Ivy: He just wanted to be left alone.
MRR: You guys make Black Rainbow tour sound like way more of a bloodbath than I thought. Any other strife that should be documented?
Eric: Well there are no baths in this band, so maybe that's what you were imagining.
Morgan: I got duct-taped into one piece, in a van on the way to Gainesville.
Scoop: Didn't you get the world record for being called "fag" eight times in like three minutes in Gainesville?
Morgan: Twice in five minutes!
Eric: But he was duct-taped by his own band.
Ivy: That's right! I dropped that motherfucker! He deserved it. There was a lot of forced sharing, a lot of crusties—we have a huge crusty following, #1 psycho fans—and spontaneous moshing.
MRR The hazards of Black Rainbow tour…
Scoop: Our biggest fan is a schoolteacher in…Providence? He makes his students listen to Void every Monday morning.
Morgan: He's gonna read this and get even more stoked.
Ivy: We have four #1 psycho fans, all really angry lonely dudes.
Eric: Forced sharing is also about sharing our time, and the Black Rainbow family extended to where people were following us from town to town and we were spreading the word and we're gonna go out next July and we'd like

to invite everybody to come and share their time with us.
Scoop: Close their minds?
Ivy: This is a gay militant death cult. It's true. Black Rainbow.
Eric: From the 1970s.
MRR: That's where your name came from?
Ivy: Gay militant death cult?
Eric: I see a rainbow and I wanna paint it black.
MRR: So, you're going on tour again?
Morgan: Done and done.
Eric: Morgan is on tour right now.
MRR: You're going out again in July, with Johnny Thunder's ghost. You're going to Brooklyn and Chattanooga and that's it?
Scoop: And Emeryville.
Eric: Wherever there's a guitar we can borrow.
Morgan: Maybe Birmingham.
Ivy: Tomorrow, we're going to Fremont.
Ivy: Speaking of #1 psycho fans, for years me and Michael Stipe have had this thing—he's been stalking me for about ten years. You know, we played in Athens, a great show with the Hidden Spots and the Horrible Odds, and the night before we left town, we stopped at the health food store—and who would have to be there in line, but Michael Stipe. So I said, "So, we meet

again, Michael." The first time I met him, I was wearing a red cape and he said, "I like your cape but you're ruining my night!" He keeps ruining my years!! He just won't leave me alone! Orange Crush? Fuck Orange Crush, red cape!
MRR: Let it be known. What about Scoop's car accidents? Can you tell us a little about that?
Scoop: I don't wanna talk about that! It sucked, I almost died!
Ivy: Can we talk about our first awesome bass player, Heather right here?
Eric: Who's about to become our controversial manager.
Heather: My name is Yoko, Oh no!
Eric: Heather tells us what to wear and writes our songs for us.
Heather: I basically cause conflict in this band.
Eric: She gives me like a dollar a day to eat on.
Heather: If he's good.
Eric: Was I good, Heather? Was I good today?
Ivy: She left us to go to law school, but she'll be representin' us.
MRR: Literally.
Heather: You can basically accredit every success this band has to their first bass player Heather,
Eric: We're trying to take this forced sharing concept all the way to the Supreme Court. When Stipe sues us, she will defend us. We're gonna need a lawyer who's pro-bono, or pro-Stipe or whatever you call it, we're gonna need that.
Eric: I wanna ask, we came out here from Miami, what did you guys think of Miami?
Scoop: EJ was cool. EJ ruled.
Morgan: What's that free metro system called?
Eric: Metro Mover.



Scoop: Cuban sandwiches were delicious.
Ivy: Café Cubano, drinkin'—the Cubanos.
Scoop: Tax-free packs of Broncos.
Ivy: Sounds like you like Miami.
MRR: Is there a preferred alcohol to drink when you're in Miami?
Ivy: Fortified wine.
Scoop: Milwaukee's Best.
Morgan: EJ's best.
Ivy: There were two last shows of the tour, I prefer to nix the Churchill's show, but really our last show was at Bicentennial Park in Miami, on the water. It was a generator show, all the awesome punks in Miami threw us a picnic/punk rock show with a generator, and right at sunset, right when we were finishing our set, there was a huge cruise ship that sailed across the bay and we were like "That's our mobile TAZ, let's take it!"
Eric: At sunset, while fishermen were casting their lines.
Ivy: Shout out to the Firefly, we love you guys.
Scoop: Shaquille O'Neal was slam-dunking as we played, right across the street. What were the names of those fucking birds that were with the squirrels that attacked us in Key West? Those cigarette-butt-eating man-birds?
Morgan: Let it be known, Scoop hates nature.
Scoop: Yes, let it be known. Remember the fucking bugs in Key West? Those scabie-squitos.
Eric: Flying ten-foot scabies!
Ivy: We're actually gonna change our band name to Flying Scabies.
MRR: What about home? You guys talked a lot about tour, what about San Francisco?
Ivy: We love it here.
Eric: I hate the shit, I love the shit.
Ivy: Thrillhouse Records is basically our home away from home, and Scoop's home—well, former home.
Scoop: I don't live there anymore. I still piss in 40 bottles in that room though.
Eric: Home is where the pee-bottle is.
Morgan: 75-cent Dim Sum on Clement Street, that's all I gotta say.
Eric: San Francisco is the capital of forced sharing, actually.
Scoop: It should be known, though, that the water bill at Thrillhouse is paid by the recycling from people drinking at shows, and you get three times more recycling for aluminum cans, and half the people drink glass bottles, people always drink 40s, so if you ever go to Thrillhouse and you wanna help out but you don't wanna give us any money, drink cans, like, buy 12-packs and drink cans cause we can get like $100 from the cans, but we usually only get $20 for the cans and $5 from all the bottles, so it's worth it.
Eric: Garritt learned this in his other band, Shotwell.
MRR: Okay, next question is 300th issue of *MRR*, Bay Area, last ten years in the Mission Street Wars, discuss.
Eric: That's like a fuckin' haiku, man.
Ivy: See the fires that they set, street war! Takin' over this town, street war!
Eric: Shit, man, these kids try to make a game out of street wars. We're gonna see that Big Lots in flames, with Phil Collins and La Plebe running out of it.
Scoop: Big Lots is rad! You can get, like, 800 rolls of toilet paper for $5 at Big Lots—don't burn it! There's the Bay Arms down the street, you can burn that.
Ivy: There ya go. Career Link, you can burn that.
Eric: Take out all that stupid shit he said about how cool Big Lots is. Garritt likes to work within the system.
Scoop: Matt Gonzales cost John McCain the election. Let that be known.
Eric: That asshole! Goddammit!... Plays bass in a rock band.
Ivy: What else did we find out about each other on tour? You guys like baseball, you didn't know that.
Eric: Oh yeah I didn't know Garritt liked baseball so much.
Garritt: I learned about our future Doc Ellis-themed double-LP.
Eric: I could close my eyes and find any of these people by smell, from now until the end of my life.
Ivy: I wanna thank Heather Lacey for the deep fried pickles, and the awesome roadie, Greg Harvester, and the black cloud that followed us from New York to Chattanooga.
Scoop: Otter Spice, by the way.
Ivy: Anna Banana.
Scoop: Boil Ben's balls in Otter Spice.
MRR: Eric and Ivy, how long have you guys been friends?
Ivy: 17 goddamn years.
Morgan: I've known Eric and Ivy for about ten years one way or another.
Ivy: I've known this jackass [Scoop] for about three years.
Scoop: I've known you guys for about three years.
Ivy: I met Morgan when he was in Junior High School.
Heather: He looks the same!
Ivy: Now he's got a lot of facial hair.
Eric: Hopefully, well into the future, 17 more years. Oh wait, never mind, that's past 2012, four more years. We're gonna take this shit right up to 2012.
Ivy: Meredith Gaydosh will be the roadie for this tour.
MRR: Any comparison to old bands?
Scoop: What's the comparison to Miami?
Eric: Well, with Miami, we have the same singer and guitar player. This band has only played indoors but Miami only played outdoors.
Heather: You guys played outdoors! I heard about that shit, you're a liar!
Morgan: Oh yeah, that's right, a bunch of times.
Eric: Oh yeah, we just talked about Bicentennial Park.
Ivy: And we played in Clarion Alley.
Heather: Half the shows I played with you guys were outdoors. I'm just here to verify the information that Eric says.
Eric: Well, Miami was an acronym for the Music of Ivy, Aesop, Matty, and Iggy. Black Rainbow is also an acronym for...uhh...
Scoop: Lonely Pets? I dunno.
Eric: There is no comparison to Miami.
Ivy: We all have pets, little doggies. They're all cute and plastic.
Eric: Tulsa's named after a city in Oklahoma and Miami is also a city in Oklahoma.
Scoop: Black Rainbow's a city in Chattanooga.
Eric: And Otter Spice is an invisible republic in the future we will all inhabit, where forced sharing will reign.
MRR: What are your song lyrics about?
Ivy: They're about hope, that's it—the sweetness of life, Johnny Thunders' ghost...
MRR: Anything else?
Ivy: We've got records coming out, hopefully.
Eric: If this shit ain't on the cover, man, I'm gonna cancel my subscription.

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL INTERVIEW WITH TANKCRIMES RECORDS

Tankcrimes Records has been operating in the Bay Area for over five years releasing almost exclusively local bands—from hardcore to grind to thrash, many different sounds but all seemingly falling under the banner of punk. Having such a broad focus means that Tankcrimes may not be they type of label where every release is a "must have" for all, but here in the bay all these bands are well known and steady players in our diverse scene. Tankcrimes always seems to go a bit above and beyond in packaging and detail and on top of all their local support, has been active in booking many touring and international bands. Tankcrimes headquarters has served almost as a hostel for touring bands over the years. Tankcrimes main dude Scotty Heath (Scotty Karate, Scottyroo) on top of running the label plays drums in Deadfall and Voetsek and spends time on the road as merch-dog for Municipal Waste. With a little nudge from the big bosses over at *Maximum Rocknroll* I hooked up with Scotty in his garage in Oakland to discuss his label.

Interview by Steve Manaici

MRR: Hi Scotty, where would you like to begin?

Hi and thanks. I guess I'd like to cover the history of the label and how things got started over here.

Tankcrimes as we know it today did not begin as my label, nor did I at the time have any intentions of starting a label. In 2001 I bought a drum kit and started a band called Deadfall with three of my best friends. We wrote some songs and began playing shows. Prior to this I was never really involved in any "scene"—I was always just an attendant at a show, not really trying to meet anyone or be involved, just watch bands. Once I was in a band myself it was entirely new and exciting. We were meeting other bands and talking to lots of people at the shows and right around this time Burnt Ramen opened its doors in Richmond (outer Bay Area). Suddenly we had a scene and I was involved. After a show at Burnt Ramen in 2002, Deadfall was approached by this killer dude named Bob. He wanted to release a 7" on his new label Controlled By Plague. Great. We recorded soon after at Burnt Ramen (which is a recording studio as well as a venue) and our first record went into production. Bob then informed us he was taking off for the summer to hop trains and see the country but that he would have all the records shipped to us. See, Bob's idea of his label was to simply manufacture the records and give them all to us, and he did. So there we were, a new punk band with a record out and 1100 of them sitting in my room. So I asked around for a bit of advise and there it began. Our new scene was now getting attention from *MRR* and the international punk community, which helped me move all those records out of my room and into people's collections in about six months. I mostly traded them to other labels six to ten copies at a time. I started a box distro at shows and made a bunch of contacts around the globe and I was really enjoying it. I made plans for my second release, an EP from Case of Emergency, and I decided to keep the Controlled By Plague moniker in tribute to Bob and his generosity. At that time I teamed up with a friend from the scene who was good buds with Bob and he helped with some of the costs of the second release and a repress of the Deadfall EP. We made plans for our third and fourth releases, an EP from Funeral Shock and album from John the Baker and the Malnourished. I couldn't believe it was already going so well and now I was working with punks who were celebrities in my eyes (members of Dystopia, Spazz, and Capitalist Casualties). Right before the release of the Funeral Shock EP my partner had begun using hard drugs and stiffed me on the bill and most of the distro ended up in the dollar bin up at Amoeba (local record store). Before I could even cry about it they guys in Deadfall and Negative Tom from Case of Emergency stepped up and helped me pay to keep things rolling with the label.

Awesome. I then took my time, built the distro back up, and changed the name of the label to Tankcrimes. I had been saving the name for my next band but it worked great for the label. That's how it started and I'm currently working on my 24th release.

MRR: Was it always your plan to release only local bands and is that the plan for the future?

We have released a record by Direct Control, who is from Richmond, Virginia, so now your question is void but I do want to talk about it. I didn't have a plan to release only local bands, but I did and do only want to work with friends. I'm so impressed by my friends and they are very talented. There are so many labels out there and so much miscommunication exists between labels and bands—I just thought this way would be the most rewarding and also the least pain in the ass. As it turns out most of my friends live here in the Bay Area. I really like that I've seen all the bands play live many times and that they've all been over to my house, helped stuff records, and they call me to hang out and not just to talk shop. It's also not cheap to put out records, advertise, and such, so I like knowing my money is not helping out some asshole that happens to play guitar well. If he/she is an asshole at least they're an asshole that I like. So Tankcrimes will always be a label focused on the Bay Area scene because that's where I live, but the world gets smaller all the time and I travel a lot so don't be surprised by what comes out. I'm currently working on a record for King Generator (from NYC, RVA, and London) and also ANS (from Texas) as well as about 69 other things coming from the Bay Area.

MRR: How do you think it helps the local scene to have a label so involved with releasing its bands?

Honestly I think that labels hurt scenes as much as they help them. The best scene I was involved in was the Burnt Ramen scene during the first two years I was playing in bands and before anyone had a record out. There were all these new bands and we were all supportive by booking and going to each other's shows, wearing each other's buttons, patches, and t-shirts. Everyone was seemingly supportive and even though some bands obviously had better players than others, there wasn't much ego involved. Once the records started coming out and the bands began getting zine coverage, going on tours, and getting offers from the bigger punk labels, other bookers wanted the bands to play bigger shows, etc. Then the local scene suffers because some of the bands break up and others become "headliners" or tour so much they're not really local anymore or don't want to play a shitty local show. I watched an entirely new scene start that was influenced by the bands from the scene I was first involved in. It had that same feeling of camaraderie with the younger kids and once some of those bands started putting out records there were similar results.

That said I'm not slowing down with Tankcrimes at all. A label does help the scene in that it gets the music out there and helps others across the globe recognize that scene and support its bands. Those problems with support and ego are not exclusive to the punk scene; they are problems with the human race.

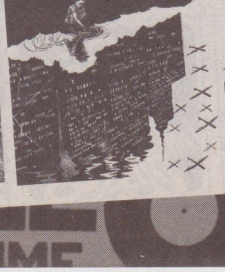
MRR: How much importance do you think there is to stay "DIY" and be involved in the "DIY scene" as a punk label?

I really don't like the term DIY. I feel it's been bastardized in that it's a shitty slogan for those who use poor quality to have a sense of empowerment. Also because it's a slogan it reminds me of all the social pressures there are in the punk scene that many want to pretend don't exist. The pressures to dress a certain way, listen to the right bands, be vegan, PC, or sketchy, get wasted, be straight edge, or wear clown shoes, etc. I will admit that I have fallen into these pressures in the past when I was younger and more self-conscious. I do believe that being punk and having an "alternative" lifestyle is in my eyes way cooler than going the ways of the mainstream but it can't be ignored that things are still very similar in many ways. So DIY kind of reminds me of this because to be punk you should be DIY, against "their" ways, and have your own thing. I prefer "do it better" because isn't that what we were supposed to be doing in the first place? Regardless it's what I want to be doing. Whether other punks agree or not that's the route Tankcrimes is going; do it better. Do it better than the corporate world and the guys next door and do it better than you did last time.

MRR: I thought you were supposed to be this super posi guy Scotty?

I am. I've got a smile on my face and a "can do" attitude. Don't mistake posi for naive. At 30 years old I guess I'm a middle-aged punk and in some smaller scenes I would be the old guy. I love being involved in punk and I've made so many friends and gone so many places. I've also made enemies and seen a lot of shit. I have only a few regrets and besides, Tankcrimes does not exist to save the world. Tankcrimes is here to release killer records.

MRR: Cool, yeah, lets talk about the records. Why did you choose to release such a variety of different sounds? Can you describe the different genres for those unfamiliar? Do you have a favorite



release or anything you wish you didn't put out?

To me, all the bands on Tankcrimes are punk bands. Other people, critics and such, have to put labels on everything so let me dissect it for you. We have our '80s style hardcore bands such as Strung Up, Funeral Shock, Deadfall, Second Opinion, Direct Control, and Nightstick Justice. I've released Peligro Social who plays melodic punk with vocals in Spanish to boot. Instant Asshole is our straightforward fast punk band. We've released the death/grind bands Population Reduction and Impaled. Our Thrash bands are Ghoul and Voetsek. Annihilation Time is our rock 'n' roll band. I'm sure I'm forgetting something but time will fill our roster with crust, reggae, hip hop, comedy, more hardcore, and metal. I am a fan of all types of music and there has never been any intention of limiting or diversifying the sound. It all happens very organically. As my friends get better at their instruments and song writing skills, they may choose a new sound to play and Tankcrimes will be here to support them.

I don't have a favorite release but I do think that Peligro Social and Annihilation Time will really stand the test of time and develop more fans as new generations of punks catch on. I also think Strung Up will have a place in the history of hardcore as one of the great bands of the early-2000s. One release that I am really proud of is our strangest and least popular, I Will Kill You Fucker – "Educated Guidance" EP. It's truly a unique record of music and comedy that is so cool and most people don't get it. I also spent about 69 hours screening, folding, and cutting the covers, posters, and stickers that compliment the packaging. We will hopefully do another record with "The Fountain of Genius" that is IWKYF.

MRR: You seem to really step it up on the packaging of your records by doing gatefolds, screen-printing covers, including posters or stickers, wacky colored vinyl, explain...

Not much to explain really. I think all that stuff is cool as shit and no band has ever turned down the offer to expand on their packaging. All the time that goes into writing and recording a great record should be complimented with a killer full package.

MRR: What else is new, what's going on at Tankcrimes?

I'm currently in the studio with Voetsek working on our new album titled *Infernal Command*. We just released Population Reduction's *Each Birth a New Disaster* album. I've got records in production now from King Generator, Nightstick Justice, Impaled, Ghoul, Funeral Shock, and a split between Mouth Sewn Shut and Instant Asshole. So I'm keeping busy, packing orders all day, going to the post office, drinking coffee, and trying to hit up as many shows as I can. I'm going to start releasing cassettes this year with stuff planned from Municipal Waste, Dystopia, and Annihilation Time. All is good. I love playing in my bands, releasing records, and traveling. I'm gonna keep doing all those things.

MRR: Thanks Scotty. Anything else you'd like to add?

Thanks to all the bands on the label and all the people who've got our records in their collections. Don't stop now. Cheers.

Photos by Cassie Harwood and Athena Kautsch
Layout by Mark Reategui

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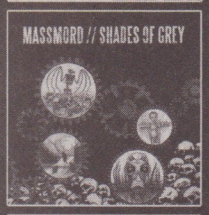

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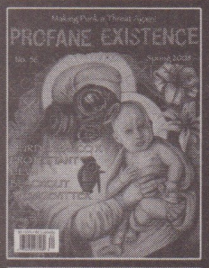

***Profane Existence* #56 + CD** Spring 2008 issue with HEVN, PROTESTANT, MURDER DISCO X, BLACKOUT, ATOMGEVITTER, WOLFBRIGADE, AVSKUM, MEANWHILE plus featured artist Amy Toxic, vegan recipes, prison section, columns, reviews, live photos & more. Full color cover, 84 pages & 79 minute compilation CD. $5 plus postage.

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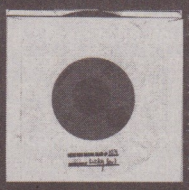

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CHURCH POLICE:

SLIME FOR WALLOWING BRAIN EATERS

Dave Blakeslee and Timothy Gallaher of Church Police were interviewed by Ry Wharton in March of 2008.

MRR: First off, could you give a bit of history about the band, for those who haven't read MRR #1?

Tim: Church Police formed out of an earlier band Dave, Bruce Gauld, and I were in called the Maroons. I met Bruce when we were at Diabolo Valley College in Pleasant Hill. He got a ride to a Dead Kennedys show with some friends of mine. He was the first person I met who was also in to the scene.

Dave: I first met Tim and Bruce when we were all enrolled in a creative writing class at Diabolo Valley College. I think that's mentioned in the *MRR* article where I got mocked for wearing red pants. I had bought a guitar a year or two before that and spent time figuring out how to play it in my bedroom. Bruce played keyboards and we got together so that he could help me learn a bit of music. That led to the Maroons, with Bruce on organ, me on guitar, a girl named Ba Powell on bass, and Tim on a real small and crummy drum kit. Tim knew Eric Lundmark through Bruce, I think. Bruce and Eric were from Concord, Tim and I were from Walnut Creek. That right there accounts for the creative tensions and irreconcilable differences within the band, a cultural rift which ultimately sealed our doom.

Tim: I met Dave through Bruce. Eventually we put a band together. I bought a drum set and became the drummer. Bruce played piano and had a farfisa organ. The organ sound drove the band and Bruce wrote goofy type songs with bouncy melodies and fun lyrics, like one song about Ed Babar, "the greatest salesman alive," as Bruce labeled him in the song. He owned furniture stores and always was on TV with his commercials. Another great Bruce song was "She Likes the Oatmeal" about Laurie Bailey, who played guitar in Animal Things, and how she liked oatmeal.

We played a show somehow at lunch period at a high school in Concord, California. We got into the first song and the kids went crazy. They began screaming and yelling and throwing their food at the stage. I was sitting there playing drums and those 8-oz milk cartons were flying by my head like in slow motion. The reason they went crazy was simply because of our looks and the whole idea of a punk rock band being there. We were doing the Peter Gunn theme so it certainly wasn't because of any radical music. It's hard to imagine now, but back in 1980, simply not having long hair on a guy was radical and threatening to a lot of people. Needless to say we were shut down after the first song. The kids were still all riled up, yelling and screaming, so I went to the front of the stage and picked up an apple slice from the stage. It was clean and pristine so I picked it up and held it up very clearly, all eyes on this, and slowly brought it to my mouth and took a bite. The audience went wild, screaming, "he ate it!" It was funny because it was all empty shock value. There was nothing wrong with the apple slice, it wasn't dirty and wasn't going to hurt me but I knew they'd freak out and they did. After the show met up with Mark Hosler, who later made Negativland, who was a senior at this high school and whom I'd known when, but not seen since, we both went to Bible study at the Presbyterian church in Walnut Creek.

We put on another show, Bruce and I, that was bigger and better. We called it Maybe Contra Costa after the *No New York* compilation. This was probably the first punk rock type show put on in the area. We were pretty young; I was 19, Bruce was 18. We got use of a hall at the Unitarian church in Walnut Creek. Bruce had an old station wagon and we went and rented a PA from a local music center.

After this show I said I wanted to start a band and call it Church Police and be the singer. Eric Lundmark said he'd be in the band and play drums. Eric was only 16 and still in high school. He lived in the same neighborhood as Bruce, so that's how they knew each other. Dave said he'd play guitar and Bruce bought a bass and was able to use his same amp and speaker he used for the organ. Eric played my drum set.

Dave: Tim and Eric got together one day and wrote a bunch of lyrics. I guess they get ultimate credit for starting the band. They chose the name "Church Police" which came from a Monty Python skit. Either that same day or the next, they came over to my dad's house in Walnut Creek where The Maroons would hang out and practice in the cellar, this dank little underground cavern that provided decent sound insulation. This was 1980 when there was no punk scene even imaginable in Contra Costa County suburbia. The sounds we were making were very alien to that environment at the time.

Tim and Eric showed me their lyrics so we went down into the cellar and I banged out some very elemental riffs on my guitar. Eric played the drums and Tim sang. Our first bass player was also named Dave; he was Eric's friend. I think the songs we created that day account for about 75% of the material that the Church Police ever performed. Songs like "The Oven Is My Friend," "Life Is Fun," "Robots," "Gourmet Cooking," "Rock and Roll Bank Account," "Holidays," and "Church Attack" were all pretty much the work of a fall afternoon. We added a few other songs later, but it was mostly one burst of creativity that set us in motion.

Tim: We started playing at Sound of Music, which still had a downstairs dressing room in the back that had lockers and wigs and dresses. They'd put on transvestite shows before they started booking punk bands. This was summer 1980. We were all under 20 still and not even old enough to legally be in the Sound of Music.

MRR: You made several recordings, but no records were released. What happened to the band?

Tim: We made a very early recording at Diablo Valley College. It had a number of songs, including "Robots," "Bag of Lumps," and "Jarhead." This was passed around among the scenesters, so people knew us from that. Back then, the Mabuhay put out a schedule on a flyer that also had the Rotten Top Ten which were the top ten punk or underground records played at KUSF. We made the top ten with "Bag of Lumps" from this tape. Back then it was not easy to put out a record, but tapes were made and played.

Dave: For that demo, our instruments were plugged directly into the mixing board—no amps. Only the drums were mic'ed. It made for a weird and unrepresentative sound, but that resulted in the tape that made its way to Bruce Loose and led to us having our short moment in the spotlight in the San Francisco punk scene circa 1981-'82.

There were a few shows that got recorded and also a few practices caught on cassette. If those tapes exist, Bruce would be the guy who has them.

Tim: Bruce Gauld did a lot of tape making and he did great dubs as well. He'd take our songs and dub them up. He was into dub at the time as one of his influences. Bruce Gauld and Bruce Loose always had their tapes. Bruce Loose had this tape he'd play all the time of a skip on some old funk record where it skipped and played the same

funk groove over and over with the one lyric "'ollywood… 'ollywood…" over and over. Bruce Gauld was inspired to get the same record and played it, and amazingly it skipped at the exact same place. There was all sorts of creative stuff going on with regard to recordings and the like that set the stage for sampling and so much of what is done routinely now.

We did the *MRR* compilation. We used money we made at a gig to buy time at Bay Sounds in Oakland and record a bunch of songs. Kevin Kvarme was a great friend. He was a couple years older so had been around a bit more. He wanted to go in to producing and he produced us. He calls himself Kevin Army, and from what I've seen he produced a lot of bands and engineered some of the Green Day stuff.

Dave: We were just too inept and couldn't get our act together. We did the one studio session at Bay Sound that has served us well for the number of records we've gotten out of it, I guess. But we never had much money, our equipment was usually in shambles, and there was no managerial figure or anyone else to oversee us and get something organized. By the end of 1982, relationships between Bruce and the other three of us deteriorated and my personal living situation in San Francisco fell apart. Not only that, I was going through a bit of a psychic meltdown—too many drugs, the death of one of my best friends, and other internal personal conflicts, I'll just leave it at that. So I came to the end of my pursuit—my fantasy, really—of being a full-time rocker.

Tim: If we'd kept, going we would have put out stuff—probably on SST or some similar label. What happened to end the band was that Dave and his father decided to take a boat trip around the world on his father's yacht. There were no plans for the band to end. When Dave got back after a few months, we'd start up again. But something happened and they couldn't get past Mexico and Dave took off and hitchhiked back to his mom's in Michigan and decided to stay there. That was that. We could have and maybe should have gone on with another guitarist, but we didn't. I seldom saw Bruce or Eric. I decided to go to college and went down to Santa Cruz, so I moved away and that pretty much caused me to lose touch with the scene.

Dave: Basically, the whole thing was just too unstable and chaotic. I think the actual break-up happened one evening when Bruce told us that he was no longer willing to drive our equipment around to shows. That was pretty much the deal-breaker right there—it just didn't seem like any of us were willing or able to keep it going. We were having a hell of a time finding a rehearsal space—I remember looking at some abandoned beer vats where a bunch of punk kids were living and hanging out, but nothing came of that. Bruce's decision messed things up because it was our most reliable way to get our amps and drums from the suburbs to the city. I also think he was tired of the screw-ups that the rest of us had become and his musical tastes were moving in other directions too.

MRR: Most people know the name Church Police from "The Oven Is My Friend," a standout on the heavily stacked *Not So Quiet on the Western Front* compilation. How did that come about? It was fairly well distributed at the time—what kind of response did you receive? Have you heard the Sebadoh cover of the song?

Tim: *Western Front* came about because they asked us. We did the recordings and they wanted "Oven Is My Friend" on it. After the record came out, we did a show at On Broadway and a teenage kid came up afterward and asked, why didn't you do "Oven Is My Friend"? I really hadn't thought about that one way or the other. But it was interesting: After there is a recording out there, people may come to a show to hear that song they like. And be disappointed if it isn't played.

Biafra only sent one royalty check ever as well and owes all of us money I am sure.

Dave: I like that recording because it is all just one take of us playing live going right onto the tape—no overdubs, just Kevin tweaking knobs, dropping instruments in and out right on the fly, which I think made the recording more interesting than if it had just been played straight. We did each song only once. It was practically like having a live show recorded because we only had like one hour or so of studio time. It was like, rush in, set up, plug in, play, then get the hell out of there before the meter flipped over to charge us an extra dollar. I had to use a really cheap, crappy pawn-shop guitar because my good one had been stolen when I lived upstairs from Big Al's strip club on Broadway. (One of several sad stories I could relate from the time I spent living in The City while trying to make it in the music biz.) Which explains the horrendous feedback and gnarly texture of my guitar sound. Plus, I recall being more drunk than I should have been. But that's what it is!

Tim's lyrics were demented... You'll have to ask him about the inspiration for that. But yeah, I think as a "signature tune" goes, I'm good with it. I thought from the first time I heard *Not So Quiet* that our track stood out just because it was different from most everything else on the comp—loose, sloppy, funny without necessarily trying to be. A perfect capture of the mutations taking place at the time out in shopping mall territory.

Tim: I never heard Sebadoh's cover. I never heard of Sebadoh until someone told about their cover of our song. About ten years ago, maybe more, I was working in a large lab and one of the senior scientists liked to go see shows at clubs in Hollywood. Over all these years I have had little contact with any scene, not gone to see shows, but I will still look and see who's playing. I saw that Sebadoh had just played Hollywood so I asked this guy, "Hey, did you go see Sebadoh?" "Yes," he said, very enthusiastically, "that was the greatest show I've ever seen!" He really liked these guys. I asked if he knew that song "Oven Is My Friend" by them. He said yes. I said, "I wrote that song." He says, "Oh yeah, I like that song too, that's a great song." I said, "No, I wrote that song." Finally it sunk in, "You wrote that song?" I don't think he believed me.

Dave: I've really enjoyed the occasional random connection that I have with Church Police fans from places far away from the San Francisco Bay Area. But I think Sebadoh kind of messed up their version. It struck me as too histrionic—like the guy overdid the screaming part or something. I wouldn't mind getting a piece of that royalty check, now that you mention it.

MRR: I noticed you had put a copy of the interview from *MRR* #1 online. How does it feel to read an interview with yourselves from 25 or so years ago? Are you surprised that *MRR* is still published?

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Tim: It is strange to read such an old interview but it also brings back memories.

Dave: I have a lot of old journals and crap that I wrote from that time so that part of my life is pretty well documented for my own recollections. But it's a different kind of memory trigger when your words are in print in an old magazine.

Tim: I never thought about *MRR* much, but somehow it seems natural for it to be still there. I see it still and still look. Much I have no interest in, but there was an interview with Penelope Houston not too long ago and an update on the Lewd. That reminded me of Chris, their drummer with the cool '50s wagon, who was a great *joi de vivre* type guy.

I think *MRR* found a niche and stayed there. That's its strength and why it is still there. There are always kids coming up who will be interested in it. It's still the exact same as before after 25 years. But again, that's why it has lasted. It does bug me that it's not on the web. I missed the issue that reviewed our recent release on Skulltones. I'd like to look it up and read it on the web, but they don't do that.

MRR kept me informed to some degree about the old scene I'd left, and sadly, it was through *MRR* that I heard about Will Shatter's death. I was really shocked and sad to see his obituary in *MRR* which was the first I'd heard way back in '87.

And in *MRR*, I always like to see my old buddy Ray Lujan's

name. Ray was a great friend and a great guy. Hi Ray—long time no see.

Dave: To be honest, I haven't read many issues since those few that we were featured in. I respect their perseverance and what they've accomplished. I think the punk community has grown into an institution and the magazine meets the needs and interests of a vibrant community. I think I still retain a fair amount of the punk mindset even though my presentation is a lot more conventional and middle-class.

MRR: How did your plans to be a bum work out?

Dave: Well I did actually hitchhike from LA to Houston in the aftermath of my failed sailing trip in early 1983, so I can cross that ambition off my list. But after a couple months of that, I settled down and went straight. I'm a father of four, a social worker by profession, married for over 23 years, got a house and two cats and a respectable standing in society. But I still nurture my inner bum when others aren't looking.

MRR: Your sound definitely shows the influence of Flipper, and I know you played with them quite a bit. Was the comparatively slug-like pace of both bands warmly received amidst your faster contemporaries? Did you go over better with more of a open-minded audience, say at the Throbbing Gristle gig you played? What other bands did you consider like-minded contemporaries?

Tim: We just played like we played. There was no overt attempt to sound like Flipper or any band. Not all our songs were necessarily all that slow. And, even punk bands weren't that fast. Avengers, Sex Pistols, and Black Flag for example didn't start out playing a million miles a minute like what happened later.

Dave: I honestly think that we should not be seen as being derivative of Flipper's sound—we had our sound before we'd ever seen them perform. In fact, the first night that Bruce Loose came out and danced around and made a big scene at one of our early Sound of Music shows, I didn't even know who he was, but I just noticed some dude in the audience was really getting into our music. It wasn't until after the show that Tim told me who that dude was. I think that Flipper and us had similar influences, and I think they were better at what they did than we were. We both liked Public Image Ltd. and seeing Flipper open for them at some south-of-Market warehouse was my first Flipper show, though I wasn't particularly impressed by them at the time and I think that was even before I was in a band.

Tim: I would not agree with the premise that a Throbbing Gristle audience would be more open-minded. I don't know how we came across. I remember one industrial geek, arty-type guy at the very front looking at me like, "What are you doing here?" A very curious look. And of course, if the audience was an arty audience like this, I'd play up rock and roll. At the Kezar show I kept yelling, "Rock 'n' roll!!" just because it seemed that would bug that audience and made sure we played our rock song, a cover of Black Sabbath's "Killing Myself to Live" (which was more of our own variation on it than a cover—in fact I still haven't ever heard the Black Sabbath version).

Dave: I know we pissed off a lot of the weekend-warrior, "let's party in the City" trendy types. Which is what I considered most of the crowds to consist of when we played the clubs on Broadway. It's hard to get your girlfriend drunk and in the mood when a bunch of suburban teenage misfits are blasting your eardrums with atonal feedback chaos and sonic explosions from a dislodged reverb coil! The south-of-Market crowds and kids at the other assorted odd gigs we played were just art weirdos like us who probably took the whole thing for granted.

Tim: Playing loud and slow was associated with the Pet Rock thing. "Pet Rock is not a joke and if it was, it wouldn't be funny," was the initial line disseminated about it. There was a lot of factionalization between Pet Rock side and the emerging hardcore side. The arty side was a little separate from both. Will Shatter said it well when he claimed that they were "trying to do artistic things without being an art band," which was apt. Flipper definitely was not an art band and came out of the punk rock scene and that was the association. Same with us. We were not an art band. But we were in a way. In San Francisco, the scene started with all sorts of bands together. Shows would have Tuxedomoon playing with the Mutants and Avengers and DOA. It just all went together.

Dave: I liked PiL's percussive style of guitar playing and the heavy bass and drums. I liked the early Gang of Four sound (*Entertainment!*), and Wire's *Pink Flag* was in that mix of influences too. Don't get me wrong, I loved Flipper once I got more into the San Francisco club scene and really enjoyed their shows and the massiveness of their sound, but I don't think it was really a copycat thing on my part at all. At least, I could never approximate what Ted did on the guitar, in my opinion.

Animal Things were the first local Bay Area band that I got to know and love, and they helped connect us to Flipper. Peter Accident and Gaga Din were other Contra Costa bands that we hung out with. Pariah, Ray Lujan's band, too. They had nice equipment that their parents bought them. There was a guy named Dave Jones who stood by us and helped us a lot. He had a short-lived band called the Wild Boys but I don't think they ever did anything. A band from New York named Arsenal, we got along pretty well with them for a while. And I have to mention my friends Joe Nitzberg and Julie and Joyce Jackson. They were suburbanite kids who formed a goofy little band called Yawn Moan Sigh. A fun and funny bunch. I'd love to reconnect with them.

MRR: I've been to Walnut Creek and some of the surrounding areas, and it certainly feels removed from San Francisco and even Berkeley and Oakland. Do you feel this isolation from the city was essential to the sound and ideas behind Church Police?

Tim: It was removed and isolated but not hugely so. And to answer your question—yes, it was a component, but not consciously. You are who you are. And there was an East Bay connection. I remember getting on BART in Pleasant Hill and there was Biafra and Theresa. All one had to do was take BART or drive over to be in the city. And Dave lived there for most of the band's existence.

Dave: Yeah, I think our overt suburbanness made us distinctive from other bands, especially at that time. We never really tried to fit into any of the stylistic templates of the era—no "uniforms" or punk haircuts or anything like that. Our look was kind of a proto-grunge I suppose... flannel shirts and jeans, tennis shoes. Tim would wear khakis more than jeans though. What came through our music and live shows was a fair amount of anger lashing itself out at the world—we liked having crazy fun and breaking the boundaries of what entertainment was supposed to be about at our gigs, but it's hard to deny that we were directing a lot of hostility toward our audience, sometimes toward the other bands on the bill (just about any band who seemed too serious about trying to "make it") and especially the club managers who exploited the bands but were vital to giving us our creative outlet.

MRR: Lyrically the Church Police material I have heard seems

to veer from abstract to the mundane, and I'm curious how much of this was premeditated. The *MRR* #1 interview and your journal bits hint at your (Dave and Tim) literary aspirations (both producing and consuming). Where were you coming from at the time? You seem to have sidestepped blatant political posturing of many hardcore bands from the same era—was this a conscious decision?

Tim: There was no conscious decision to write any sort of lyrics. I wrote whatever I thought of. Eric and I wrote "Oven Is My Friend" together and it was funny. It came from another song we were writing called "Holidays" about how holidays are stupid. It had lines like, "holidays are for slime-wallowing brain-eaters" and Christmas is "a trick on the poor by the Sears Corporation" and "Santa buys dust with the money he makes" which is funny for two reasons: One, Santa is smoking angel dust. But more so, he makes money off Christmas. "Oven Is My Friend" came from a line I was going to put in that song about how people who celebrate holidays should go lick the oven. So I took it and made it its own song. Eric and I traded off lines and laughed.

Dave: I didn't write too many lyrics except for a couple of our later songs that never got recorded. Tim and I were both interested in literary counter-culture—Kerouac, Burroughs, surrealism, Joyce, *The Song of Maldoror*, Philip K. Dick, Robert Anton Wilson, Timothy Leary, stuff like that. In some ways we were probably too clever for our own good...we bit off more than we could chew in a sense. I didn't feel like I had the grand political statement to give or the right to give it in any case.

Tim: I was very interested back then in literature and other art. I was a big Kerouac fan, and James Joyce and Henry Miller. And I liked surrealism. Bunuel was one of my heroes. I liked Jarry's *Ubu Roi* and other such things. The City Lights bookstore was right down the street from the Mabuhay and from where Dave worked, and I hung out there a lot and got to get a lot of things there.

MRR: Looking back on the band and the Northern California do-it-yourself scene of which you were a part, how has it affected where you are in 2008? Are you still playing music or writing at all?

Tim: I think everyone who was involved in this scene at the time was affected by it for life. It was an amazing, unique time, and this is apparent more now than it was then. Just the impact and the influence of what we were doing then have permeated society in all sorts of ways. Not just music or entertainment, but everything in what is now mainstream society—for good and bad.

After the Church Police I went to Santa Cruz for school and in grad school there I was in another band—I played bass in a band called Jimmy Jesus. We played some gigs but it was nothing like Church Police or the scene of that time.

Dave: No, I don't do music, mainly due to lack of talent. There are other things I do much better. I keep a blog and maintain an email list that discusses religion, politics, and cultural stuff. I get involved in some local political and social activism. I'm part of a group that produces a local public access TV show each month. I work with kids who've been abused and neglected, trying to help them stay out of trouble, work through their problems, and get back on track again. That's something I feel good about doing with my life.

A few years ago two of my sons had some interest in starting a band but didn't stick much with it. I fiddled around with their guitar, but I don't feel the same fire to make music that I did in my teens. Back then it offered a hope and a direction to focus myself...sort of. Now I have plenty of other stuff to do that keeps me busy, and I'm OK with that. I wish we could have kept the band together a bit longer, or at least that we would have made better use of the time when we were together. But it's not like I'm gnawing at the emptiness within because I got out of the music game before I could make it really pay off for me. It's a satisfying part of my personal story and history, and with the recent release of some of our old recordings, and prospects of maybe some more on the way in the near future, I don't feel like it's completely done and over with either. I would even be open to reuniting the band for some kind of show or recording or just the experience of it if we could work out the logistics. But it might just be a daydream. I'm OK with it either way.

Tim: I don't play anything now but wish all the time I could. I really wish I had continued on in the music scene. But at the same time I really like what I ended up doing as well. But the scene was not only vibrant and creative; along with it was a very self-destructive side. Will Shatter died. I read about the troubles one of the Kirkwood brothers had and how it's amazing he didn't end up dead.

But I'd love to do music again. Any guitarists out

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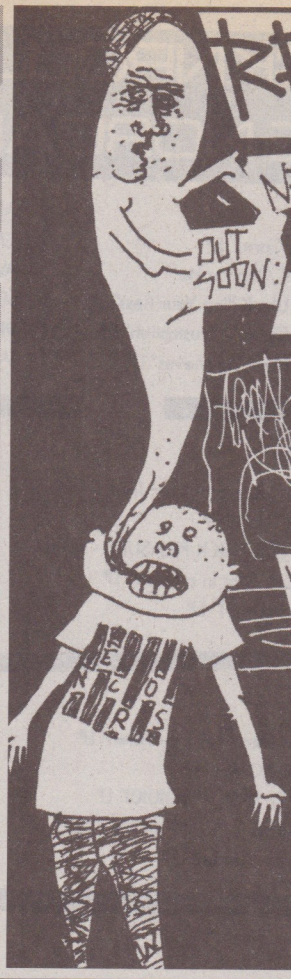

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DILS – "198 Seconds Of" EP and "Made In Canada" double EP
FLIPPER – "Generic Flipper" LP
DYSTOPIA – "Human=Garbage" LP
BLACK FORK – "Rock for Loot" LP
NEUROSIS – "Times of Grace" LP

Justin Briggs
COUNT FIVE – "Psychotic Reaction" LP
AVENGERS – "American In Me" 12"
CRUCIFIX – "Dehumanization" LP
JOHN HENRY WEST – "Ten Thousand Words" EP
TALK IS POISON – "Straight To Hell" EP

Ramsey Kanaan
NOFX – "Longest Line" "White Trash," and "Punk In Drublic" LPs
JAWBREAKER – "24 Hour Revenge Therapy" and "Busy/Equalized"
V/A – "Live At the Deaf Club"
J CHURCH
DEAD KENNEDYS

Steve Spinali
AUTHORITIES – "Soundtrack for Trouble" EP
AVENGERS – "American In Me" 12"
DEAD KENNEDYS – "California Über Alles / Man With the Dogs"
FLIPPER – "Love Canal / Ha Ha Ha"
REBEL TRUTH – "The Request" EP

Fred Schrunk
THIS IS MY FIST – "I Don't Want To Startle You" EP
HICKEY – LP
50 MILLION – "Bust the Action" LP
MIAMI / SHOTWELL - split LP
LOVE SONGS – "All Branches No Trunk" CD

Cissie Scurlock
CRUCIFIX – "Dehumanization" LP
SOCIAL UNREST – "Rat In a Maze" LP
CODE OF HONOR – side of split LP
FEEDERZ – "Ever Feel Like Killing Your Boss" LP
TALK IS POISON – "Straight To Hell" EP

Will Kinser
CHRIST ON PARADE – "A Mind Is a Terrible Thing" LP
ECONOCHRIST – "Ruination" LP
THE AUTHORITIES – "Puppy Love" LP
SOCIAL UNREST – "Making Room for Youth" EP
CRUCIFIX – "Dehumanization" LP

Stuart Schrader • Shit-Fi 7"s list
TEENAGE PHDS – "Eat the Poor" EP
SST – "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" EP
Fantasy 45: FREESTONE "Bummer Bitch" b/w WILMA "Fast Fascist"
MAGGOTS – "Let's Get Tammy Wynette" EP (and demo tracks)
SNUKY TATE – "Who Cares" EP

Hubbz' Top V
CRUCIFIX – "Dehumanization" LP
SOCIAL UNREST – "Rat in a Maze" LP
ECONOCHRIST – "Trained to Serve" LP
DEAD KENNEDYS – "Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables" LP
TALK IS POISON – "Condensed Humanity" LP

Mitch Cardwell
CRIME – "Hot Wire My Heart / Baby, You're So Repulsive"
ICKY BOYFRIENDS – "I'm Not Fascinating" LP
THE MUMMIES – "Never Been Caught" LP
FLIPPER – "Love Canal / Ha Ha Ha"
DEAD KENNEDYS – "Plastic Surgery Disasters" LP

Ry Wharton
FLIPPER – "Gone Fishin" LP
CHURCH POLICE – "Gilligan's Wings" EP
CRUCIFIX – "Dehumanization" LP
FANG – "Landshark" LP
NOH MERCY on "Earcom 3" 2x7"

Felix Havoc
CRUCIFIX – "Dehumanization" LP
AVENGERS – "We Are the One" EP
AUTHORITIES – "Soundtrack for Trouble" EP
FANG – "Landshark" LP
CHRIST ON PARADE – both LPs

Kenny Kaos • NorCal 7" top five
SOCIAL UNREST – "Making Room for Youth" EP
MAIDS – "Back To Bataan / I Do I Do"
MAGGOTS – "Let's Get Tammy Wynette" EP
DEAD KENNEDYS – "Nazi Punks Fuck Off / Moral Majority"
AVENGERS – "We Are the One" EP

Bob Goldie
CRIME – "Hot Wire My Heart/Baby You're So Repulsive"
NUNS – LP
SOCIAL UNREST – "Rat In a Maze" LP
NO ALTERNATIVE – "Nights In SF '78-'82" LP
(IMPATIENT) YOUTH – "Definition Empty" EP

Generic DX
FLIPPER – "Generic Flipper" LP
BL'AST – "Power of Expression" LP
CRUCIFIX – "Dehumanization" LP
AVENGERS – "We Are the One" EP
CODE OF HONOR / SICK PLEASURE – split LP

Paul Curran's (non-Social Unrest, Avengers, Code of Honor, MDC, DKs, or any East Bay bands) Nor Cal top five, chronologically
(IMPATIENT) YOUTH – "Don't Listen" LP
POP-O-PIES – "The White EP" 12"
ONE MAN RUNNING – "Stress" EP
SHOTWELL – "Celery, Beef and Iron" 10"
GIANT HAYSTACKS – "Blunt Instrument" LP

Mykel Board
DEAD KENNEDYS – "Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables" LP
DILS – "I Hate the Rich / You're Not Blank"
FUCK UPS – "FU82" EP
NOFX – "White Trash, Two Heebs and a Bean" LP
BLACK HUMOR – "Love God, Love One Another" LP

Jason Patrone
BOULEVARD PARK TRIO – "Civic Pride" EP
SUPERCHARGER – "Goes Way Out" LP
NAR – anything
"UNKNOWN" – "Great Phone Calls" CD
TALES OF TERROR – LP

George Tabb
DEAD KENNEDYS – "Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegtables" LP
THE PILLAGE PEOPLE – "Macho Man" EP
METALLICA – "Ride the Lightning" LP (yes it *is* punk)
CAPTAIN CRUNCH – "Dinosaurs Are Back" EP
THE DWARVES – "How To Win Friends.." LP

Eric Butterworth
OPERATION IVY – "Energy" LP
FILTH – "Live the Chaos" EP
DEAD KENNEDYS – "Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables" LP
MIAMI / SHOTWELL – split LP
DILS – "Made In Canada" double EP

Scott Miller
FLIPPER – "Gone Fishin" LP
NUNS – LP
CODE OF HONOR / SICK PLEASURE – split LP
DILS – "198 Seconds Of" EP
CRIME – "Hot Wire My Heart / Baby You're So Repulsive"

Ray Lujan
THE AVENGERS – "We Are the One" EP
DEAD KENNEDYS – "Holiday In Cambodia / Police Truck" EP
LOS OLVIDADOS – "Listen To This" LP
SAMIAM – "Billy" LP
RANCID – "And Out Come the Wolves" LP

Bruce Roehrs' top five bands
NEVER HEALED
GRACE ALLEY
DEADFALL
FUNERAL SHOCK
STRUNG UP

Meredith Jones
THE DONNAS – LP
THE MUMMIES – "Play Their Own Records!" LP
AVENGERS – LP
DEAD KENNEDYS – "Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables" LP
RACOUL – "Jailbait Core" LP

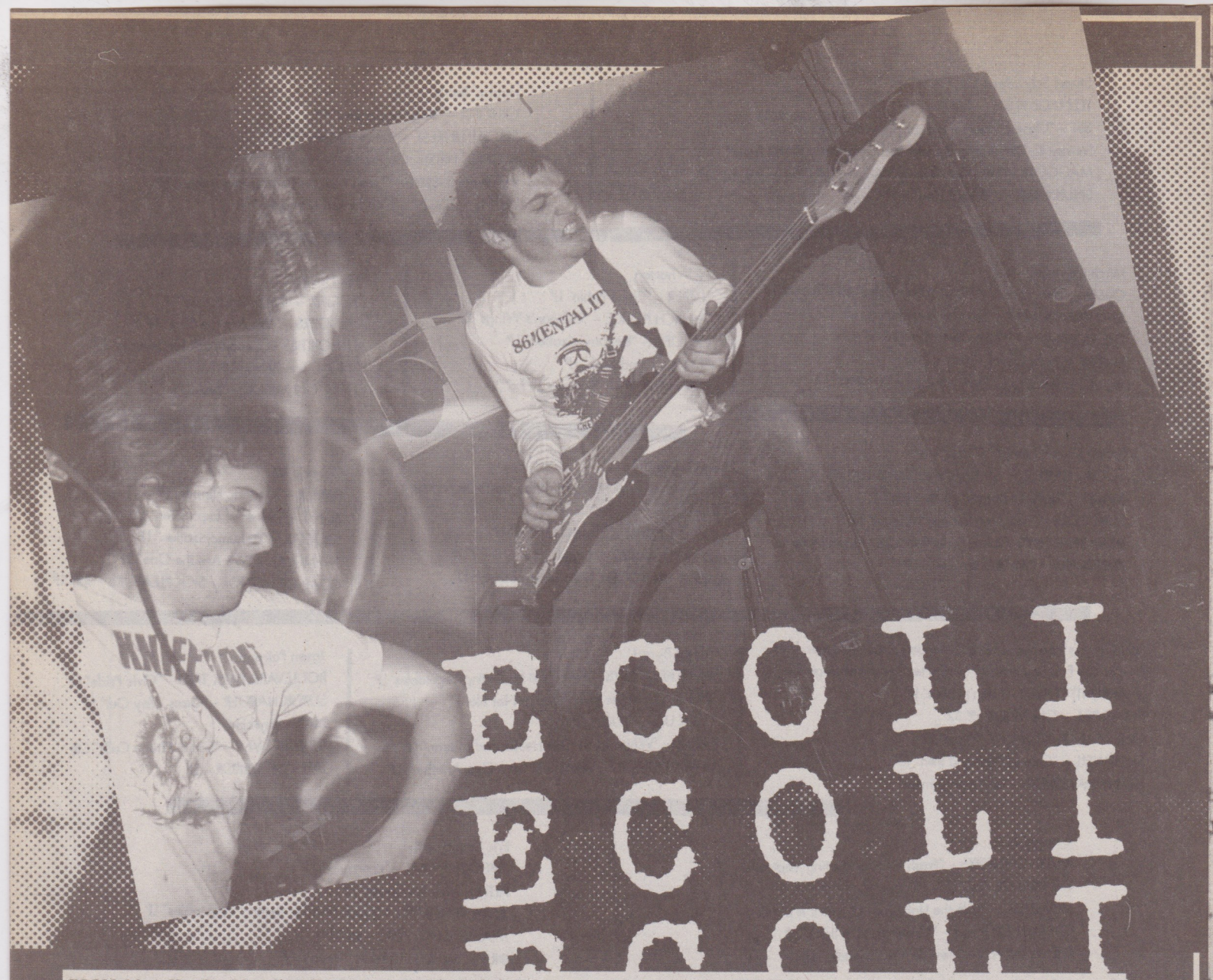
Nick Mangel
BLATZ / FILTH – "Shit Split" LP
DEPRESSOR – demos and EPs
ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT – "American Paranoia" LP
STORMCROW – anything
ECONOCHRIST – anything

Layla Gibbon
FLIPPER – "Gone Fishin" LP
CODE OF HONOR / SICK PLEASURE – split LP
CHURCH POLICE – "Gilligan's Wings" EP
AVENGERS – "We Are the One" EP
CRIME – "Murder By Guitar / Frustration"

Mason Pince
FLIPPER – "Generic Flipper" LP
MIAMI / SHOTWELL – split LP
FILTH – Demo tape
AVENGERS – "We Are the One" EP
CODE OF HONOR / SICK PLEASURE – split LP

Ryan Murphy
BLATZ / FILTH – "Shit Split" LP
YAPHET KOTTO – "The Killer Was in the Government Blankets" LP
GRIMPLE – "Grimple Up Your Ass" LP
CEREMONY – "Violence Violence" LP
DRI – "Dirty Rotten" LP

Top Five According To These Lists
CRUCIFIX – "Dehumanization" LP
CODE OF HONOR / SICK PLEASURE – split LP
DEAD KENNEDYS – "Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables" LP
AVENGERS – "We Are the One" EP
FLIPPER – "Generic Flipper" LP



ECOLI: Music You Can Masturbate To

Ecoli has been a band, under that particular name, for about a year and a half. The core consists of three epic dudes (Jake, Eli Dudley, and Joel Miller) with different bass players coming and going. They recently released their debut 7" on Stress Domain Records and went on an extensive West Coast tour with brother band Second Opinion, with whom they share two members. But don't let that fool you–the two bands sound absolutely nothing alike. Ecoli embraces a much more frantic, chaotic, extreme, and weird approach to hardcore. The music lacks any semblance of the tried verse/chorus/verse hardcore in lieu of broken time structures and an odd sense of order. The following is less of an interview and more of a fireside chat with Jake, Joel, and Eli on whatever came to our minds at the time. Interview by Max Shanghai.

MRR: How long have you guys been around? I know you've gone through many name changes and members so I was wondering if somebody could give me a run-down?

Jake: Uhhh...Eli?

Eli: What exactly do I have to do?

Jake: Joel, do you wanna give the run-down?

Joel: I have no frickin' clue...

Eli: Well, the run-down is...Jake started playing guitar and formed a band with some of his friends, and eventually, after about a year, I joined and we stayed like that throughout Jake's high school career.

Jake: We used to be called Nothing In Return.

Eli: Yeah. Fer like...a while, and then we had to kick some people out 'cause they were douchebags ...

Jake: And then Joel walked out of the bushes one day...

Eli: No, dammit. Let me tell the story. I was down in this forest with my friends one day...

MRR: Three Palm?

Eli: Yeah. Gettin' high and smoking beer and shit, and all of a sudden this fuckin' mongoloid crawls out of the bushes and it's Joel and he just happened to know how to play drums, so we've been playing with him ever since.

MRR: What was your band like before you called it Ecoli and why did you change the name?

Jake: We've had so many members, too many to count. What really mattered was when we turned into Ecoli. We had a good line-up so we decided to change our name and we had a bunch of new songs as well. So we just did that, and then...I don't know.

MRR: You guys have had some trouble finding a constant bass player.

Jake: We have one. It's just that he's not here right now and we don't remember his name.

Joel: I think his name is Michael...Jackson.

MRR: Your first bassist was named Austin, right? What happened to him?

Jake: Uh...he didn't wanna play with us anymore.

Eli: He had other priorities. He didn't like us. I don't know...who knows? He moved away.

MRR: It seems that Half Moon Bay is a very small town, disconnected from the city unless you have a car. So what was it like growing up here and getting into hardcore?

Jake: Well, there's pretty much only a handful of kids that are in these kinds of bands in this town...

Eli: Half Moon Bay's really sucky cause it's just a bunch of jocks and wanna-be gangster people...

Jake: Surfer jocks and hicks.

Eli: There's them too, but there's a lot of, especially at the high school, there's a lot of wanna-be gangster guys, but they're really pussies because they didn't

grow up in the ghetto.

MRR: The scene down here...

Jake: There is no scene down here.

MRR: What I mean is, how did the group of kids that were into hardcore down here influence you guys?

Jake: Back when we were called Nothing in Return, we used to play a lot of shows with Second Opinion. Eli used to go to school with them. He was closer to their age so he played bass for Second Opinion and then a couple years later I joined on second guitar.

MRR: This collective of Half Moon Bay punks consists of about six or seven dudes that often are shuffled around in different bands. How did that impact the development of Ecoli?

Eli: It hindered our development.

MRR: I mean, at one point Jake was in about four bands—Retching Red, Oppressed Logic, Second Opinion, and Nothing In Return. How did you guys deal with that? Being in so many bands and such?

Eli: I didn't have a job or go to school.

Joel: I went crazy and almost killed myself.

Eli: Yeah, Joel's had about five mental breakdowns.

Jake: It's all because of the band too. But being in other bands doesn't affect this band too much besides the fact that we don't get a lot of time to practice.

MRR: How much weed did you smoke tonight, Joel?

Joel: That's not for you to know.

Jake: You're acting too loopy. What the fuck did you do?

Joel: Ahhh... *[unintelligible muttering]*

Eli: Smoked some dick.

Jake: You did a couple lines of coke.

Joel: Yeah.

Jake: What else did you do?

[At this point Joel was pretty much passing out]

Joel: 'Shrooms...

Jake: And some crack too. Some buttcrack?

MRR: How was tour with Second Opinion?

Eli: It wasn't really different because the only extra person was Joel.

Jake: And Austin.

Eli: It went well.

Jake: It was fuckin' sweet.

Eli: Joel played naked.

Jake: Oh yeah. Tell him about that Joel.

Joel: All right. So...this one night in Oregon, I got so drunk that at the start of the show we were in this little cellar...

Jake: It was at this place called the Sausage Factory in Salem that was hella cool.:.

MRR: What a coincidence.

Joel: And I was just like, I wanna share my sausage with the world. So I just ripped my pants off and started the song. Just played with my pants down and my big dick jigglin'. We got a photo.

MRR: On a more serious topic. What was the meaning behind your 7" cover?

Jake: Basically, the cover is some KKK members raping a black woman and it pretty much has to do with the whole theme of the album, which is raping other people's heritage or cultures...taking advantage of them. The whole 7" is based on a book called *The Turner Diaries*, which influenced the Oklahoma City bombings and is pretty much the white supremacist's bible. So, a lot of the songs are based off of that and how disgusting we think it is. The cover is pretty graphic, which is kind of expected with a punk or hardcore album, but we were trying to get the point across that we weren't OK with the situation. I know a lot of people in bands put things they agree with on the covers of their records but I've never seen someone put a graphic on the cover of their 7" that they didn't agree with. I just figured we'd throw it on there to turn a couple heads and maybe to get people to look deeper at the real message of the record.

MRR: What's the story with the 7" at the Canadian boarder?

Jake: Basically, from what we've heard, Warkrime and Rabies were trying to get across the boarder and they had our 7" in their distro and basically the Canadian boarder patrol would not let them take our 7" into the country because they thought it was racist Nazi garbage crap. So they took the 7"s away and probably burned them or something.

Eli: Hopefully they spread their poo on 'em.

MRR: Do you guys have anything new in store?

Jake: Yeah. We're working on a 7" right now. It's a slow process because Joel always gets high at practice and he can't remember the songs.

Joel: Oh, is that how you feel?

Jake: I'm joking, dude.

Joel: 'Cause I will stop. I will. After my birthday I'm gonna have to stop because I'm gonna get drug-tested.

MRR: You guys just did a bunch of comp tracks for various people. What are the tracks gonna be on?

Jake: There's a Stress Domain comp and a Cowabunga comp.

MRR: It seems that you guys draw from a wide range of musical influences. What are they?

Eli: Personally, I think Sting and Pat Benatar are my main influences.

Jake: Be honest, dude. You don't like Pat Benatar.

Eli: Dude. Yeah I do.

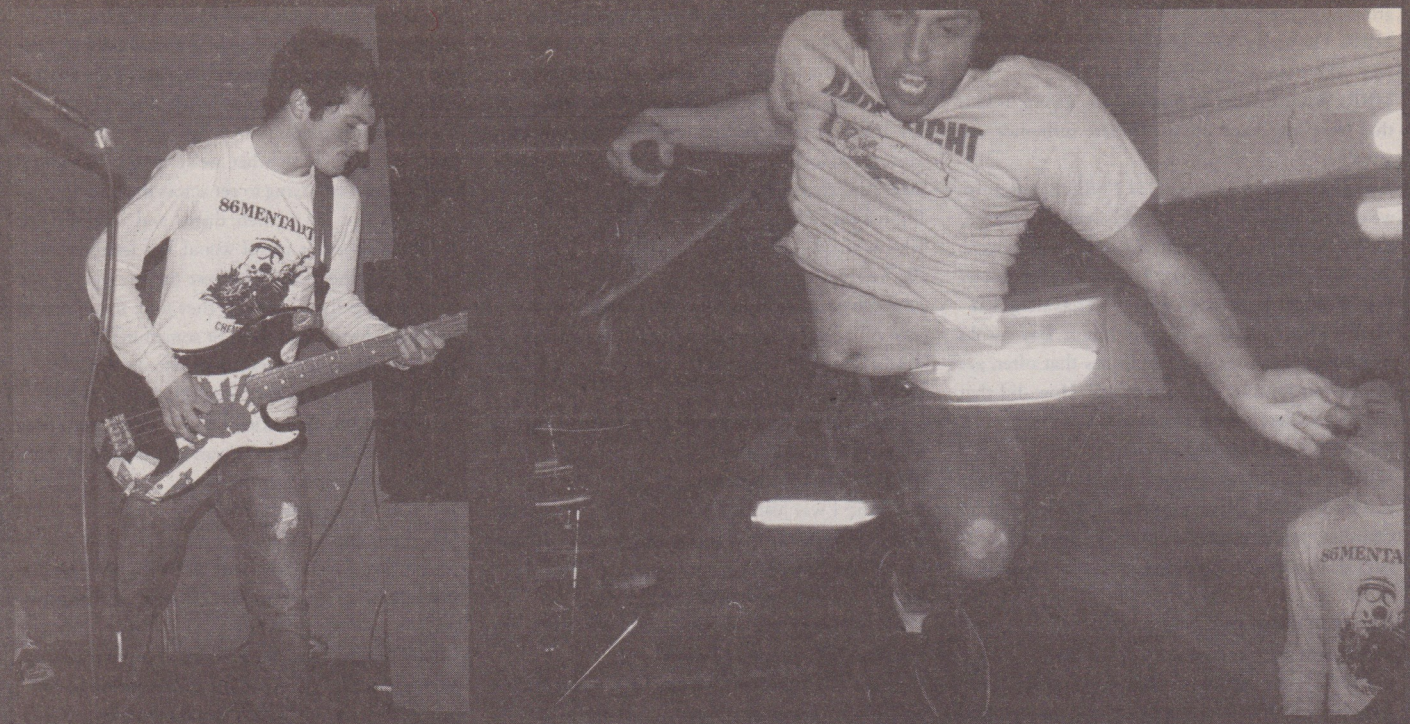
Joel: I'm really into Prince and Michael Jackson...

Jake: He really is.

Eli: I forgot about Michael Jackson. That guy is...*Thriller*, dude.

Joel: Elton John...

Jake: We all are pretty into Michael Jackson, to tell



ECOLI

MUSIC YOU CAN MASTURBATE TO

you the truth.

Joel: ...Stevie Ray Vaughn, Jimi Hendrix...

Eli: Blah, blah, blah...

Joel: I was in a blues band for about ten years before I started playing punk. We were on TV when I was only fourteen years old...

Jake: Quick. Ask another question before we have to sit here all night.

MRR: On your MySpace it says, "Music you can masturbate to." Do you guys masturbate to your own music?

Eli: Uh...I usually masturbate while I'm driving because it's pretty exciting.

Jake: Yeah. We all have a major whack addiction.

MRR: Judging from the speed and complexity of your songs I'd say that you're all on drugs. Is that a fair statement?

Eli: I like LSD. I have a couple hallucinogenic stories actually. I broke my collarbone on 'shrooms once because I was trying to pull off a Jackie Chan move. I also got arrested while on LSD a block away from my house. We were trippin' on LSD and they took us down to the sheriff's station and I'm handcuffed and shit. They take us to the interrogation room and we walk by this little room with the door open and inside there's this penis mobile. *[laughs]* I swear to God, dude...I don't know if I was trippin' balls or what. No, no, I wasn't. It was just hilarious to me at the time. It basically looked like a sperm...a big capsule in the front with a window and two wheels and it came out to this tail in the back and it had all the police colors on it.

MRR: Ecoli seems like a very eclectic mix of hardcore...it's not generic at all, but most times the music seems totally off the wall.

Joel: Ecoli's pretty weird because we all bring different stuff to the table. We all contribute musical influences. I bring a lot of blues to the mix while Jake and Eli are grounded in punk. For me, going from playing Brian-Setzer-type music to playing punk is insane.

Eli: I actually don't listen to punk music. I only listen to Robin Trower.

MRR: The attitude, not the music, of Ecoli reminds me of when Reagan Youth grew dreads and started wearing tie-dyes.

Eli: The 7" is pretty much one whole LSD trip.

Jake: I guess you could say that it's like that later hardcore shit because it is pretty experimental and off the wall, but it's definitely not slow. We try to make our music as fast as possible.

Joel: We're just trying to speed up the process. On the next album you won't be able to hear anything. It'll be that fast.

Jake: We're not trying to make it weird. It just reflects our personality. All of us are pretty strange. We don't really talk a lot, we're very private and extremely socially awkward.

Eli: Except for Joel. Joel will talk your ear off.

Jake. Yeah. But he's kind of weird to talk to in person.

Joel: I'm weird now?

Jake: You know what I mean. If someone came up to talk, you'd be all shaking your head and acting like a mongoloid. We're all weird dudes. I think it just rubs off on our music.

MRR: Yeah. Your 7" isn't a conventional hardcore record. It's got a lot of weird time structures and other technical stuff.

Jake: I think when you're singing about stuff that pisses you off, all that weird time structure helps out because the music turns out so frantic and worried. Your mind doesn't think in structure, it's very stream-of-consciousness and that's what Ecoli's like.

MRR: Any last comments? Something prolific or deep?

Joel: I got something deep. I'm goin' to see Robin Trower.

MRR: We're all going to see Robin Trower.

Eli: No. But we're going to Las Vegas and taking acid.

Joel: I've got something to say that'll change the world. All I gotta say is the world's gonna end in 2012.

Jake: Wait. Are you trying to talk politics now? That's the one thing that Ecoli will never deal with—politics.

Eli: I don't give a fuck about politics.

Joel: You don't care about global warming? It's gonna get us.

Jake: It's not gonna get shit.

Joel: Bullshit. Look at all the storms going on these days.

Jake: So. All I'm trying to say is that Ecoli will never do a political song.

Joel: What do you think "Metropolis" is?

Jake: No dude. That's social commentary. All I really wanted to say was...uh...fuck it.

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SHORT FAST & LOUD + SIX WEEKS RECORDS

There are certain things in life that you can rely upon, things that naturally go together, hand in hand, and make perfect sense. Like Peanut Butter and Jelly. Like Siegfried and Roy. Like Crusty Punks and Frugality. I have an even more appropriate addition to this list: Athena and Jeff Kautsch-Robinson. For the better part of the past two decades, this dynamic duo has supported, participated-in, and contributed-to the longevity of the Bay Area punk rock underground. The two of them play in bands, release records, CDs, and DVDs, run a distro, promote shows, books tours, publish a zine, and so forth. And they manage to do it without killing each other. In fact, quite the opposite. These two are enamored with each other so deeply, it's both admirable and ridiculous, and exactly how it should be when you've found your true partner in life. They are longtime friends and confidantes who I'm honored to know, and whom, in spite of their laundry list of contributions, I still feel are two underdogs of the scene. My only request is that you continue to support them as they have continued to support you.

Interview by: Chris Dodge

MRR: Let's start at the beginning of the Athena & Jeff story. Obviously you met via "the scene," but do you remember meeting for the first time? And what were your first impressions of each other?

Jeff: We first met when Athena's band The Dread came up to Sonoma County to play a party with us (Capitalist Casualties) at a friend's brother's barnyard, probably around 1991 or so. She was good friends with our guitar player Mike, so he hooked them up with a show. It was a typical Santa Rosa disaster of a show, complete with fights, drunken belligerence and drug abuse everywhere. She needed an amp so I let her use mine. I remember having to sit next to it because it had some wiring difficulties and you had to smack it every now and then to keep it working. I was completely trashed, and I remember for weeks afterward believing Athena was 6' 7" tall. She was probably impressed with my magic Arthur Fonzarelli-like touch with my amp (not).

Athena: I remember the party being really crazy and I remember being kind of scared of some of Capitalist's friends, they were shady! There was some dude doing "the crab" by himself in the pit while a band of what looked like ex-cons played a song about kicking a woman in the stomach to make her have a miscarriage. It was not a scene I was used to at all, being a kid from the East Bay. The show in Sonoma County was where we first met, but I remember seeing Jeff when I went to see Capitalist at Gilman, and thinking he was cute before we actually met in person, and as corny as it sounds, I liked the way he played. I had a different boyfriend at the time, though, so I kept my distance. I thought he was really nice when we met, and since I've always liked tall dudes w/long hair—must be my love of metal from when I was a kid—he was totally my type. I had to trick him into asking me out because he was shy.

MRR: Were you fans of each others bands, or did one (or both) of you just tolerate each others musical output for a while?

Jeff: I always thought The Dread was one of the more underrated Bay Area bands. It didn't hurt that they played that SoCal Posh Boy/BYO style I loved since I was a kid. The difference between our bands meant virtually nothing. Punk was punk still, not as genre specific as things are now. Once our bands played together a few times, we were virtually inseparable. We shared shows, hung out and made plans to tour like any other bands that find a bond do. At the time Capitalist Casualties was a flat out outcast band. No one liked us in our area and the punk scene had died, replaced by alt-rock stuff and most thought we were a metal band because we had the wrong haircuts. The so-called "open-minded" punk scene turned out to be total bullshit in our eyes and we struggled on in total obscurity and were happy with that. The Dread was much younger, but had their shit together way more than we did, and had way more presence in the local scene. We learned a lot from

them, but unfortunately never put those lessons into practice! We were already a band for like five years with no records, no shirts and a 3 year old demo recorded at Gilman St. for like $25.

Athena: I thought Capitalist was great, but felt like the Bay Area just didn't get them at all. Like Jeff said, they didn't look "cool" since they all had long hair, nor was the style they played popular. Plus, they were from Santa Rosa, and no one knew where the heck Santa Rosa was! Many people think of the Bay Area punk scene of the 1990s as its heyday with Lookout! Records and all that, but I actually think that was a pretty divisive era looking back. Lots of attitude from lots of toxic people, most of whom are no longer involved. The lesson to be learned from Capitalist? Believe in what you're doing and stick around! It's awesome that so many people from around the globe love them so much now, but I remember going to a lot of CC shows where they played for just me and some friends.

MRR: Six Weeks began as a result of touring together for six weeks, correct? Let's hear some details.

Jeff: Athena booked the tour and did all the work. Why, I don't really know because we had already done a short tour up to Oregon and Washington and CC was a complete mess. Drinking grain alcohol at 5 in the morning, totally merch-less and towing a caravan of idiots along with us. The six-week tour was no different. We came home and we decided to do a zine about the tour and called it "Six Weeks," interviewing bands we met along the way. We did another issue, similar in the same tour-diary style, though they were separate tours. That turned into the label when we funded the CC/Dread split EP.

Athena: It was the '90s so shows were very diverse. It was common for two bands like ours of two different styles of punk to play a show with equally diverse bands. CC hadn't done their first record on Slap A Ham yet, so no one knew who they were, but I do remember thinking that the punk scene outside of California "got" them way more than the Bay Area. The tour was a lot of fun—we met a lot of great people on that tour that we are still in contact with today.

MRR: Any connection to the dramatic comedy with Dudley Moore & Mary Tyler Moore?

Jeff: No, and not to Six Weeks Abs, which comes up a lot when we're Googled!!

Athena: There's also a really bad romance novel from the '70s called *Six Weeks*, which despite our relationship, has had no role in inspiring us, either.

MRR: Since most D.I.Y. labels are one-person operations, what kind of conflicts do you have with the two of you having equal say in label operations? Or do you have equal say?

Jeff: We don't really have a problem with that kind of situation. I think at the beginning we were more independent of each other, she released bands she wanted to release, and I did the same. Whichever bands got their completed artwork and recordings to us first became the priority. Nowadays, we are tending to keep our releases "in the family", so to speak, releasing records mainly by friends, locals and bands we've previously worked with so most of these releases are generally agreed upon by both of us.

MRR: Do you both always agree on which bands to work with, or do you sometimes tell each other, "OK Babe, if you let me release this band now, I promise you can release that band next"?

Jeff: Generally yes, but we don't have any desire to become one of those labels that releases the same sound with same look over and over again either. We have quite a track record of diverse releases, from traditional '77 punk to grindcore and everything in between. We tend to stay away from the trends/styles at all costs and try to look for something more in a band. We're looking for heart and dedication. We are not generally looking to release the bands that pack the shows, more like were looking to release the bands that are setting up the shows. Bands that are active in more ways than just playing guitars.

Athena: I think we've gained a rep the last few years for only putting out certain styles of music, but that's due to the fact that most people are only familiar with our most popular releases. We've put out the very first record for a lot of bands that are still very popular and cloned now, but we try to stay one step ahead and avoid their copycats.

MRR: You don't really listen to all of the demos you receive, do you?

Athena: Jeff is way better at it than I am, but between the two of us, yes, someone listens to almost everything.

Jeff: I listen to all of the demos we get that look as though the band put some effort into them. CD-Rs and tapes with lyric sheets and covers are always listened to, and kept most of the time. CD-Rs and tapes with no info/lyrics or covers go into the trash. We make the effort when the bands do.

MRR: What's the most rewarding part of Six Weeks?

Athena: I think still being here is the most rewarding part. I love the fact that we have friends from virtually every generation of punk, and I love the fact that we are still very actively involved.

Jeff: Working with the young bands is always rewarding because they get so fucking excited! I really enjoy distro-ing records at shows, it's fun to meet all the kids (and adults) going crazy over records We've made a lot cool friends over the years doing this, and it's important to the scene. When we were kids there were not any record distros and we relied on stores and mailorder for our record fix so we think it's important for the community to have independent record dealers out at gigs, spreading the communication and offering cheap noise. The local distro scene fluctuates wildly. In the '90s there were 4-5 of us at every show, now it's down to us and Negative Tom and sometimes Scotty Karate. We set up next to each other and have a good time making plans, doing trades, being a part of things and hanging out with the punks, young and old.

MRR: What are your biggest regrets?
Jeff: No regrets. We've made every mistake in the damn book as far as "business" stuff goes. When deadlines approach I tend to stress a bit, and really for no reason. So yeah, I regret being stressed out over really stupid stuff like deadlines, art deadlines, etc. It's hard to have regrets about a hobby though; in the end when you have a band's finished release in your hands it's all good.

MRR: What aspects of the Bay Area scene have you prided yourselves in being affiliated with over the years? And which have you tried to distance yourselves from?
Jeff: We just enjoy being affiliated at all. I'll be forty-one in a few months but I still feel like I'm seventeen and I owe all that to being involved in the punk scene. We are very lucky to live where we do, in an area where the scene never died and has a tradition for fighting through problems and not devolving into complacency. Like most scenes it has its minor drama and, if anything, we try to stay out of those dramas...which is probably why we never moved into east bay/west bay areas. We like being on the outskirts and try to be more sober about the small squabbles that occur.
Athena: The Bay Area scene is awesome—I feel lucky to have grown up here. I also like the fact that we're approachable to both younger and older punks. I've had several kids tell me the first record/CD they bought was from us, and that is really cool. I don't think we've actively tried to distance ourselves from anything except maybe punks who bring dogs into shows. I HATE that!

Conga Fury

MRR: What are the biggest changes you've noticed in the hardcore scene over the years, and what do you think the positive or negative impact has been, as a result?
Jeff: The internet has been the most helpful and has done the most damage. I love how it makes it much easier for punks to communicate. I used to write 20-30 letters a month in the early-'90s to other labels/distros letting them know we have new records out, setting up trades etc. The negative side is that it's let punks get lazy and has spawned a horde of people who would rather sit in front of the screen then go out into the streets, where punk thrives and belongs. Honestly, doing a zine or a label is one of the more selfish aspects of the scene. You can do these without really being a part of what's going on. Find some band you like, send it to the pressing plant, sell them on the net—same with zines. You don't even have to leave the house, interact, or communicate at all. That's not punk to us. Punk to us is going to shows and supporting the venues that make the scene thrive. Everything else is sideshow bullshit and window-dressing and anyone who thinks it's so highly important that they put out records or do a zine is fooling themselves. The only way punk works is when we're together, in the streets and at the gigs.
Athena: I remember the first Voetsek tour and being amazed that I wasn't coming home to an astronomical phone bill! Technology in general has really helped the scene, from the Internet to cell phones, it has made communication much easier. At the same time, the one-person MySpace "bands" and toxic message board morons are terrible for the scene. Also, I've noticed that a lot of bands don't bother making fliers and handing them out anymore—they only advertise online! That is lame. Flier art is important, as is meeting people, looking them in the eye, and inviting them to your show.

MRR: MRR and Gilman are longtime staples to the Bay Area, and worldwide punk scene, and yet there are folks in the scene who do not support either organization. To what do you attribute this backlash, and what can be done to resolve it so everyone in the Bay Area can "make nice"?

Jeff: I think the Bay Area gets along just fine. Gilman is huge in its importance, it's a staple of all that's good about punk. Sometimes it can devolve into nepotism but it remains the rock of our scene. Even when some punks get disillusioned with it, it helps because punks will find/create alternative venues making the scene even stronger. MRR plays a huge part in the worldwide punk scene, but in the Bay Area, they are a small sliver in a gigantic network of punks. The days of MRR building the local community seem to have passed with Tim Yo. There seems to be no plans for Gilman/Blacklist type ventures anymore. That work has been passed on to other punks. I feel the locals occasionally are at odds with MRR (and we have been also at times), mostly due to high turnover I think and the lack of local presence. Hopefully this issue will help that situation. But this isn't just an *MRR* situation. We get so many punks moving into the Bay Area at all times that the locals tend to play "wait-and-see" and see who wants to be a part of our scene and who just wants to sublet it for a time. Those of us who grew up here have seen so many come in, use it up, talk big about what's wrong with it and then disappear without offering an ounce of help, input, or ideas, that this has become necessity. I think the punks that move here would do well to learn a little about the scene, to realize that this is a punk "mecca" and for every bright-eyed positive person that shows up, there's just as many fucked up, damaged punks trying to escape whatever it is they are fleeing from and that not everyone agrees what is and isn't "punk," and last time I checked, there was no rule book. This is how the Bay Area has been since the 1800s, a place where all kinds of winners and losers come to live and create. The Bay Area scene is not just Oakland/SF/Berkeley and people that move here get incredibly xenophobic about the outlaying suburbs, not knowing that generally 80% of the scene (bands and plain old punks) is coming in from these areas, and that's one of our strengths. In reality, the scene stretches for hundreds of miles north past where we live up to Mendocino/Lake and Humboldt counties. Hundreds of miles south, through San Jose all the way to Santa Cruz and also drawing kids up from the central valley areas of Fresno. East from Sacramento and its jillions of suburbs all the way to Reno, Nevada. It's important that all these punks, bands, and weirdos are welcome here regardless if they party too hard, say bad words, or some other trivial shit that snobs use to separate and label us. I think those that move here could learn from this, accept it, and not trend towards isolation and become a part of it, good and bad.

Athena: I think Gilman is still an extremely important community space in the Bay Area. Sure, there has been and is still some seeming nepotism surrounding it, but it's absolutely an important venue. The fact that it's an all-volunteer collective that has lasted as long as it has is incredible, and a testament to the DIY spirit. What's great about the nepotism, real or imagined, is the fact that anyone can go to a meeting and address issues of concern, and that is really cool. I did this recently—anyone can. As far as *MRR* goes, my feelings are mixed. The fact that many punks from all around the globe use it as a resource tool to learn about new releases is really awesome but I do hope that punks around the country and globe understand that *MRR* is a very very small segment of the Bay Area community. The Bay Area scene is incredibly diverse. I don't see the entire Bay Area scene all "making nice" ever, and I don't really have a problem with that. We're a scene of individuals, and individuals don't always agree. As long as we retain the ability to communicate, we don't have to make nice.

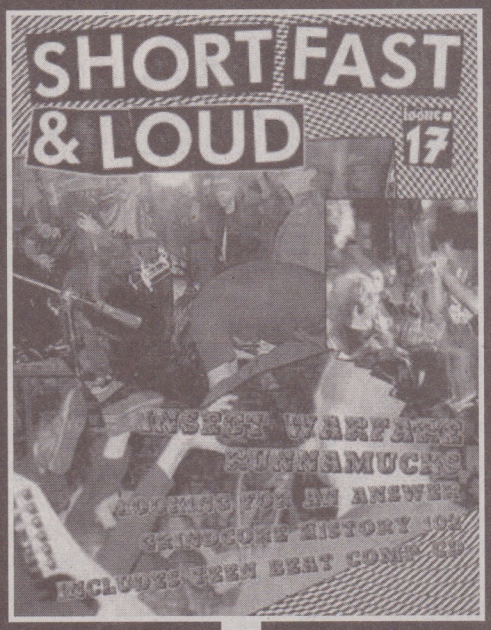
MRR: How and why do you think Six Weeks has been able to survive so many years, especially in a scene where the kids are such goddamn cheapskates?

Athena: Consistency, I think. 99% of all people who have purchased our records at stores, through mailorder, or from our distro are genuinely stoked that we've kept our prices low. Sure, there's the occasional request for a "squatter's discount" or a kid who lives with their parents and has on tons of expensive "punk" gear, but will still complain about having to pay $6 for an LP, but they are few and far between. I cut toxic people off, and continue doing what I do.

Jeff: Just sheer determination, I guess. Survival is all about determination. Not letting the scene games fuck with you or petty insults and criticisms deter you from what you want to achieve or create. I try to keep my eye on what's important. Not to get caught up in bullshit. Life's too short.

MRR: Over the years, you have let untold numbers of bands stay at your house. What was the worst or weirdest experience? I seem to recall you had to rent the Rug Doctor after Deformed Conscience stayed with you?

Athena: I forgot that I told you about that! Man, Deformed Conscience, were stinky! Nice guys, but damn, I really did have to rent the Rug Doctor after they crashed on our floor. They were probably the smelliest band to stay with us, and maybe it was just a coincidence, but on top of it all, our plumbing wasn't quite the same for about a week afterwards. The "best house guest" band is a tie between The Pist and Crucial Unit—both bands helped around the house, did chores, cleaned up, etc. Crucial Unit acted as my personal sweatshop, putting together all of the freebie packages for the Super Sabado Fest! When Code 13 stayed with us, our living room looked like an ammo dump when they all took off their myriad of bullet belts and spikes before going to sleep. The weirdest experience was having Zack from Strong Intention sleeping in our living room because he has really bad sleep apnea and has to use this weird contraption at night that made it sound like Darth Vader was down the hall. I think one of the cutest things was listening to Jeff and Brandon from Direct Control, who was still drumming for Municipal Waste at the time, stay up all night drinking beer, and listening and talking about records. It was totally like a father-son bonding thing, and the next morning, they were stretched out next to each other on the floor surrounded by beer cans. Thankfully, nothing really bad has happened—we haven't been ripped off, nor had anything stolen. I really think most punks are trustworthy.



MRR: You've never used a P.O. Box for the Six Weeks mailing address. Have you ever had a problem with unwanted visitors showing up unexpectedly at your door?

Athena: Nah, we live in Cotati. There was a group of punks who lived behind us for awhile, but they didn't know who we were for quite a few months. It's not like we walk around handing out business cards. Occasionally we get spotted at the grocery store, but when the local punks see us, I don't think they know we're punks—Jeff looks like an older rocker guy and I look like a teacher. Maybe they think we're the creepy older couple who smiles at them?

MRR: Obviously it's financially impossible for just one label to release records by all of the bands you like, so I assume you have to send a lot of them on their merry way. What advice do you give to bands that are looking for a label to release their record?

Athena: I suggest that if it's in the realm of possibility, to just do it themselves and trade like crazy. Trading is instant distro. And trade with us!

Jeff: I always tell bands they're better off putting out their own record. How many bands out there have done a record on a label, only to run out of copies and have to buy copies back from the label? Don't get me wrong, it is obvious why bands would want to do a record on a stable reliable label for just distribution reasons alone. I used to write back to every band, offering some encouragement but that's become almost impossible now. Between the zine and label, demos of all kinds of stuff pour in weekly from Eastern European death metal to pop-punk bands from Maine.

MRR: You had already put out your own *Six Weeks* zine in the early-'90s. What made you want to take the reigns of *Short Fast + Loud* magazine a decade later, and do you regret volunteering for this responsibility?

Athena: This really nice guy named Chris approached us, and...seriously, though, I've always been a firm believer in doing things yourself, so basically, when it was offered to us, I looked around at the other zines from the area, decided they didn't cover enough of what I wanted to read, and thought we should give it a shot: especially since we were both columnists for it from the very first issue, and were sad to see it go. I swear every other issue that it's going to be the last one because really, doing a zine is a pain in the ass, but the end product is worth it. Believe me, I totally understand why you gave it up!

Jeff: It's kind of like why we started the label. We weren't stoked on the current zines out there. None really covered the bands and sounds we liked, even going so far as dismissing them altogether. When you asked us to be involved it was a no-brainer, but taking over the whole thing took a lot of arm-twisting by Athena. My arm is still sore. We batted around the idea a whole lot, compromising on what we wanted to keep and what we wanted to change since we both had differing ideas at the time. Athena wanted to keep it like it was, a regular fanzine, and I wanted to do something more along the lines of *Factsheet Five*. That is, mainly a review/resource type of zine for these styles. I think we've been managing to combine both pretty well, though I think we both agree it can be better. So yeah, we took the same approach as we did when we started the label: when we don't see music and bands we like with records, we put them out ourselves. We took the same attitude with the zine, doing it ourselves.

MRR: On what's likely a very rude & overly personal note, why did it take so long for you two to get married anyhow?

Athena: I don't know! Now that we are, I don't know why we waited so long. I love being married to Jeff. We lived together for an eon before officially tying the knot, so we were both skeptical about marriage "feeling" different, but it really does. It rocks!

Jeff: Yeah, it rocks!

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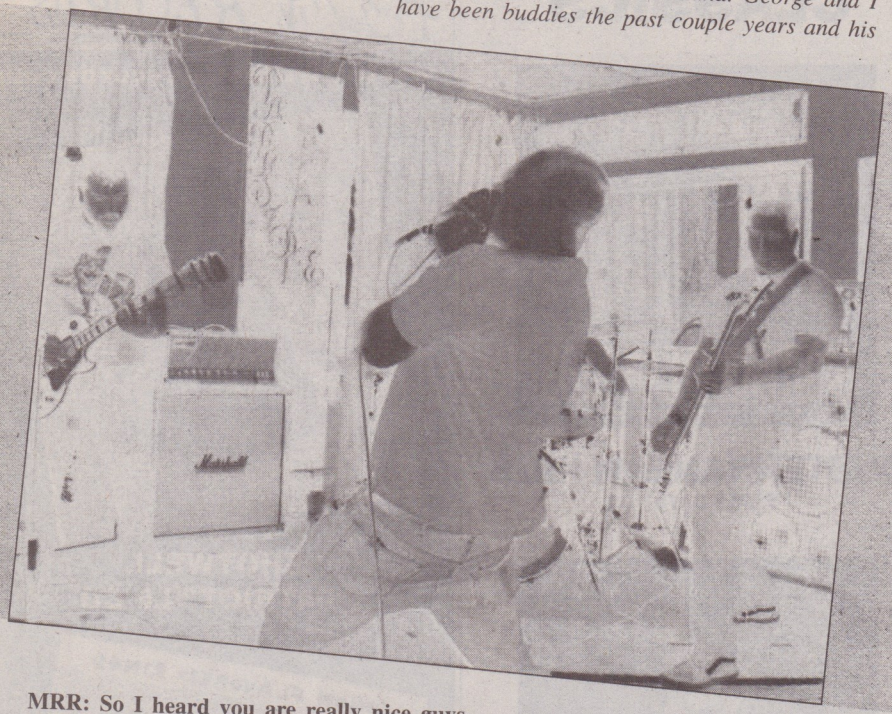
"...so he said to me, "Dude, I'm an ex-San Leandro Cop and that shit was hella funny*!" Once Gene told me that story, I knew we were going to have a good time. This is how he introduced himself to me; a crazy drug story and cop jokes over at Mike's house in West Oakland. George and I have been buddies the past couple years and his band, Fix My Head, has gotten a bit of attention lately. They released a great demo tape in 2007 and have new material on the way. Gene is the drummer, Mike plays bass, George is on guitar, and Matt is in Hawaii. I sat down with these guys last weekend and had some beers.*

Interview conducted by Ryan.



Fix My Head

MRR: So I heard you are really nice guys and played a birthday party for some kid not long ago in Hayward. How'd it go?

Mike: It was great. It was a kinda shitty day and we actually played in the garage and we had a tarp over—it was pouring—but there were lots of kids.

MRR: Young kids?

Mike: Yeah, very young kids! My kid fit right in!

Gene: I'd say the oldest kid was 15 or 16.

George: Nah man, I'd say 18.

Mike: It was cool 'cuz everyone really dug it.

George: It was actually a really great show, 'cuz it was such a shitty day and all the kids were together and we were loud as hell! We didn't scale it down at all! We played at normal volume in the middle of the 'burbs. Apparently the cops showed up right after we were done, but we bailed.

Mike: *[inaudible]*

All: *[laughter]*

MRR: Did you get paid?

All: No.

George: They asked us to buy them beer and we collectively went on the journey to buy beer and the singer of our band, who is not currently in the continental United States, purchased said alcoholic product. So we fuckin' drive by the house…

Mike: …we passed a giant sign that said, "Buying Under Age Drinks For Kids Is Illegal." I mean it was a huge sign that we drove by and I was thinking, "Oh fuck."

MRR: So you bought them beer and the cops show up?

George: The cops showed up while we were buying them beer. So it turned into a mellow situation and the kids didn't really get to drink…

Gene: Skunky didn't get his birthday beer.

George: There were like six or seven other bands scheduled, but we had to be in other places so we played early.

Gene: I played in Vacaville with my other band, so I had to get outta there to do that.

MRR: Fix My Head is playing more shows as of late…

Mike: We're doing about a show a month. We all have other shit going on…we have lives.

George: Matt actually set that precedent and it's really nice 'cuz we're pretty busy being jerks, and we don't take the band as some sort of part-time thing. We write songs like any other band, but we're just realistic about it. We have no delusion of grandeur about anything, but only playing the Bay Area is not something we're interested in doing. I'm sure we could play every week at, ya know, WhoTheFuxBar in San Francisco, but we're not really interested in doing that. We'll never turn anything down if it's gonna be fun.

Mike: We played Skunky's birthday because we thought it'd be fun.

Everyone: And it was! *[laughter]*

Gene: We didn't know any of these kids.

George: Exactly, if it's gonna be a ripping good time, we're down. But we're not gonna jump on every bill. We do what we can, and as of late we're on a roll because we're playing again—with Gene in the band, and that goes back to the year of problems we had.

MRR: Well, you hadn't been playing for a while last year, could you expand on that?

George: It started about a year ago. It's not some epic story.

Mike: I didn't know anything about it. I was on tour in Europe with Sahn Maru, and I got back and it was like, "All right, I've been playing with those guys for awhile, let's jam."

George: He was looking forward to getting home and playing with Fix My Head, and we just had all these issues. Matt had a death in the family, his father died, and shortly after that I decided I needed to part ways with our old drummer. Mike and Matt wanted to keep going, which was great—it just made sense.

Mike: Also, I think more or less, Josh was there when we wrote most the songs—he is a good friend of mine, always will be 'cuz he's a good guy. But things didn't work out and now we got Gene and things are working out really well.

George: See, it didn't just end up with us getting Gene, there were a couple people wanting to play…

Mike: Everyone was telling us, "Good luck finding a drummer," but we were jamming with Gene and I was telling him, "Hey man, you gotta slow down a little bit."
Everyone: Boo! Boo!
George: He thought we were fuckin' party crashers!
Gene: I don't slow down.
Everyone: *[laughter]*
Mike: Then we played with other people after we jammed with Gene, and *they* couldn't keep up! And we thought, "We gotta go with Gene."
George: At that point in time I had a couple new tunes that I was playin', just a little bit of riffage in my head and…
Mike: Riffage? Haha.
Gene: Aaaaahahaaha, ya fuck ya!
George: Shit, take that out—Ryan, you gotta take that out.
Mike: Hey Matt, George just said *riffage*. Ahahahahaa!
Mike: Nonetheless, we recorded the 7" with Josh. It took a year to get out, but it is available now. Josh helped us get started but we had a lot of problems in the mix with him. However, we're better band for it. Now, if there are any more changes, there's no Fix My Head.
George: The set is great now and so is the line-up. The band sounds how it's supposed to sound.

MRR: What are the practices like?
Mike: Last night we jammed and Gene answered his phone, and was like, "I'm at practice," and George and I look at each other and we're like, "Actually we're just drinking beer having fun, ya know?"
George: Scary thing is we get ripped in practice and have to get home.
Mike: Matt lives in East Oakland.
George: We practice at our singer's house and he's got a keggerator.
Mike: I got there last night and there was a full keg. He's in Hawaii, so I took a picture and was laughing, "Thanks for the full keg."
George: Anybody reading this is just gonna think we're a fucking sloppy drunk band… *[silence]* I guess we are.
All: *[laughter]*

MRR: Most of Fix My Head has been in the scene a while—what other projects have you guys been in and/or do you have going on?
Mike: Well, back in the day I met Matt through my band Noxious Waste and he was in Scurvy Dogs. Then I moved away to New York and I was in Virulent Strain…
George: I moved to the Bay Area in early 2006, and Matt was looking for a guitar player and I tried out. Well. not really tried out—came over and had drinks. It was funny, the moment I showed up to his house he said, "I'll provide the weed and the beer you guys just play."
Mike: Matt's so fun to play with because he's so laid back. He won't have lyrics and ask "Whaddya think?"
All: *[laughter]*
Mike: Then he sits down and plays drums…
Gene: Attitude Adjustment broke up and we formed Powerhouse. I did that for a while and then they weren't doing nothin' so I got outta the band.
Mike: Powerhouse. That, uh…
Gene: That was with Ernie Cortez…then I played with Mad At Sam, still playing with them—and I met Matt at a job site—he's an electrician and I'm a plumber. He saw the Mad At Sam sticker on my hard hat and said, "Do you know those guys?" I had tried hard to get the Scurvy Dogs to play a show with us but it just never happened. I told him, "Yeah, that's me!" He told me about Fix My Head and I asked, "Who's playing drums?"
George: It was kinda funny—I didn't really know anyone when I moved out to the Bay Area and Matt said, "You should meet these other guys, just check out this song," and he emailed me a song called "Intoxicated." It's this great example of how we sound; a weird mix of geeky hardcore and Los Crudos…it's fuckin' rowdy.
Mike: Because we are in a band together, I don't get to really see him play the way I like to,

ya know? He gets into it, he's on the ground…
Gene: T-Rexin' around with the little arms!

MRR: How do you guys feel about the Bay Area scene as a whole? Are we doing our best not to alienate any punx?
Mike: Well, we got the MySpace thing, which works for what it is, but we got this comment that said, "Why are all the Bay Area bands so fuckin rippin'?"

MRR: Do you guys see any part of the scene being marginalized or excluded? On bills, I'll see a top-to-bottom killer show, but because we have such a strong hardcore scene. Do you see bands that don't fall under the hardcore title not getting picked up on shows or any of the rad labels we have around here?
Mike: Honestly, not really. I don't just listen to punk…there's metal out there. Some of the best, and it's getting picked up and recognized. There's a big scene for that.

MRR: But do you notice any part of the scene being neglected and not recognized?
Mike: I think I see what you're saying. Ya know, I can think of one band with some serious recognition and they jump on every bill that a well-known touring band plays and don't play much else. That doesn't leave much room for other bands to get noticed.

MRR: You're talking locally?
Mike: Locally, ya—we kinda have a problem with that in my other band, but Fix My Head, we do our own thing and haven't worried about that.
George: My bitches about the Bay Area are completely fucking minimal! I mean, the scene grabbing or any of this show bullshit is all relative. Because a lot of it is built up on past reputations and friendship.

MRR: Which is respectable…
George: It is respectable, so it's hard to say that's bullshit because, especially when you've only lived here as long as I have—of course they're gonna book that band over another band because they always hang out for beers and they're gonna show up and kick ass…typical local system.

MRR: So, you don't see too many people being excluded and put off for any reasons?
George: I don't. I mean, these guys included me in their shit picnic and I'm into stuff that is a helluva lot more rock 'n' roll than they like. We don't bicker about the differences because, like, Mike can jump in my car and be into what I'm playing and I can do the same in his. It's a mutual respect around here.
Mike: What I love about this band, though, is that it's hardcore and I love it, and I like the

people I play with.
Gene: We've got the perfect chemistry. We get more done in practice when we show up than most bands do at all.
George: It's true, at practice we get so much done and it's because, you can object to this, but it's because…
Mike: …of the riffage??
All: *[laughter]*
George: Fuck you! It's rad because it's not like a work ethic has transferred over to our musicianship.
Gene and George: Our jam ethic?
Gene: Our riffage uptake? Hahaha.
George: Fuck you. We don't adhere to some jam credo!
Mike: What did you say the other day? If I don't play until my arm hurts, it's just not playing?
Gene: If I don't feel like my arms are about to fall off then I'm wasting my time. I need to feel like the right arm is just lying on the ground. That's when I say, "OK guys, I'm going home."
George: We don't do this for our health—actually it's more of a bad habit.

MRR: What do you guys do for a living?
Mike: I'm an iron worker.
George: I work in television.
Gene: I'm a plumber, and Matt is an electrician.
Mike and Gene: All Union.
Mike: Funny thing is, we should be called Fix Your House. *[laughter]*

MRR: What bands, crews, venues, and people have helped Fix My Head?
Mike: Lemme just say—Pyrate Punx. They have done a lot for many, many years. There are hella venues here. I was livin' in NYC and you could never *play* New York City. It was either a house show or you go to New Jersey. As for recording studios…we recorded with Bart Thurber over at the House of Faith. Real good guy. We're about to go record our second 7" at Ear Hammer with Greg Wilkinson who plays in Brainoil. Sahn Maru recorded with him.
Gene: Is this the same guy who wants me to do plumbing for him?
George: See, this is the rad thing in the Bay Area—you don't have to be a scenester to plug in and get what is going on. There are obviously bands that are really active, which is cool. Thing is, me, Gene, Matt, and Mike can live our lives and still participate in the scene. We have no rights of entitlement. We're just like anybody else but we don't have to fool around, we can just have fun and play shows.

MRR: How does songwriting go?
Mike: George writes most the music and he usually has a set idea. But I can still say to him, "Hey, why don't we try this," and there is no hesitation. If it works out and we all agree—good. If not, we figure something else out.
George: No ego involved, we are just trying to have fun. With the songs, I'm trying to let these guys have fun. If Matt and Mike and Gene aren't enjoying it, then I'm in serious trouble and need to stop writing stuff! But the best tunes we have came when Gene's just waiting and I…

MRR: Get that riffage goin'!
All: *[laughter]*

MRR: Lemme ask you about the content of the songs. On the demo, the lyrical content varies a bit but the song that really stood out to me was "Swirling Vortex." I was really impressed that Matt decided to address the massive glob of trash floating out in the Pacific. There is another song '"Garbage Existence," that deals with recycling and consumption. I'm sure this stuff matters to Matt and it's something he's pissed about. Does this stuff matter to the band as a whole?

George: We're political in the context of certain issues that affect us daily and that song was our first attempt for us to say that things like this are not supposed to happen. We are not preaching to anyone, but we are gonna say what is going on and be pissed. People ask us what the deal is with these songs, so the fact that people are reading and talking about a trash heap in the ocean *the size of Texas* is a good thing.

MRR: Are these types of issues that you guys want to put forth?
Mike: Matt writes most the lyrics and goes over them with us. He tells us if we don't like them he'll change them. Matt is very levelheaded and we share a lot of similar views.

MRR: How many songs are on the new 7"?
George: Well, the one that just came out is not new, it's pre-Gene and the same recording as the cassette demo. We did that and then a label in Canada wanted to release a 7" with the three extra songs.
Mike: The demo was not mastered but the 7" is mastered.
George: It's out on Vinyl Addict.

MRR: Pressing info?
Mike: 500 initially and he repressed it pretty damn quick. We got rid of a lot of them.

MRR: Are they all red?
Mike: No, you got lucky. There were only two made, and you got one of them.

MRR: Seriously?
Mike: No. *[laughter]* 100 on red, 400 on black with the first pressing, which contains a big fuck-up. Song two on the first side is missing 20 seconds and it sounds like a skip in the record. I don't understand how Andrew missed it. He said he listened to it 30 times—maybe he shoulda listened 31, I dunno. He fixed the mistake and pressed another 500 and we've almost gotten rid of them, and like I said we're recording in April for another 7".
George: A compilation and a 7".

MRR: What's the comp?
George: Dirty Mick Records outta San Pedro down south is putting the comp out, and unless we get an extravagant offer, I was just gonna put the next 7" out myself.
Mike: And if not, honestly, I'd like to push Scotty and see if he'll do it.
George: Tankcrimes.
Mike: He's got a fucking great label. Great guy and he's a good friend and I'd love to support him if we could help him out as much as he could help us. That would be ideal.

MRR: Anything else?
Mike: I wish Matt were here!

THE TRADITIONAL FOOLS

The Traditional Fools are an energetic, feedback-and-reverb-soaked punk band based in San Francisco. These three young lads are migrants from the bro-truck and peach-stucco-covered coastal purgatory of Orange County. The sounds of the Beach Boulevard *comp, Redd Kross, and '60s SoCal garage punk bleed through Traditional Fools' blown-out amps, perfectly blended with their own chaotic originality. Live shows, best experienced at a house, are always a spontaneous combustion sure to get even the meekest of bystanders embarrassing themselves on the dance-floor. So far they've released the* Live at Wizard Mountain *tape, a self-titled 7", and a split 7" with the Primate 5. Also, they just finished recording a 14-ish song LP that will be coming out this summer. This impromptu interview was conducted as we huddled around our backyard barbeque pit in mid-February grilling real burgers and fake hot dogs, shared cheap wine, and made fun of Governor Schwarzenegger while the Saints blared from the boom-box. Bear with us or get drunk and pogo!*
Questions by Alex, Daryn, Gerad, Eric, and Kevin.

MRR: Well, we don't have any questions so hope it doesn't end in dead silence… So, you guys are a rock and roll band, huh? What are your names and what instruments do you play? Also, if you want to add some witty introductions for the tape player…
Andrew: I'm Andrew. I play bass, sing, and work at Aardvarks on Haight and Ashbury.
Ty: My name is Ty. I play drums, guitar, and sing, and work at RVCA on Haight and Ashbury
Dave: I'm Dave. I play guitar and drums, and I sing and work at Ben and Jerry's on Haight and Ashbury. We'll get the foursquare phenomenon at this intersection when Sonya from the T-shirt shop joins us with an accordion or something. Then we can stand at each corner and take over this tourist trap. But I really don't work at Ben and Jerry's…

MRR: How did you all meet?
Ty: I met Dave at the prom. (Laughs) I knew his ex-girlfriend and we met when they were together. I met Andrew when I was moving up here for school and we started hanging out because we didn't really know anybody. He knew Dave, so we all started hanging out, and we started playing because we were bored.
Andrew: Dave and I were in a band back home.

MRR: What was it called?
Andrew: I guess it was called the Shitfuckers. It was kinda the beginning of the 'Fools because we covered the same Redd Kross songs.

MRR: How old were you guys?
Andrew: Seniors in high school.
Dave: I was a junior.

MRR: So how old are you now?
Andrew: 21
Dave: 20
Ty: 20

MRR: Have you had any problems with being booted out of bars that you play?
Dave: Stork Club! (Laughs)
Ty: We're kinda tired of playing bars. We would like to play more all-ages shows.

MRR: Do you feel like a lot of house parties are outside San Francisco? Do the same kids go to the East Bay shows that go to the SF shows?
Andrew: House parties are a lot easier to have in the East Bay. In Oakland every summer, the Cereal Factory has a few hand-picked, top-notch BBQ shows, and bands get paid in beer. Jason records the shows and is the nicest man ever. But in San Francisco we got Thrillhouse Records, which feels like a house party, and in the summer time we got Dolores Park shows. Last night there was a 2 A.M. generator show at Ocean Beach.

MRR: Did you guys go to that?
All: We were all tired.
Dave: I was a little stoned.
Ty: I was trying to figure out how to fix a broken window that I broke.

MRR: According to the bit in the *Guardian*, you've never had to book your own shows. Do you think you guys have earned the title "softest working punk band in SF"?
Dave: If the *Guardian* said it, it must be true.
Andrew: That was true for a while, but we've set up some stuff for touring bands and we have set up some Wizard Mountain house parties.

MRR: I think I just made that "softest working" thing up. Anyway, what is Wizard Mountain?
Andrew: Wizard Mountain is our friend Kyle's house. He runs a tape label, recording studio, art, comics, and print shop, plus once in a while he has parties.
Dave: It's our home base, where we feel most comfortable.
Ty: It's the best place to play in San Francisco.

MRR: What separates Wizard Mountain from a standard venue like Bottom of the Hill or something?
Ty: When bands play at Wizard Mountain, it's in a tiny, tightly packed room underground. It's also got a visually appealing atmosphere and good vibes. Everyone's on the same level and nobody's trying to be cool.
Dave: People that go to Bottom of the Hill are always bored or trying to get laid.
Andrew: Yeah, when we play on the floor, losing that barrier between the crowd and band gets everyone in on the party—we aren't the spectacle.
Dave: And musically too, we as a band sound better when we're not spread thinly across a stage.

MRR: Rumor has it that inhibitions melt away from the rigid-est stifflington watching.
Andrew: What? Do people do it more on nights that we play?

MRR: No, I mean they dance. Any noteworthy dance moves you've seen on the floor?
Andrew: The "Kyle Crawford writhe."
Dave: The "Crabwalk."
Andrew: Hey, can I get some of that wine?

MRR: Where did the name Traditional Fools come from?
All: We were all delirious one night trying to think of a name, it won out over Rock Solid and the Soaring Eagles. It's traditional, fool.

MRR: You guys are from Southern California and it's pretty obvious in your sound as well as your look. Is that intentional?
Andrew: We're influenced by the beach and its many bittersweet attributes.

MRR: Why did you relocate here to the Bay Area?
Dave: It was a service trip.
Ty: College?

MRR: There is a lot of SoCal immigration to the Bay. Why do you think so many kids move up here?
Dave: Life isn't as good down there. I can't stand more than maybe two weeks in Southern California these days.
Ty: Moving to the Bay Area is just far enough that you get away, but it is close enough that you can go back whenever you want.
Dave: Yeah, 'cause we got a lot of friends that have stayed down in SoCal, so it is good to stay in touch.
Andrew: There is a strong connection between scenes as well.

MRR: Do you think it is easier to be a band in San Francisco in terms of getting shows, practicing, and recording?
All: Definitely.
Andrew: There is way more of a community in music and in everyday life here. In LA and OC, it doesn't feel like there is much of a unified community due to the sprawl. San Francisco is a pretty small geographic region and it keeps people connected.

MRR: What is the song "TL Defender" about?
All: The Defender is our mascot.
Ty: We practice in the TL, or Tenderloin district, of San Francisco, at the intersection of Turk and Taylor.
Dave: A lot of people practice there. It's where we met our friends Les Hormones.
Andrew: The area is like Skid Row. It's an epicenter for drug-use and vagrancy. The Defender cleans up the streets.
Ty: He wears a gold spray-painted football

helmet, shoulder pads, and a cape. He's got a hockey stick he rides around on his bicycle with, as he cruises for scum.
Dave: So if you are into OC's, crack or methadone, and are looking to score in the TL, watch out for the Defender, 'cause he will get you.

MRR: Will he turn you in to the cops?
Andrew: Nah, he is a vigilante and this is the Wild West.
Ty: He will take you out with his hockey stick though.
Dave: We wrote a song about him because we love him so much.

MRR: What classic Bay Area bands do you like?
Andrew: Dead Kennedys.
Dave: Crime.
Andrew: Johnny Strike looks like a Nazi from fucking Indiana Jones.
Dave: Is there any more wine?

MRR: Surf or skate?
Dave: We love to surf and we love to skate.
Ty: Growing up in Southern California we were just surrounded by it.
Dave: It's all fun in the sun. Growing up, there was nothing else to do.
MRR: What do you think of skating in San Francisco?
Dave: It's pretty fucking awesome, man. In Orange County you get jive from the police, but you can seriously skate anywhere up here because they got bigger fish to fry—so, they just leave you alone.
Andrew: The skate from my house to the store is more fun than going to any skate park.

MRR: So Chocolate Covered Records put out your first 7", how did that go?
Dave: We couldn't be happier with a label. They came up to us after a show at the Cereal Factory a little more than a year ago and asked us, and we were stoked to work with friends.
Andrew: We always like dealing with friends, but some guy in Italy asked us to do the split with Primate 5 from Seattle, so that's how that came out. There were only 300 pressed though.

MRR: The hamburger-wearing-sunglasses artwork on the first 7" is unique. Who did it and how did they do it?
All: Kyle Crawford who does Wizard Mountain carved it.
Andrew: We block-printed all the covers every night after work, which took about two months.
Dave: It was all worth it, man, we would just get drunk and print covers.

MRR: Was the burger art influenced by anything?
All: Rosamunde! *[A place in San Francisco that serves choice burgers once a week.]*

MRR: You just got finished recording a ton of new songs, what are they for?
Andrew: Yeah, we recorded at Wizard Mountain for an LP that will come out on Make a Mess Records. It hasn't been mixed yet but it'll be out this summer when we go on tour.

MRR: Talk a little about the tour.
Andrew: Not sure where we're going yet, but hopefully most of the country depending on how much time we can get off from our obligations. First priority is swimming holes, second is playing shows. Help us book shows!

MRR: Fuck, it's frigid out here.
Andrew: If you pretend like it's summer, it's still summer.
Ty: Eric Burden was full of shit.
[Conversation drifts to what is left on the BBQ… Andrew brings it back by discussing what we asked earlier about non-punk people enjoying the band…]
Andrew: It's weird when non-punk people like us, because random-ass people like our music that do not like anything we like: the bands we play with, or our influences. But, I don't think it has anything to do with music. I think it is the vibe that we put off.

MRR: On the same subject of appealing to non-punks, talk about being in *The Beginning*, the Birdhouse skate video.
Andrew: They asked us to put the song "Please" on the Flow Team montage, the real youth skate talent. They gave us boards and wheels.
Dave: I think it's pretty cool 'cos one of my first exposures to music was through watching skate videos.
Andrew: Yeah, I got into punk through 411VM. *24*, the video with "Halloween" and "Last Caress." Jimmy Astlford skated to the Misfits and did a Benihana down a ten-stair to "Last Caress." It was sliiiiick!

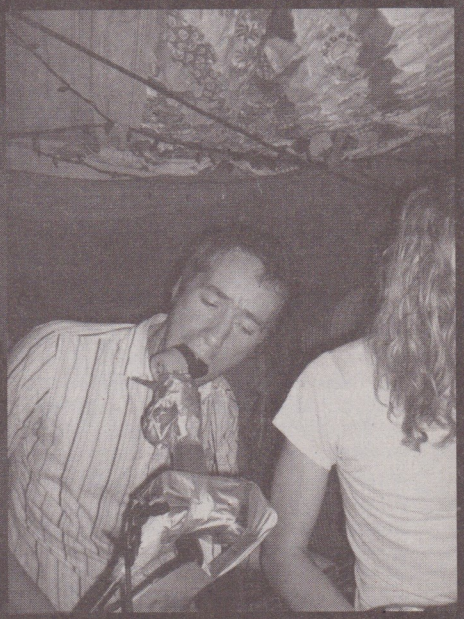
MRR: Do you think some bands get overexposed through skate-video soundtracks? Like Jim Greco and his Johnny Thunders obsession which lead to seas of long-haired 12-year-olds that looked like junkie punk pirates at the skate park. I know it's a dumb question, but are you scared?
All: No, we're stoked. We are the next Johnny Thunders.

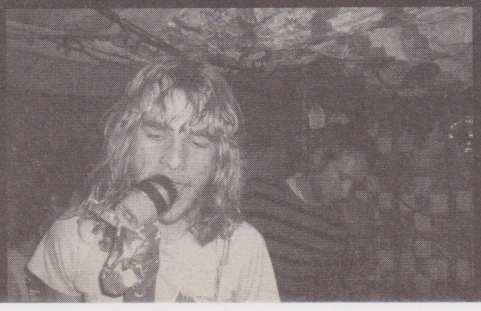
MRR: Are your instruments important to creating your sound? Do you wanna talk about your gear?
Ty: I got a 1965 Ludwig black oyster Pearl jazz kit, woooooo!
Dave: Prior to that we used a drum kit that I got at a garage sale for $5. We just got a bass rig at another garage sale for $100 and I play a guitar that I got for free. It's called a Conrad. I guess it was something you could buy at a department store in the '60s. The bass that Andrew uses is a Squire. That was my first instrument and I decided to saw a part of it off and then I spray-painted it. I don't know. That question sucked. (Laughs)

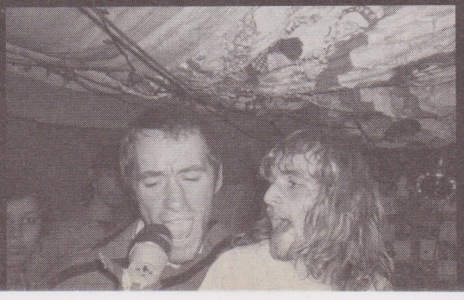
MRR: What do you guys think of Blackwater?
Dave: What, do you mean coffee?

MRR: No, the private security force that kills civilians and protects corporate investment in Iraq.
Dave: We don't know anything about your nut-bar conspiracies and we don't understand them. (Laughs)
Andrew: Oh, come on man, it's the real deal!

MRR: Blackwater is fucking scary, OK?
Dave: It's almost as scary as that robot dog. *[Go to YouTube and search "Big Dog."]*
Ty: Total abomination.
Andrew: Oh! Lets talk about Boston Dynamics, the tech group that's responsible for that wretched machine!
Dave: Look out for Boston Dynamics because they are going to end the world pretty soon.







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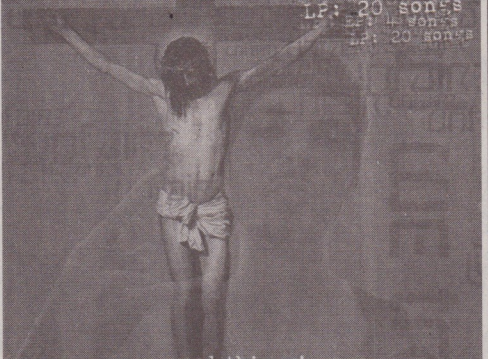

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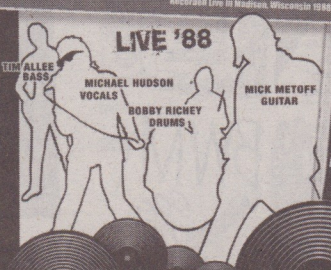

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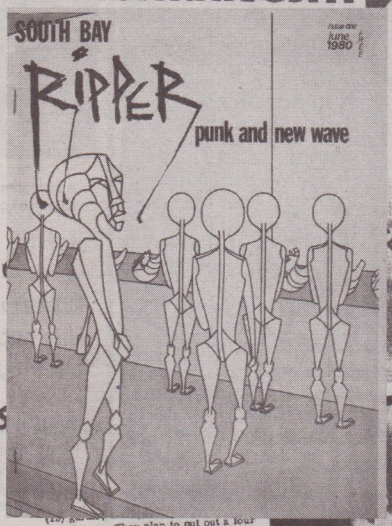

(19) drums. They plan to put out a four song EP. Information: Kevin, 1558 41st Ave., San Francisco, CA 94122 415/564-4960

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COVER: CRUCIFIX by Steve Briscoe and Lynn Madonick

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PHOTOGRAPHER: Lynn Madonick
WRITERS THIS ISSUE: Steve Briscoe, Frankie DeAngelis, Maria Estrada, Lynn Madonick, Sped McGregor, Ian MacRubbish, Cindy Padilla, Eugene Robinson, Jen O. Side, Darryl Ray Sawyers
CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS: Crystal Costa, Electra Flash, Kim Shaw
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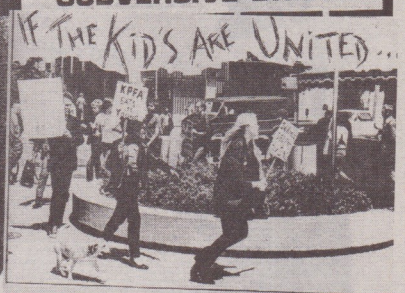
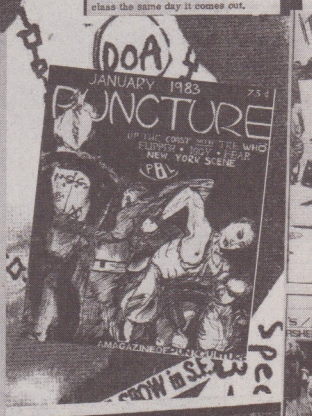




Punk victory at KPFA

photo: Crystal Costa

[Impatient] Youth

(IMPATIENT) YOUTH plays a more [illegible] part of punk with a country

Lately, (Impatient) Youth has been concentrating on practicing a lot and writing new songs. They now have [illegible] ceremonies.

How To Get Banned...
In a couple easy lessons

Howard Etc.

"Hey, what's up? the dinner I had to go to was cancelled."

"I dunno. Wanna go to the Mab? The Dead Kennedys are playing." A short time later we were on the freeway, heading up to San Francisco. It was kind of late, but what the hell.

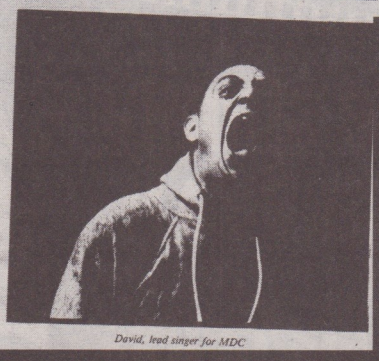
Due to traffic and parking problems, we didn't get to the Matuhay Gardens till about 11:45. Unfortunately, we missed the Circle Jerks, the opening band. However, from the talk inside, we picked up that they had done something or other and gotten themselves banned. Whether this is true, we couldn't confirm, but if two more magazines report it, it'll become A Fact.

Anyway, the next band on was Flipper. After a lot of messing around, they finally started to play their strange brand of "music" (and I use that term quite loosely) and settled into making lots of shrieking electronic feedback and noise. I couldn't tell when their set started but there was no question about when it ended, as they got into a brawl with Dirk, his bouncers and members of the crowd. When the dust cleared, the singer said he hoped he never played there again. Dirk agreed with him.

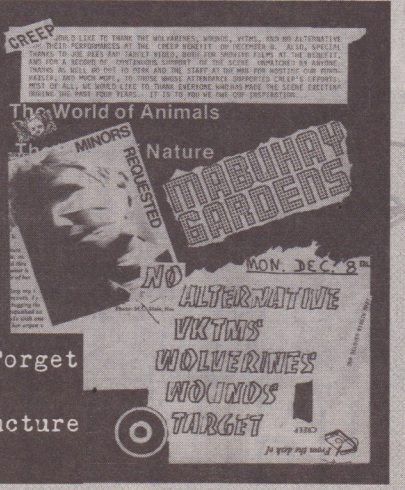
Finally, the Dead Kennedys arrived onstage, opening with the Stones "This'll be the Last Time", and going through "Chemical Warfare", "Kill the Poor" and lots of other stuff. They paced their set slightly different than any of the other times I've seen 'em, with the real fast songs at the beginning, some slightly slower ones, building to a fast end. E.B. Ray makes good use of his Echoplex now. The DKs synced with a jolloless "Pipeline", and he came out for "Holiday in Cambodia".

The DKs are certainly improving with age and this set showed it. Despite how blase they're said to be by the "in-crowd", the DKs still put on a great show and always get the crowd moving. So, all in all, it was worth the drive, as this was 1 of the more entertaining shows we've seen.

FORGET IT! #1



David, lead singer for MDC



Breakfast Without Meat #7; Forget it #6; Ripper #7; Creep #4; Forget It #9, Ripper #1; Puncture #1; Creep #5; Rebel 8/82

FANG

WHERE T...

SAMMY TOWN AND HIS DEVIL LOC...

anyway FANG were in L.A. to

yeah mom that's it, no problem. I'll
ow you a boner. No problem.
ris: Gong!!!!!
e talked about the songs on the
cord, but the record is out and
ou all have it so we can skip that
art. Hey, have you seen Sammy's
m, horn haircut?)
Chris: SOme cop is Las Vegas called
t an antenna!!! Ha ha haaaaa... And
hey were looking at the eye tattooed
on the back of his head.....
Tom: They asked him if his mom
ny children that lived!!!! Ha
"YOU", "You have
already for
it's

KPFA OKs prime time R'n'R

or: BERKELEY RADIO OUTDOES S.F.

"Maximum Rock 'N' Roll" officially occupies the 8-10 p.m. slot Tuesdays on listener sponsored KPFA, 94.1 FM.

The show had been subjected to a 2-month experimental airing at the aforementioned prime time slot starting in June. Host Tim Yohannan announced that the time had been ok'd during a September broadcast.

"Maximum Rock 'N' Roll" features rock 'n' roll only. In addition to new Wave the show contains segments of '50s and '60s rock 'n' roll.

"The management's always been on our side," noted Yohannan. "The rest of the staff, no. But we know we'd get it. We convinced them that what we do isn't available anywhere else in the area.

"Many people at KPFA associate rock 'n' roll with what happened to it in the early '70s. They didn't care for investigating something new. We verified there is an alternative; also we showed we don't duplicate what KSAN does."

3) Be open to community members who don't have their own radio, support local bands, announce a weekly calendar of events to help the community thrive;

4) Inject into the community a leftist perspective of the scene, make kids aware of KPFA and give some of the "stodgy" staffers at KPFA a more youthful outlook.

"Little by little all these things are happening. The energy's real good. We reach 80% of Northern California now." Yohannan added that he would ideally like one youth in each high school and junior high wherever the broadcast can be picked up to act as a liaison, making other kids aware of the show via flyers and other propaganda around the school.

With the membership drive completed, a final move in ensuring Maximum Rock 'N' Roll can support itself will be held in the form of a fundraiser at the Mabuhay Nov. 19, 8:30 p.m. with the Jers, SSI, Offs, Sudden Fun, Contractions and Vs.

Tim Yohannan at the mention of KSAN.

D. McD'Mott

M.A.D.

WILD ON THE BEACH!

story and photos by Tim

M.A.D., a hot and nasty thrash band from Santa Cruz, have really been making a name for themselves. Once you catch a load of their machine gun drumbeat, killer bass and cranked up to the max white noise guitar, and hear their singer venting his fury, you'll know why.

The initials M.A.D. come from the

of a "limited nuclear war." The band has been together since November 1981, consisting of (left to right in the photo above) Steve (19) guitar, Dave (19)

THIS IS CREEP

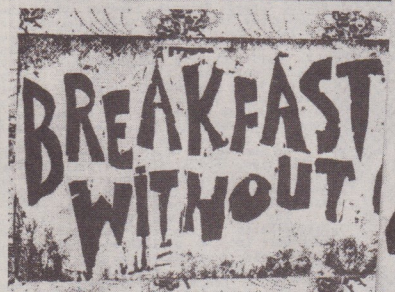
SYMPTOMS
of no commercial potential

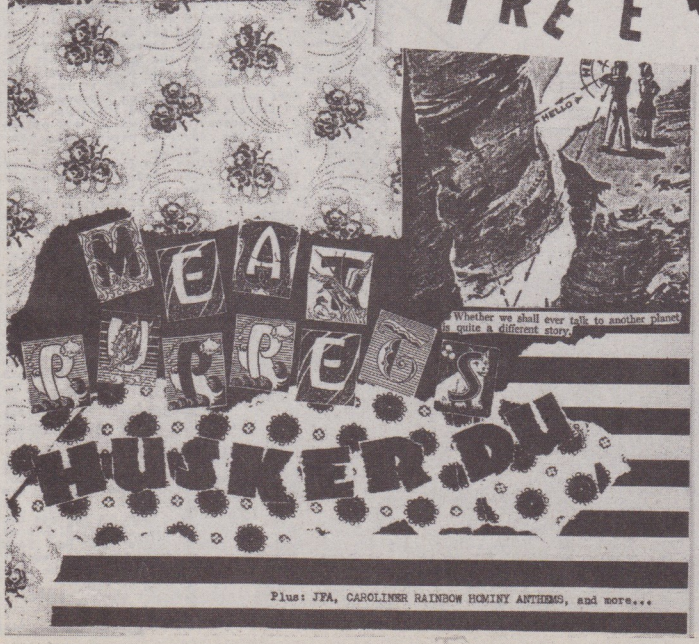
FRITZ MUTANT
What's in a name?

Readymade WAYNE DIZEL
on contact lenses, hippies, more

Target Video
NO SISTERS
KLEPTOS
MAY 21

4 FREE $


BREAKFAST WITHOUT



Whether we shall ever talk to another planet is quite a different story.

Plus: JFA, CAROLINER RAINBOW HOMINY ANTHEMS, and more...

WHATS SHAKING AT THE DEW DROP INN

MAY 16th FALSE IDOLS
MAY 24th VICTIMS, TOOLS & the LEWD
MAY 30th WOUNDS, FALSE IDOLS AND FLIPPER.

THE DEW DROP INN IS LOCATED AT 2425 SAN PABLO IN BERKLY

CRUCIFIX

Social Unrest?
Eis: They suck
tt: Your Mama

Matt: Sothira sucked Dirk's dick
Sothira: No I didn't, Matt did
Chris: How about the Pretenders

Joan: Because he's so romantic
Sothira: Cause I like Spandau Ballet
Joan: Why do you like the Fitz?
Matt: We don't!!!...Actually if there wasn't a Fitz I'd never be able to find Marin county too stops
Julie F: Ok, heres a question. I'm a Subsidized Mess groupie. Why does Bryce wear a Germs T-Shi
Bryce: Because a fat man made it for me
Julie R: Do you believe in god?
Matt: Yes

Breakfast Without Meat #8; Ripper #8; Creep #2; Flipside #43; Creep #4; Pokea Dot #1; Decline #3

RADIO

MAXIMUM ROCK'N'ROLL

BROADCAST ON KPFA ON 59,000 WATTS, THIS PROGRAM REACHES 80% OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. TIM YOHANNON AND HIS CREW COVER A BIT OF EVERYTHING IN TWO HOURS. THE BEST OF THE NEW MUSIC, DEMO TAPES AND OBSCURE RECORDS YOU WON'T HEAR ANYWHERE ELSE. LOADED WITH GREAT FEATURES LIKE INTERVIEWS, A CALENDAR OF CLUBS AND CONCERTS. MUSIC REPORTS FROM ALL OVER THE
AT FIFTIES ROCK'N'
SURVEY OF OBSCU

BILL'

PLAYS NEW W
TO GET CRAMPS,
AND X-ED OUT.
LISTENING TO

PUBLI

WITH KEVIN ANIMA
OF NEW WAVE BANDS
ALL KINDS OF NEW
POP, PUNK AND EXP
A NEW WAVE MUSI
YOUR BAND ON THE
AND ASK FOR ANIM
WITH AT LEAST F
OF YOUR BAND TO
EL MONTE ROAD, LOS

CODE OF HONOR

Etc.: How did Code of Honor get together?
JOHNITHIN: Well, me and Mike Fox wanted to get a band together. I was in Society Dog and he had a band with the rest of Code of Honor, they were all in Sick Pleasure. We talked about what we believed in, how fucked the system was and how we believed in honor above all. We decided to call the band Code of Honor. We got a list of things to follow. I don't know where it actually came from, it was things we believed in. It's in the song Code of Honor.
Etc.: What are some of these things?
JOHNITHIN: Never desert your comrades in need, in danger or in trouble...
VE: Like, when there's fights in clubs, especially in LA, some guys will just let their friends get beat up because they don't want to get involved. We want people to care about their friends and the music they listen to.

JOHNITHIN AND MIKE FO

JOHNITHIN: In America, it's only the youth, the more i
they are what is tomorrow. They have to take their
we leave it to the government, we're gonna lose it.
Etc.: I've heard that you people want California....
JOHNITHIN: To be its own country, yeah. I'm ashamed to
government does, supporting other countries, supplyi
government is so corrupt, California is the best sta

rock against reagan

1. Jello Biafra misses his point (p. 11)
2. Rallying round the flag (p. 17)
3. Fun with rodent rocks against Reagan (p. 12)

Dolores Park, a green, hummocky expanse set in the Mission District, drew a mass of young bohemians intent on reliving the fabled days of the love-in, preferably without all that cloying love.

The Dead Kennedys' contributions to the afternoon were not the most dazzling. Jello came onstage behind a black female comic who'd been filling in time to some effect. Instead of thanking her for keeping the crowd warm by crowd there, smirking until she slunk away.

Another thing he did was talk a lot.

Dave of MDC had worked out a technique for projecting the band's impotently bitter political lyrics with no loss of rapidity in performance. It began with saying the words over slowly and ended with the band playing each song at the dazzingly high speed that they are known for.

Referring perhaps to the radical/hippie/punk blend, possibly to some pay participation in the program, he declared, "We're totally

into the solidarity that's being made between the different communities in San Francisco."

The night was played by MDC ignored the mellowing-out tendencies of generally performing. As a kind of caveat to "Grey Swindlers," Dave called out suddenly, as if calling up any tendency on the part of the throng to cheer, "There's no god in Heaven, so get up off your knees!"

Will Durst gave a sharply composed monologue on our government's folly ("personally, I'd prefer a president with a central nervous system"). "Easter Bunny Room," being neither one thing or the other (musical, political, or funny) should have stayed home. The rest of the laughs were all in the crowd.

—CIC

Breakfast Without Meat #2;
Forget It #7; Ripper #1;
Puncture Winter '83;
Flipside #13; Rebel 3/32;
Damage #6

DANCE CRAZE

The Specials
Bodysnatchers
Bad Manners
The Beat
Madness
The Selector

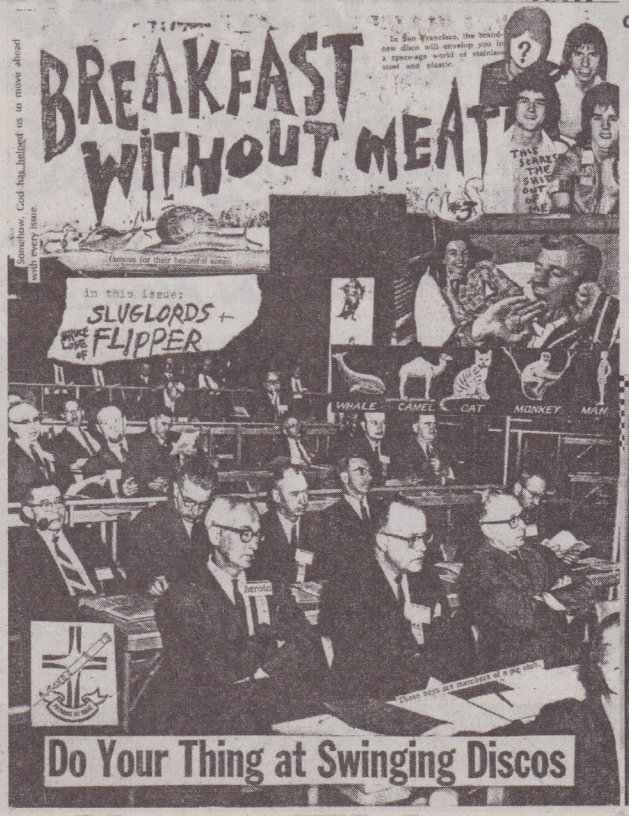
THE DECLINE

of Western Civilization

X
Fear
Germs
Circle Jerks
Black Flag
Catholic Discipline
Alice Bag Band

Friday, August 27
"Decline:" 6:30 and 10:20
"Craze:" ONCE at 8:25

PARKSIDE THEATER
933 Taraval St.
Take "L" street car to 19th Avenue
661-1940



JILL'S FRISCO.

The Fab Mab was raided by the police in mid-December. Apparently present were minors possessing alcoholic beverages and other nasty drugs. Mark Ganther at Rather Ripped Records reports that the Mabuhey has only lasted this long because the late Mayor Moscone liked punk. (One wonders if he was influenced by a certain S.F. Police Chief's daughter who used to book a well-known '60's Sunset Strip Club.) Since Moscone was murdered, Dianne Feinstein, a conservative who ran for the Mayor's office twice and has finally succeeded by default, has taken over and is out to clean up the streets.

So the Mab's door now sports a NO MINORS sign, but still is trying to give the best of local bands. Unfortunately the Saturday night I was in town Kid Courage was still playing there after three years.

The Pit, from what I hear is an Old-Masque-North. A concrete basement of a warehouse located on 10th and Howard. On The Rag played at one of the only two gigs held last December. Publicity is word of mouth and a few street posters, no known shows are scheduled at present. As for the bookers, all I could get out of anyone was that it was possibly someone from BAM.

A place called the Deaf Club just recently opened. The Offs played there New Year's Eve, and Lauren says it really is for deaf people, with sign language etc.

A picture book called "The San Francisco Punk Scene" with two to six photos on each of the 40 or 60 pages, most featuring Jennifer, ex-Nun.

Congratulations to Jean Caffeine for her interview in the Sunday S.F. Chronicle California Living Section last month. Jerry Mathers couldn't of said it better.

Also in Book
closed after the
t had occured in

s issue article:
that's on Market
ré. I met with a
riday night. Mon-
Wave/Punk night
e music is played

the guest list
ose and Thistle on
e Dianne Feinstein
there too, so we
, we did hear an
eats was playing
and the Explosions
s) and was over-
be there. Sorry.
de: Used Record
and San Francisco.
bootlegs and Kim

usarius Records for
me so I didn't go
for the New York
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t there, and that
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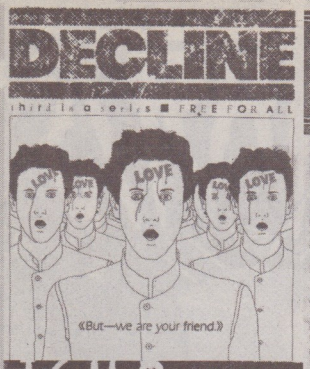
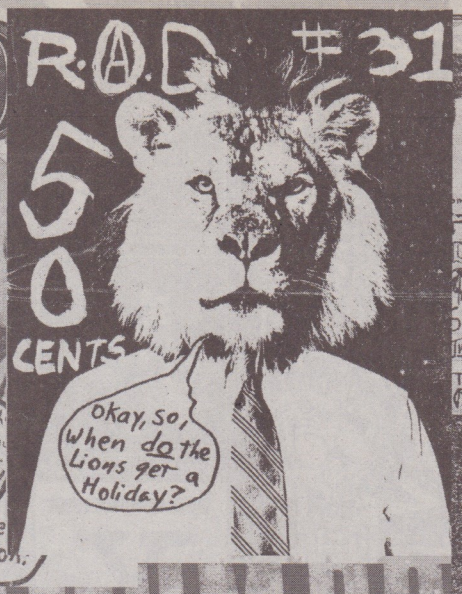
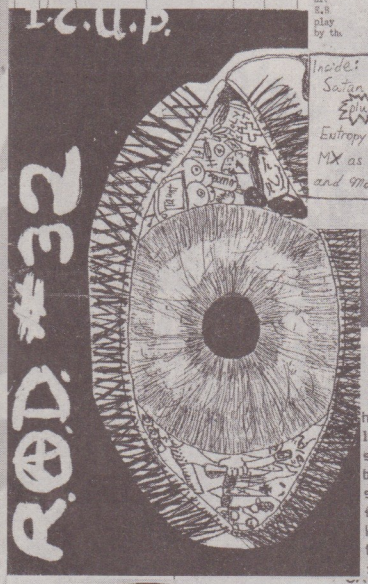
Do Your Thing at Swinging Discos



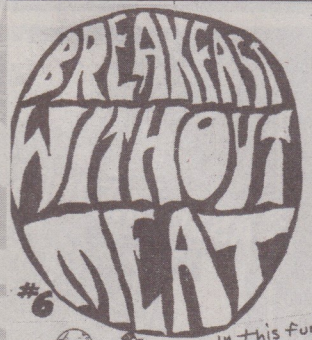




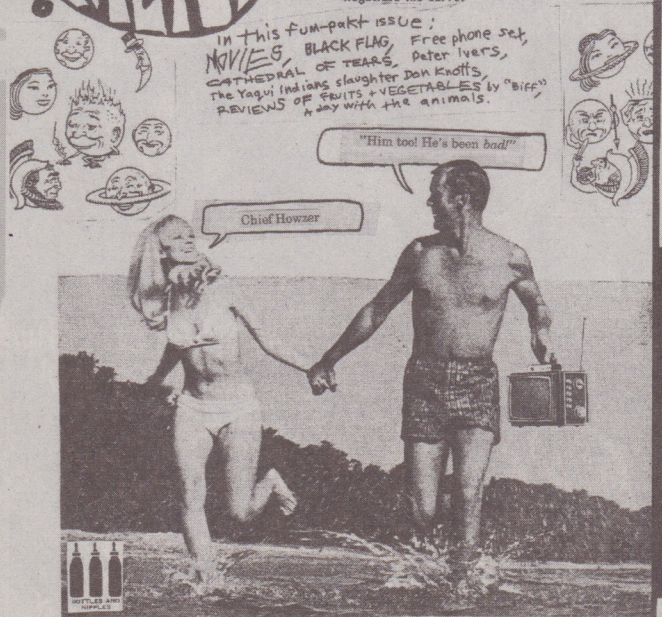
MAXIMUM RO

Interview with Tim Yohannon and Jeff
Rock 'N' Roll magazine.

As soon as the first issue of *Maximum Rock n Roll* hit the streets, quickly establishing itself as a rather loud and insistent voice and providing coverage which seemed to span the whole world, a good number of people began to grow quite upset with the new magazine. A showcase of violently leftist opinion, it was attacked for forcing bands and scenes into its political scheme and its key spokesmen were accused of trying to make punk over in the image of the sixties, of trying to cram punk into a pre-conceived mold of a leftist political movement.



Everyone had been looking forward to the prom all year. Western Front area high schools had cancelled this dance, but at West wishing to take shots High School it had always been a success. Chuck enjoy- lation fell a because it was one night out of the year that he could sta ideological framework all night and not be punished by his parents. The dance end anipulation came 1:00. Chuck and Marilyn had lunch at the Cabaret Club gry explosion of stayed open later than usual for the students. Then they s recently come to a over to Jerry Lane's house for a party until 5 a.m. Since versy, I decided to had to be at work at 7:00 he dropped Marilyn off and got ho e ideas and motives of time for an hour nap. It seemed like the day would neve with the two Quitting time came at 5 p.m. For Chuck it was then rush change clothes, and get to church by 5:45. Th exactly 11 miles from the house. It would take 13 the rural highway. Chuck never made it to Mass into a tree at a high rate of speed just one mile f and was killed. Chuck's 14-year-old brother, Bi was an excellent driver, didn't speed, and was careful. The accident report listed the cause a negotiate the curve."



Conforming to Deviance

DILS

THE DILS were interviewed on Jan. 6 at the original Masque by Al, X-8, Gerard, Rabies and assorted punks.

X-8: EXPLAIN THE SITUATION WITH LAST NIGHT.
Tony: What happend last night? OK we live in San Francisco, so like any out of town bands have to have a promoter, so to get shows and stuff certain things have to be agreed upon before a band can leave, cause it costs money to go out of town. So anyway Brendan told us the door would be under $4 and they'd be adequet promotion including radio spots, none of that was done at all so what we wanted to do when we got down here the first night, we got down here wednesday night we thought, there had been no promotion at all (for fridays gig) so we thought we'd just cancel it cause stuff like this happens to us all the time and were sick of eating shit, so we said we'd cancel but people said 'No we haven't seen you in

give us that bullshit line over the phone, if he would have told us what he was gonna do we would have said fine, We won't play a show that your gonna charge 4 dollers to get into and things like that.
AL: HE TOLD YOU OVER THE PHONE IT WOULD BE $4.?
Chip: yeah, thats one of our things when we play. Because the bands generally have a say at the door everytime, like when its a $5 door and the band says 'It's not our fault' but they have a say when it's set up.
Al: SO WERE YOU GETTING PAID MORE THAN THE OTHER 'ANDS?
Chip: I think so, yeah I think we were getting $OY.
AL:WHAT DID THE OTHER BANDS GET?
Tony: Idon't know see also...
Chip: we didn't really want to do that, cause when you have 4 bands somecnes gonna get screwed over.
X-8:WE HEARD ABOUT THAT DILS PICKET AT THE MAJUHAT?
Tony: that wasn't a Dils picket, let me give you the background, I went to a New Years Eve party that night and uh, I heard it called a Dils Picket and somebody said the communists are picketing wlls it is is a bunch of people from bands who are sick of getting fucked over by Dirksen and a bunch of fans who are si

months and months' and people would think its alot of bullshit when we told them why we cancelled so why don't we just play. So we said w we'll play but but we were gonna try and get

sick of paying $4 on a weekend to go in and and get the shit kicked out of them by Dirksen and his goons and then arrested by the Police.

Breakfast Without Meat #6; RAD
#32; Decline #3; RAD #27; RAD
#31; Make Up That Clogs Pores
#4; End Times #2; Flipside #13

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MON MAY 12th MEDFORD, OR @ MUSICHEAD
TUE MAY 13th EUREKA, CA @ THE PLACEBO
WED MAY 14th SAN FRAN, CA @ THEE PARKSIDE
THU MAY 15th OAKLAND, CA @ YOUR PLACE
FRI MAY 16th ROWLAND HEIGHTS, CA @ AWS ARENA
SAT MAY 17th SAN DIEGO, CA @ CHE CAFE
SUN MAY 18th LOS ANGELES, CA @ AIRLINER
MON MAY 19th PHOENIX, AZ @ MODIFIED ARTS
TUE MAY 20th ALBQUERQUE, NM @ tba
WED MAY 21st DENVER, CO @ CLIMAX LOUNGE
THU MAY 22nd LAWRENCE, KS @ JACKPOT
FRI MAY 23rd OKC, OK @ OKC INFO SHOP
SAT MAY 24th DALLAS, TX @ RED BLOOD
SUN MAY 25th AUSTIN, TX @ RED 7

INHASTILE
May 8th - May 18th

DOOMSDAY HOUR
May 16th - May 25th

for more info and updates go to
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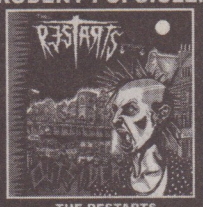
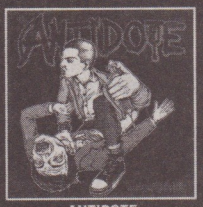
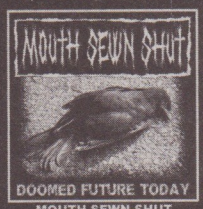


THE RESTARTS
"OUTSIDER" Digipack CD/LP



ANTIDOTE
"NO COMMUNICATION" CD/LP

INNER TERRESTRIALS
X (RE-ISSUE) DIGIPACK CD



MOUTH SEWN SHUT
DOOMED FUTURE TODAY CD

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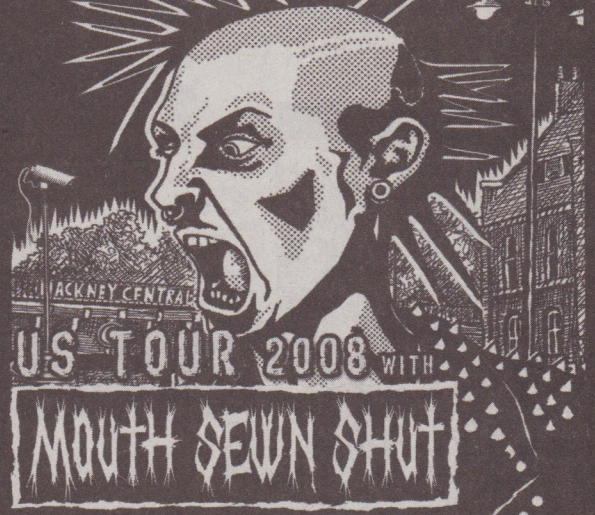
THE RESTARTS



US TOUR 2008 WITH

MOUTH SEWN SHUT

SAT MARCH 31st BOSTON, MA
SUN JUNE 1st NYC, NY
MON JUNE 2nd BALTIMORE, MD
TUE JUNE 3rd PHILLY, PA
THU JUNE 5th DALLAS, TX
FRI JUNE 6th AUSTIN, TX
SAT JUNE 7th HOUSTON, TX
SUN JUNE 8th SAN ANTONIO, TX
MON JUNE 9th EL PASO, TX
TUE JUNE 10th ALBQUERQUE, NM
WED JUNE 11th PHOENIX, AZ
THU JUNE 12th SAN DIEGO, CA
FRI JUNE 13th LA, CA
SAT JUNE 14th LA, CA
SUN JUNE 15th LA, CA
TUE JUNE 17th SAN FRAN, CA
WED JUNE 18th SACTO, CA
THU JUNE 19th MEDFORD, OR
FRI JUNE 20th PORTLAND, OR
SAT JUNE 21st TACOMA, WA

RODENT POPSICLE

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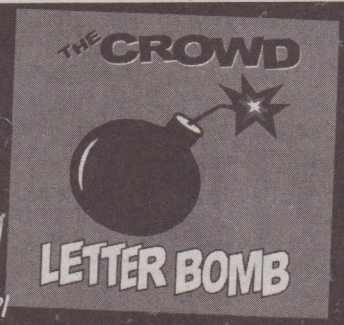
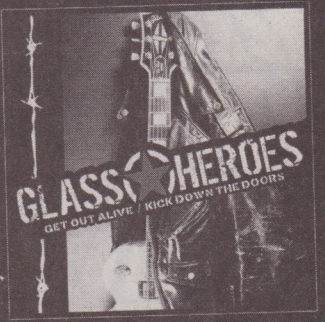


"GET OUT ALIVE / KICK DOWN THE DOORS" - 7"



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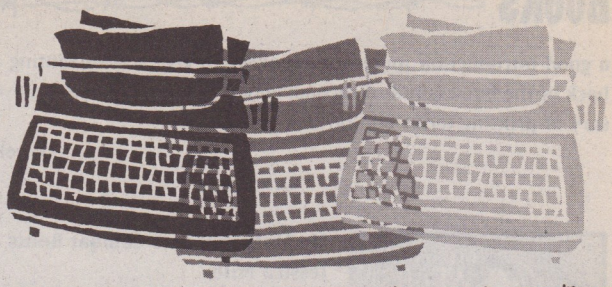

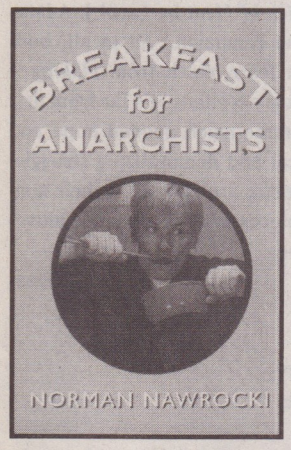

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www.nobarcodepress.com

"Why am I an Anarchist...because I want Social Revolution, now."

I walked down and around the corner to grab a cup of coffee, a copy of this book and a notepad in tow. A week before I had assigned all of the "good" books at the *Maximum* house to the reviewers with tenure and was left with something that I wasn't necessarily enthusiastic about reading. I sat in the corner of the crowded coffee shop, put my earphones in and sipped from my cup of coffee. I feared the concept of reading "rebel verse" with a straight face. I hadn't really encountered much activist poetry that made an impact on me, so I was apprehensive. Totally unfamiliar with any of Nawrocki's previous work, I opened *Breakfast for Anarchists* and began reading the first poem, *Free Advice*. The Framtid song blaring in my ears dulled to a distant rumble in the background and the sounds of people conversing and spoons clinking against cups dissipated. The poem dealt with taking a step back from the routines of our daily lives in a work-to-live society and truly appreciating the nature of our surroundings—simple and innocent in its plainest form, but nonetheless thought provoking and liberating at the same time. I right away knew this book was going to be different than I had previously assumed.

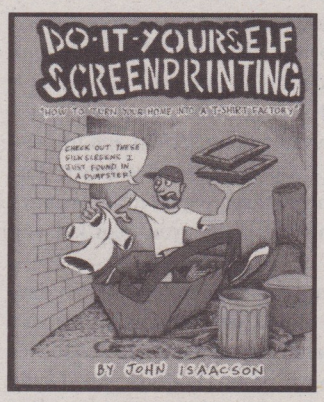
Born into a Polish/Ukrainian Canadian family, the prose and poetry of Montreal based comedian, sex educator, cabaret artist, musician, author, actor, producer, and composer, Norman Nawrocki, is a far cry from the traditional anarchist fare. His obvious and yet underlying sense of wit is matched with a refreshing expression of passion and honesty, in his first of the Brainfood Trilogy of books, *Breakfast for Anarchists*.

"After everything changes and we all agree: bigger, faster, newer operating systems can never replace lost love time birdsong cricket talk or wind chime-ing leaves."

Breakfast for Anarchists contains pieces built from daydreams of change and understanding on a grand scale, and often times brutal reactions to government-implied social standards. Nawrocki's style of writing poetry is simplified in its delivery and still stirring in its subject matter. "The Poor Don't Write" talks of how history has been written by the rich and if the tables were turned the books would read of oppression and the struggle of the poor and forgotten sects of society. "Imagine if the poor could write. The poor don't write," ends the prose that starts up again on the next page with a tongue-in-cheek account of the bewildered masses ignoring the ramifications to the environment by taking part in the SUV culture.

The book continues with Nawrocki's thought provoking reactions on many of today's startling world situtuations. I had definitley opened this book initially with trepidation, but in retrospect it opened my eyes to a medium of expression that I had yet to appreciate.

—Scott Miller



Do-It-Yourself Screenprinting
John Isaacson
188 Pages $10.00
Microcosm Publishing 2007
www.microcosmpublishing.com

DIY Screenprinting is one of those things you have to attempt at least once in your punk life. It's a staple of the punk experience, just like dumpster diving, bad haircuts, and Food Not Bombs. I made countless attempts to master the art of screenprinting as a teenage rocker, pressing out horrible reproductions of other people's bands onto patches and t-shirts, hopelessly screwing up hundreds of dollars worth of printing equipment. If I only had a more intelligent guide like John Isaacson's *Do-It-Yourself Screenprinting* my experience may have been more successful; or I could have seen that I was in over my head and avoided the catastrophe all together.

In a four-part book, spliced with interviews with fellow printers, John literally illustrates the ins and outs of punk's favorite past time. The first chapter is a crash course on the essentials of DIY screen printing. He lays out all the essential ingredients, methods and what to expect when you're printing in a frame-by-frame comic. This chapter is not light reading; it's loaded with information and functions more like a step-by-step manual that you will need to read and re-read. Everything he says is crucial and he paints a realistic picture of how much work it takes to print correctly.

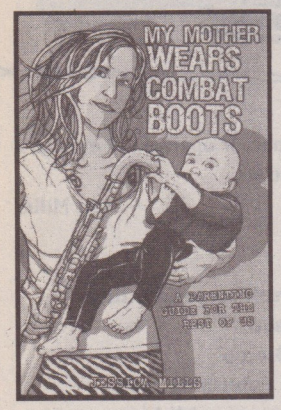
The second chapter is a story about selling t-shirts on Telegraph Avenue. This is my favorite part of the book. Dealing with hippies, punk, bureaucrats, and other Telegraph characters is a light hearted transition before he leaps into the world of professional screenprinting in chapter three.

The most important part of John's book comes in this chapter when he begins working in a professional shop with other serious printers. His message transitions from DIY to Do-It-Together Screenprinting. This is the major reason people like myself screw up a million screens, blow a stack of cash, and completely burn out on screen printing; we fail to draw from the expertise and knowledge that already exists. If you want to screen print, talk to someone that knows what they are doing that can help you do it right, then print with people and create a more fulfilling experience. He further elaborates on printing jargon and introduces you to the more complex tools of the trade through tales of his working life at Pro Shirts. The fourth chapter is a guide to printing on paper.

Do-It-Yourself Screenprinting is the kind of book I wish I had come across twelve years ago before I became a bitter aged ex-printer. It's not quite a graphic novel and it's not quite a manual on screeprinting but it's

a good introduction for anyone looking to give screenprinting a try. The back of the book is full of recommended reading, squeegee moves, a glossary of printing terms and on-line resources.

—Lowell Fletcher



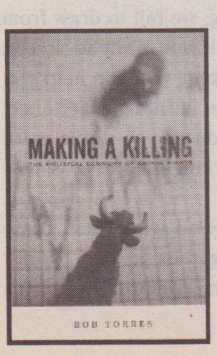
My Mother Wears Combat Boots
Jessica Mills
AK Press
$16.95 • 313 pages
www.akpress.org

"Parenting is living a life of daily revolution," and as the title of her book implies, Jessica Mills is a no bullshit mama. *My Mother Wears Combat Boots* is a testimony not only to the possibility of staying punk while becoming a parent, but also a reminder that it is those ideals that ripen the punk parent to be a serious and focused one. In fact, Jessica Mills, now a mother of two, seems to have grown closer to her foundational philosophies through parenting as it necessitates "learning about and developing your own style that fits you, your kid, and your family".

This guide, compiled by a mother is for real parents. It is written over the course of her parenting experience amidst her roles as an activist, musician, and teacher, and covers pregnancy to five years old. It touches on issues like how to care for your newborn, co-op childcare, "the family bed controversy," touring with your kids in tow, and with much humor and resourcefulness hits on almost everything in between. In fact, Jessica Mills presents her parental perspective along with countless other resources to utilize. Resulting from her extensive research much of the legwork is done for the reader, offering plenty of avenues for the independent-minded parent to further explore. She puts forward her experience selflessly and her stories remind us parents that we're all in the same boat of baby vomit, diaper rashes, and sleepless nights, and that prophecy alone somehow simplifies things for the reader. I especially like her testimony of her birthing experience. As the mother of a three year old who was born premature, I wished I could have read it prior to my birthing experience. I am aware of how easily a new parent can be bulldozed by a panicked hospital staff during birth.

The mindless social norms and prejudices faced by a new parent and baby are endless. It is easy to be overwhelmed with the decisions, feelings, and choices as a new parent; Jessica Mills reminds us that it can all be navigated through while still maintaining an independent mind and a simple lifestyle, if backed by a flexible foundational philosophy. "Life parenting a child is new and there's never a dull moment...it keeps changing, evolving, recreating meaning, and redefining ideas." For the serious and free thinking parent *My Mother Wears Combat Boots* is certainly worth a look.

—Erin Love



Making A Killing: The Political Economy of Animal Rights
Bob Torres
171 pages $17.95
AK Press
www.akpress.org

I cannot speak highly enough of *Making A Killing: The Political Economy of Animal Rights by Bob Torres*. His analysis of the intersection of animal rights and social justice movements is an accessible, well written and incisive critique of both lefty and animal rights politics. On the surface these are very simple ideas but Torres is so skillfully articulate that I feel this book is essential to a holistic view of opposing oppression, whether it be of animals or people. Torres outlines how systems of oppression are interconnected and serve the purpose of profit. He also discusses how social justice and animal rights should reflect and compliment one another. I particularly appreciate how insightfully Torres applied Murray Bookchin's perspective of social ecology to animal rights. Another point, which I think is well worth mentioning is his criticism of PETA, in particular their exploitation of women to further the cause of animal rights (these folks could really stand to read *The Sexual Politics of Meat* by Carol J. Adams before launching another blatantly sexist ad campaign.) All in all, both animal rights and social justice camps can learn much from *Making A Killing*. Although the scholarship of this book is excellent, it's far from dry, and Torres' call for grassroots activism inspires much needed hope and enthusiasm in what can at times be a cynical and demoralizing struggle. The connections that Torres makes in this book are radical in their simplicity, and I believe these connections are necessary to a dynamic movement, which opposes all forms of domination.

—Tress

The Fart Party
By Julia Wertz
175 Pages
Atomic Book Company
1100 W. 36th St.
Baltimore, MD 21211
www.atomicbooks.com
www.fartparty.org

Add *The Fart Party* to my list of dirty pleasures. Julia Wertz is a prolific comic artist, living in San Francisco, who balances between self-awareness and haste, purposefulness and reckless abandon. In less than 200 pages she winds through humorous antics of her daily life, reveries of her past, and an array of her personal quirks; each quip unfolding along the storyboard of the rise and demise of her relationship with an equally cute boy named Oliver.

Julia's illustrations are intentional, simple and consistent. Each comic is drawn in a very straightforward and witty way that mirrors her method of storytelling. *The Fart Party*, as a graphic novel, loosely illustrates a linear tale but each comic is righteously flavorful on its own (I copied the comic "What are babies good for?" and sent it as a post card to my best friend). Plenty of samples of her comics are available on her website, www.fartparty.org, but to really appreciate *The Fart Party*, you have to read the entire book as Julia has assembled it.

I'm sure I'm not the first to point this out, but you shouldn't be swayed by the misleading title of *The Fart Party*. Julia's sense of humor is certainly juvenile, but aside from that, there is no serious connection between the title and the product. If I remember correctly, *The Fart Party* originated as a wisecrack Julia made about her boyfriend's attack of flatulence one day; only later was it applied as a clever title to her opus of work.

Bikes, beer, comics, cookies, and all the anecdotes that come with love, life, and family, it's hard not to relate to this in some way. Sardonic, crass, uncomplicated, and heartfelt, Julia Wertz is everything that is of redeeming quality in hip culture.

—Lowell Fletcher

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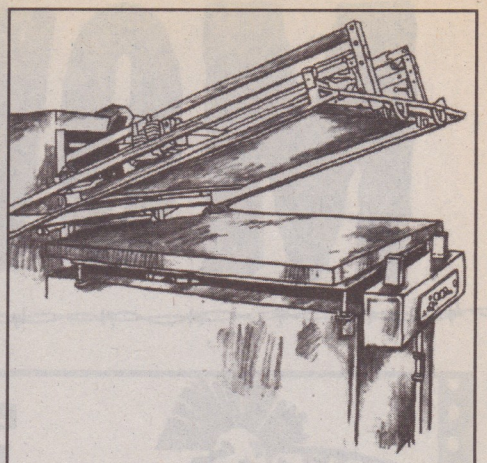

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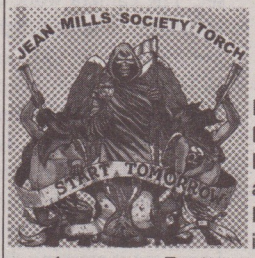

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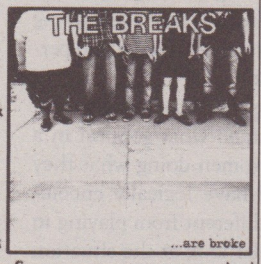

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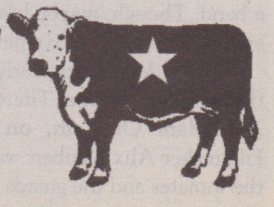
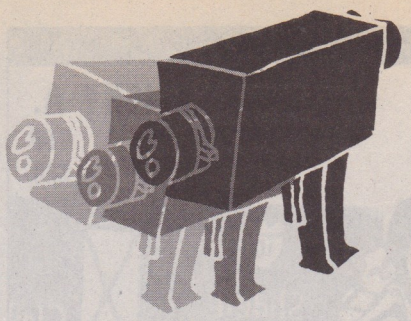
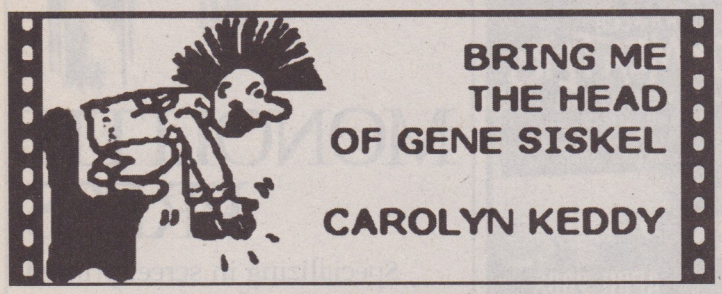


MOVIES





GIRLS ROCK AND FLIPPER RULES, OK?

If there was a rock camp for girls when I was a kid, I'd probably be a rock star today instead of film critic. Or at least a punk rock legend. But I, like many girls, didn't practice my guitar because I didn't want anyone to hear me not knowing how to play and making mistakes. I didn't really start playing guitar until I was twenty-three. I formed my first band before I learned to play. It seems weird when I think about it. My parents encouraged me to do anything I wanted. So what held me back?

Girls Rock! takes you through a week at the Rock 'n' Roll Camp For Girls in Portland, Oregon. The film mostly focuses on four of the girls, exploring their home life as well as their camp life. Two of the girls are teenagers; Laura and Misty. Laura is adopted and likes death metal. She plays in a band with some boys back home in Arizona. The group home where Misty lives offered the camp as an activity for its residents. Misty has never played an instrument before. The other two girls are both eight years old. Amelia plays noise guitar at home writing songs about her dog. Her parents encourage her musical interests by buying her Sonic Youth records. Palace is shy, but when she lets loose an ear-piercing scream, you can tell she is destined to be a lead singer.

On the first day, the girls are told to pick the genre of music they would most be interested in playing. There are signs on the wall indicating different ones and the girls hesitantly move toward their chosen style. Laura is the only person who stands by death metal. When it becomes apparent that no one else is interested in metal, she tries to join another group.

Once the groups are divided, it is time to pick a band name. That part goes surprisingly well considering how difficult it is usually for most bands to choose a name. Then comes the songwriting, instrument lessons, and band practice time, interspersed with self-defense lessons and performances from other bands. Once everything gets under way, then the egos can take over and the band drama begins. I find it interesting that even young kids fight over songwriting and instrumental performances. Each band performs one song at the show at the end of the week.

It seems a bit strange that two boys, Shane King and Arne Johnson, co-directed **Girls Rock!** Not that boys can't understand what goes on in a girl's world. It just seems like the whole idea of women doing what they want without interference from the guys should have logically encompassed this aspect too. Directing a film isn't that different from playing in a band. Though, maybe having the opposite gender look at the situation gives it a more objective perspective. (http://www.girlsrockmovie.com)

Tattoos don't particularly interest me. I have none and have never had the desire to get one. Therefore, I was surprised to find the documentary **The Mark Of Cain, on Russian Criminal Tattoos** so compelling. Filmmaker Alix Lambert was given access to Russian prisons to interview the inmates and the guards about their tattoos.

The Russian prisoners' tattoos tell the story of their criminal life. When a new person appears in a jail cell, he doesn't have to tell his story, it is written out on his body. Some of the older prisoners can tell when a person was in jail by their tattoos. If someone has an eagle tattoo he was in prison during 1927 or 1928. When Stalin came to power prisoners would get his image over their heart or back. The theory being if you were sentenced to death, the guards would not shoot you because they would be shooting the leader. An executioner means the person follows the Thief's Law. If one has Jesus crucified on the cross, he is the Thief-In-Law which is similar to being a Mafia godfather. A pirate is robbery, a skull is murder, and a sailing ship means a roaming life. All the different tattoos are beautifully shot in black and white. There are many more shown than are explained. I want to know what they all mean.

In the prisons tattoos are not allowed. So the prisoners have them done from makeshift tattoo guns and with a lookout watching for the guards. The female prisoners also have tattoos, but the film spends little time in the women's prisons. **The Mark Of Cain on Russian Criminal Tattoos** mistakenly goes off on too many tangents such as prison overcrowding and the prison hierarchy. Each could have easily been a separate film. The tattoos are more interesting. I wanted to know more of the tattoos and their meanings. There were too many questions unanswered. (http://www.markofcainfilm.com)

Flipper Live - Target Video 77 - 1980-81 DVD is a great collection of shows highlighting two sides of the Flipper experience. The first is shot at Berkeley Square in Berkeley, CA, July 28, 1980. It is the more intimate show. The audience is supposedly made up of semi-famous San Francisco punkers, but the only one I recognize is V. Vale. Flipper does an amazing set. The camera work is a bit sloppy for a Target video, but the sound is excellent. The highlight of the DVD is during this show when Denny DeGorio of the Offs joins Will Shatter for an amazing version of "The Wheel." DeGorio keeps singing "I'm Will Shatter" to the tune of the Rolling Stones' "Shattered" along with other random lyrics from that song.

The second show is Flipper opening for Throbbing Gristle at Kezar Stadium in San Francisco May 29, 1981. The giant place is packed, the sound isn't that great and Flipper has some technical difficulties. The bass dies and Genesis P-Orridge loans his and comes out on stage to help Bruce Loose get it working. It gets better when guitarist Ted Falconi smashes his guitar, then picks up another one and continues playing the song. Most bands would leave the stage after they smash their instruments. That's why Flipper rules.

Also included as a bonus is Flipper performing "Sex Bomb" on San Francisco cable channel 25. That's a great performance. Too bad they didn't include the whole thing. (http://www.targetvideo.com)

A Walk Into The Sea is an odd film. Danny Williams was one of Andy Warhol's boyfriends. Williams hung around the Factory occasionally doing light shows for the Velvet Underground and experimenting with film. After Warhol breaks up with Williams, he visits his family in Massachusetts. After dinner, he leaves the house and never comes back. His car is found by an ocean wall and it is believed that he drown himself in the sea.

Esther Robinson, Williams' niece who had never met her uncle, made **A Walk Into The Sea**. She doesn't attempt to solve the mystery of her uncle's death. Instead she goes about exploring his contributions to the Warhol legacy as well as trying to uncover why Williams doesn't appear more prominently in the history of the Factory. She lines up an impressive

cast for interviews including John Cale, Paul Morrissey, Billy Name and Danny Fields. While their recollections of Williams vary from faint to nonexistent, the inclusion of his films made at the Factory give a bit of relevance to his story. If that was what Robinson set out to prove, she succeeded. (http://www.awalkintothesea.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com.

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI

Stefan Ruzowitsky's **The Counterfeiters** touches on a troubling stretch of World War II history, albeit with a twist. True, it recently scored the Oscar for best foreign film; but even more for that the standard of quality, on balance, tends to be fairly high, not quite in the same league as recent winners like **Nowhere in Africa** and **Character**. There's a painful tendency for Oscar to fall back on period coming-of-age stories, but those films are quickly forgotten anyway.

The Counterfeiters is based on the novel *The Devil's Workshop* by Adolf Burger, and takes us back to a familiar period for Oscar – WWII Germany. It's 1944, and the Axis powers have less than a year before they experience a final humiliation. Too many men and women were being transported like cattle to prison camps, or fates, perhaps even worse – while the smallest minority enjoy a reprieve of sorts. This reprieve came in the form of being isolated in a different section of the same camp. Only a handful knew about this, and even the many members of Nazi leadership were kept in the dark. And for good reason. Hidden in an unpretentious bunker, a group of prisoners earned their daily existence to their special skills: artwork, offset printing, paper manufacture – for the creation of a series of counterfeit bills that, it was hoped, would turn the tide of the war. Bombs could only go so far; this project hoped to unseat the economies of the Allied powers.

In the film, it seems that only twenty or so prisoners might have been involved in Project Bernhard – named after Bernhard Kruger, the man who masterminded the project. In reality, almost 150 prisoners from the Sachenhasen camp were drawn into the project, an ambitious undertaking.

Salomon Sorowitsch (Karl Markovicz) seems to wear a sneer day and night, and his eyes show the studied shiftiness of a career criminal. In his case, a counterfeiter, and probably without peer. Only a few years before, his type was routinely rounded up as an enemy of the Reich; now, he realizes it could be his ticket out of hell. Sorowitsch has never been bashful about morality before, so now wasn't the time to start. Many of other men in his division were hardly criminals, but they would learn.

Salomon's chance had come a short time earlier, in the camps, as he drew artwork on scrap paper. For most prisoners, being noticed like this was your worst strategy. Salomon used it as a ploy; he clearly had talent, and his drawings led to sketches of soldiers, and then full-blown paintings. Finally, Nazi Bernhard Kruger masterminded a plot to use Germany's most talented prisoners to the state's advantage.

August Diehl plays the role of Adolf Burger (whose memoirs became the inspiration for the film). While Salomon's friend, he also refused to lend his crucial talents to the production of the bank notes, putting the entire project in danger. This skilled counterfeiter, always protected by Sorowitsch, refused to put personal survival over principle. (It's rather ironic that his "critical" role didn't hinder the production of what some consider among the most perfectly crafted counterfeit bills ever produced.)

The counterfeiting was done on a fairly limited basis. Successful implementation depended on the ability to draw upon Germany's prime resources and talent. A number of these notes were minted and distributed. But strangely, the project's exclusivity also destroyed its chances for ultimate success. Part of the problem certainly had to do with the lack of resources, a pain that was felt by both the Axis and Allies.

The very subject of counterfeiting is inherently fascinating, but the director Ruzowitsky provides only lip service to the process, instead concentrating on the personal relationships that helped Sorowitsch to achieve his dubious success. The film only rarely steps outside the front doors of this very enclosed portion of the camp. When the men hear gunshots, silence falls upon the counterfeiters. The war is always only inches away.

This film begs for a documentary treatment, especially given the wealth of supporting material. In fact, there are times when **The Counterfeiters** falls prey to the usual over-dramatizations in order to keep the story going smoothly. In spite of that, the film is expert in tone and style, capturing the danger and tragedy of the times.

The film only implies the successful escape of Bernhard Kruger, but his life provided one of the many ironies of the war. Like so many, he escaped without punishment, and went on to live through his 80s. His chosen craft: the production of special papers.

Most of the other nominees for best foreign film seemed rather obscure this year. The Academy nominates one film from every country, and goes on to pick a maximum of five films for he final ballot. It's a fatally flawed system that puts Burkina Faso on the same plate as heavyweights like France, China, and Germany. That's why, even the best of times, so many of the year's top foreign nominees languish in obscurity.

The problem is exacerbated when a notable film refuses to fit into any easy category. With **Sukiyaki Western Django**, the mold hasn't simply been broken – it's as if they crushed into dust. It's not accidental that several critics' organizations have rated it at or near the top for 2007. Almost predictably, it falls completely out of Oscar's radar. Director Miike Takashi has specialized in offbeat, violent dramas on *yakuza* life, but that's only the start. So far, we've seen crime dramas, a horror musical, several surrealistic historical pieces, a twisted love story (which still sits on my computer, waiting to be seen) – and his latest, a western.

Sukiyaki Western Django has the look of your standard western. While the background and costumes convince you, the cast is Japanese. So, in fact, is the dialog, and not all of the players are equally gifted in their pronunciation; this means the audience has a challenge to deal with, since none of them are even remotely English speakers

In the dazzling opening sequence, Quentin Tarantino is a cowboy looking down the barrels of several baddies, the scene set in front of an almost theatrical rendering of Mount Fuji and environs. He tells his small audience of a story between the reds and the whites, a bloody feud that turns out to be a clever nod to Kurosawa's **Yojimbo** (and also Japan's *Kohaku Utagassen*, the celebrated New Year's show pitting the red and white teams).

Now, we slip back several hundred years. In blustery Nevada (!), a gunslinger dressed in basic black (Hideaki Ito) turns out to be the one factor that might push goknows exactly what to do with its references to make them clever and cool. The only real drawback is that the actors – uniformly competent – have to wage a battle against a hostile foreign tongue. The majority of dialog requires at least some measure of guesswork, so you can adopt one of two strategies: strain over every word with the help of your remote, or just let the film take care of itself.

I recommend the latter. By the time **Sukiyaki Western Django** rolls into its climax, there's so much gunpowder in the air (and corpses littering the ground) that you've probably long since given up on a body count.

I'd have to admit that **The Counterfeiters** is probably a better film, but **Django's** energy and style is relentless, and makes for a more innovative entertainment.

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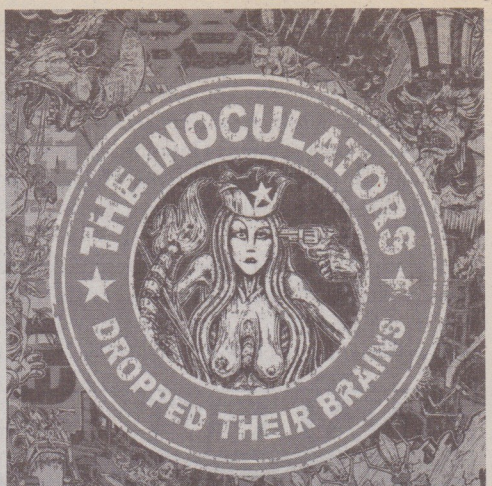

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2ND DEGREE – "Tar" EP

This record jams! This is intense in the tight, manic, fast-paced Japanese style that bands like KRUW and JUDGEMENT have mastered, albeit with more melody and rock 'n' roll leads. There are lots of backup vocals and whoa-whoa's that compliment the sound and give 2ND DEGREE a more street punk feel. The recording is solid and the instruments are all at the right levels to give them some drive. This record is short and to the point. Fans of Japanese hardcore will not be disappointed. (WK)
(H:G Fact, www.interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact/)

2000 DIRTY SQUATTERS – "K-137 Live Music From Kopinecker Strasse, Berlin '91" LP

Does the crust *funk* genre have a wide appeal that has escaped my notice? I mean there has to be some reasoning behind the release of this 2000 DIRTY SQUATTERS live record. Bad music and a bad live recording—all signs pointing to a completely unnecessary release. If nothing else, hearing 2000 DIRTY SQUATTERS has further reassured me that I have no interest in a '90s revival. (CI)
(Scrap, PO Box 2023, Brighton, East Sussex BN1 1AA, UK, www.scraprecords.com)

AFGANISTAN YEYE'S – "No Es Que La Fama…" LP

At its best moments, like "Ambicio" and "Yey Brigade," this recalls elements of iconic '80s Italian hardcore; frenetic vocals wedded with elements of RAW POWER's intensity of attack. One special tendency, common to many Italian bands, is to open tracks with an angry spoken rant—which always makes it sound revolutionary, even when it isn't. In this case, the band provide their own English translations to their lyrics, and their subject matter is fairly routine—their rendering is sometimes amusing and worth reading. While hardly original, something tells me that they're especially powerful live. Pretty OK, for the style. (SS)
(Rambla, M J Torrents, 147, 08430 La Roca IIc, Barcelona, SPAIN)

AFTER THE BOMBS – "Relentless Onslaught" LP

AFTER THE BOMBS plays well-written, bleak, crusty hardcore with unabashed '80s metal overtones. My hair has spent the last half hour flying 'cos from one riff to the next, one song to the next, this record doesn't relent. The songs are competently and passionately played and the LP's title couldn't be more apt. AFTER THE BOMBS is one of the only bands that effectively makes use of long intros and buildups to amplify their overall power and I love the enduring metallic guitar noodling that is present on much of the record. I get the sense that that every member of AFTER THE BOMBS enjoys being involved in the band and as a result, a lot of time was spent making this record. *Relentless Onslaught* was recorded over the span of two years and it is elaborately packaged in a thick gatefold sleeve making it worth every hard earned penny you will pay for it. (CI)
(The Total End, PO Box 80-Station C, Montreal, QC, H2L 4J7 CANADA, thetotalendrecords@yahoo.com)

AGAINST EMPIRE – "Destructive Systems Collapse" EP

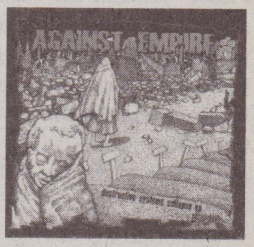
Some fuckin' heavy, doom ridden crustiness that actually benefits from a lo-fi black metal-esque recording. The surface noise on the recording adds to the darkness of their sound. Look to their split-mates ISKRA or Vancouver's LIMB FROM LIMB for similarly heavy metal influenced crust. (AA)
(Rabid, www.rabidrecordsla.com)

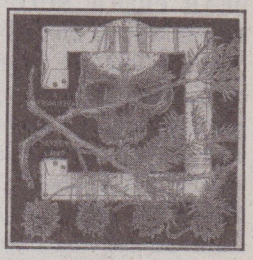
ANOTHER DESTRUCTIVE SYSTEM – "Break the Silence" CD

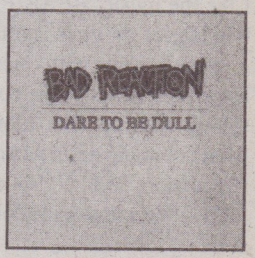
You know, I could hate all day long on a band that reunites every five or ten years with fewer original members until at last it's just a frontman/lady and their newly drafted band. Seriously, just start a new one. But let's not dwell on the dubious territory of reunited bands. This CD is well recorded and energetic; it sounds a bit like OI POLLOI's *Fuaim Catha* LP, but with more metallic bits and a bizarre Keith Morris as a frontman. It doesn't stand out musically, but good influences and politics that are coming from the right place can take you pretty far. (AA)
(Mortarhate, PO Box 448, Eltham, London, SE9 2QS, UNITED KINGDOM, www.mortarhate.com)

A PRIMITIVE AND SAVAGE LAND – "Deep Freeze" EP

Minimal info provided on this band so I can't let anyone in on where they are from. This little disc has eight tracks of mid-paced hardcore punk with a vocalist that is







shredding his chords on every damn track. I wish the band would speed it up just a tad because the songs start sounding way too similar after a bit. Overall a pretty cool release. "Force Fed" is my favorite track on this. (MS)
(self-released, xrywinx@riseup.net)

BAD REACTION – "Dare to Be Dull" EP

These Southern California punk rockers offer up an eclectic EP. When BAD REACTION is operating at full-speed, they kick a whole lot of punk butt! The shorter, faster songs have lots of power! The title track, "Dare to Be Dull," has intelligent lyrics supported by solid hardcore riffs. "Cheatin' at Solitaire" moves along briskly. This is a good song. Both "Cheatin' at Solitaire" and "Wigger Please" criticize the shallow elements of hipster youth culture. "Wigger Please" holds your undivided attention through the whole inspired song! Any punk rock song that ends with a short George Carlin quote gets a big thumbs up! (BR)
(Blind Spot, PO Box 40064, Portland, OR 97240)

BEAR PROOF SUIT – "The Objects in Mirror May be Fucked Up EP" EP

BEAR PROOF SUIT definitely sets no boundaries. The first song "Past Tension" hits you with some fast, raging hardcore then takes a hard left into a stoner jam session that eventually brings you back to where you started. If DIE KREUZEN and BLACK SABBATH had an illegitimate son it would be this record. Like the music, BEAR PROOF SUIT puts no boundaries on their layout. You would expect a black cover with pictures of decapitated babies but actually the cover has a neon green sleeve with art that looks like it was taken from some hipster's personal zine. (PL)
(Repulsion, 2552 N. Booth St, Milwaukee, WI 53212, www.myspace.com/repulsionrecs)

BILLY BAO – "Dialectics of Shit" LP

The highly applauded BILLY BAO is a MATTIN alias, and alongside some good company BILLY BAO as a concept is born from the ideas of the noise artist. (Am I ruining something here or not? Not playing along? Is it already common knowledge, and I just have no sense of humor? I think it's a fairly well known fact if you happen to follow MATTIN projects, but perhaps not so much to a crossover audience.) BILLY BAO obviously takes the name from MATTIN's current residence of Bilbao in Basque country. Featuring amazing cover art of a youngin' with headphones holding a VULPESS 7", *Dialectics of Shit* starts off as a pummeling storm of fiery anger from the get-go and transforms into a slip-mat, needle-dragging thrasher. In and out of listenable and challenging territory, there are AUBE- or MERZBOW-type extreme noise explosions at times. In a world where noiseheads often dismiss hardcore and punk, it's interesting that the genres are fused so well resulting in some brutal noise jams. The first song on the flip, "You Get Me, You Get the Kicks" is a barely listenable fake-out record-skipping-frustration track that is all at once crucial at the same time irritatingly fist-clenching. The songs are meat-tenderizingly huge, funneling rage through different types of sounds and genres, while the lyrics on the *Dialectics of Shit* are a composite of the BILLY BAO persona—wastoid-no-hope-bum-out deals about suicide, worthlessness, and angst. Highly recommended of course. (AL)
(Parts Unknown, www.partsunkown.com)

BILLY BAO – "Fuck Separation" 10"

Anyone lucky enough to have scored *Bilbao's Incinerator* is already familiar with the jaw-dropping power that this band is capable of, but I suspect this is likely the first opportunity most interested parties have had at snagging a BILLY BAO record (along with the debut LP, reviewed above). For the uninitiated, BILLY BAO is both a man and a band. The man is a Nigerian songwriter currently living in Spain. With BILLY BAO: the band, he's joined by some seriously loud (and familiar) Spanish noisemakers, all of whom are seemingly hell-bent on adequately transferring Billy's fierce internal struggles and boiling anger to audio tape. To say that all parties involved succeed is an understatement. *Fuck Separation* is as abrasive as any record you'll ever read about in these pages. Take any grind release from this month and put it up against this and there's no fucking contest. Brutal and powerful in an off-the-charts territory, featuring some outstanding riff-pummel equal to that of BRAINBOMBS, yet more tortured vocally…and lyrically, if you can believe it. "Borders of Mass Deception," the first of this EP's two ten-minute-long tracks, is the political number, railing against the trauma, separation, and exploitation inherently involved with nations. "Jail Logic" melds those same feelings with punk, giving BILLY the cause to strip it of any rules, convention, or strict definition. Basically, you/we won't have the luxury of placing him neatly in any genre, because he's going to stomp our fucking faces in. *Fuck Separation* is pressed onto a piece of 10" vinyl, housed in a simple screened sleeve and capable of reducing you to a puddle of shit and tears. Simply put, this is a ridiculously impressive record, courtesy of the always-great S-S imprint. Your year is not complete until you spin this slab. (MC)
(S-S, 1114 21st St, Sacramento, CA 95811, www.s-srecords.com)

BIPOLAR BEAR – "Mountain Dewd" CD

I think this has real potential to really grow on me. The first couple songs I was like, "This is fuzzed-out, which is cool—but they keep getting kind of noodle-y, which is not." Now it's somewhere between the herky-jerkiness of GANG OF FOUR and the distorted anthems of SONIC YOUTH. Not that they really sound like any of those bands. They're from Los Angeles and I'm pretty sure they somehow figure into the thrash-punk-funk Smell scene down there. This probably totally sounds like hippie time, but I feel like there isn't really anything passionate or new about this. There's no excitement, real color-by-numbers and it's real comfortable to a kind of stagnant point, even though I can't say, "They're totally ripping off blah blah blah." It's just kind of that slightly proggy, noisy, dude-rock thing. The point being is that I dig it, and I'll probably listen to it again, but it's not blowing my mind or anything. I'll go check them out the next time they come through, probably. (MM)
(Yosada, www.yosada.com)

BLACK SUNDAY/ LE JONATHAN REILLY – split LP

Alicja Trout's BLACK SUNDAY continues on from the more new-wavy songs of LOST SOUNDS. There are nice melodies, some electronic instruments, and pretty vocals—except for "M.R.E.'s," a major label hip-hop-style song that seems very out of place here. The male vocals are pleasant, but hearing Ms. Trout rap is very odd. The lyrics don't help much either. I guess it would be different if I were listening while I was, "getting my nails did." LE JONATHAN REILLY plays poppy garage rock. Their tunes are upbeat and catchy. They even turn the LOST SOUNDS song "What's I Say" into a jangly garage rock tune. (CK)
(Tic Tac Totally, PO Box 558383, Chicago, IL 60655, www.tictactotally.com)

BLANK DOGS – "Diana (The Herald)" 12"

This sounds like it should have been on one of those *Earcom* comps, next to the BLANK STUDENTS, BEING BOILED, or D.A.F. It's got a creepy troubadour feel, like an upstairs neighbor with a few old synths and a warped JOY DIVISION record, heard through the floorboards intermittently. People reference CHROME when discussing this musical endeavor, which I don't see from the couple records I have heard. It's not a fragmented disturbance. I mean, yes, it's fucked up and you

couldn't play it on KROQ and maybe I just haven't heard enough CHROME to qualify, but it seems more Sheffield post punk to me than post music entirely. It's got the doomed basement feel, desperate but resigned, another night alone writing music for miscreants. (LG)
(Sacred Bones, www.myspace.com/sacredbonesrecords)

BLANK DOGS – "In a Web" EP

1982 (spindly guitars, reverbed, melodic bass) with actual problems and truest intentions, sharing that understated grandeur of bedroom-pop acts TV GHOST and PSYCHEDELIC HORSESHIT. "Stuck Inside the World" is the standout, with its locked-in-a-basement gloom and severity tempered somehow by a sun-washed melody. Genuinely fucking beautiful. (JP)
(Daggerman, www.daggermanrecords.com)

BLOTTO / THE MEASURE [SA] – split EP

I've often said that Snuffy Smile is the best label on Earth, and records like this reinforce that notion. BLOTTO is probably my favorite band from Japan playing right now. They've got this LEATHERFACE/CHRIMPSHRINE thing going on. The first song on their side is amazing—an instant classic! As far as BLOTTO records go, this one ranks right up there with the MODERN MACHINES split as one of their best recordings. On the other side, we have THE MEASURE [SA]. This band is on pace to dethrone OFF WITH THEIR HEADS as "band with the most split 7"s." I mean, why release a full-length when you can put out fourteen split 7"s, right? Personally, the songs didn't hold my attention too well, but I didn't like their LP *Historic Fiction* the first time I heard it either. It wasn't until my roommates played it a bunch of times that I started getting into it. Now I think it's a great album. It'll probably grow on me, though the really good BLOTTO is a hard act to follow. I'm going to say this record is half instant hit, half sleeper hit. How about that? (FS)
(Snuffy Smiles, 12-A Kamikousaicho, Shichiku, Kita-Ku Kyoto 603-8117, JAPAN)

BLOWBACK – "Living Vibration" CD

Distorted, loud, high-energy punk rock from Niigata, Japan. There is also a big rock 'n' roll sound that runs through these tracks. Everything seems like it was recorded super loud and even the vocals sound distorted, in a good way. They throw in a few guitar solos, some catchy moments, a little MOTÖRHEAD, and lots of energy. The fast tracks really rip. (MH)
(H:G Fact, www.interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact/)

BOMBED OUT – "Human Disease" EP

BOMBED OUT, from Ottawa, kicks out some lo-fi UK82-style jams on this six-track debut EP. Rather than an all-out attack, the band takes a more restrained, measured approach on their mid-tempo songs, but maintains the intensity level due to the rough recording quality and vocal delivery. The faster, DISCHARGE-influenced numbers offer a good contrast. Nice one...but can we get a lyric sheet next time? (CS)
(Capitalicide, PO Box 53008, Ottawa, Ontario K1N 1C5, CANADA)

BOXCAR SATAN & GHOSTWRITER – "Hobo Nouveau" CD

Personally, I feel black people ruined the blues. It would be really great to find some white dudes who are really technically proficient at slide guitar, could mimic a throaty sharecropper, and record it in a squeaky-clean, antiseptic manner. All the relevant topics are covered here, from "Yuppies" to "Drinkin' Shine." Oh wait, what I meant to say is the crunching "snap" of Leon Redbone's spine as he attempts to eat his own shit is a tad more pleasant than the catshit, BLUES HAMMER boogie-woogie of this CD. (JP)
(End of the West, www.endofthewest.com)

BUNNYGRUNT – "Karen Hater's Club" 10"

There are a lot of elements of BUNNYGRUNT that I really like. They seem to really like their overdrive pedals, there's a girl drummer, and the vocals sound like they're stumbling over each other in a real shambolic way. Past that, it's power pop leaning *waaaaayyy* to the twee side. All the lyrics and melodies are really cute and silly and they're probably very sweet. I imagine this is what '90s college radio sounded like. (MM)
(Happy Happy Birthday To Me, www.hhbtm.com)

BURMESE – "Monkeys Tear Man to Shreds, Man Never Forgives Ape, Man Destroys Environment" LP

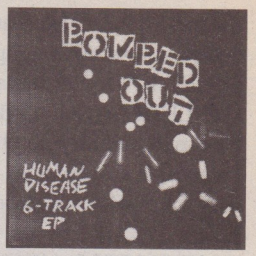
An eight-year-old reel-to-reel tape put to vinyl in limited quantities (500) on thick, maroon-colored wax. I remember getting their split with FISTULA awhile back. I thought it was good. A noisy jazz improv destruction team of bass and drums. Then I saw them live when I moved to San Francisco and thought they were messy and immature live. If you were a fan before, this will not disappoint. If not, this won't be a conversation pinnacle. Overall, I do like this release, but a $15 price tag for a domestic release is a little much. I understand it's a small pressing and all, but come the fuck on… (JH)
(Enterruption, www.enterruption.com)

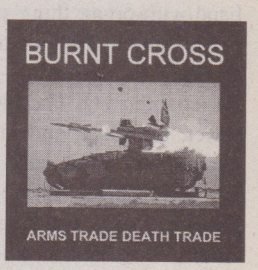
BURNT CROSS – "Arms Trade Death Trade" EP

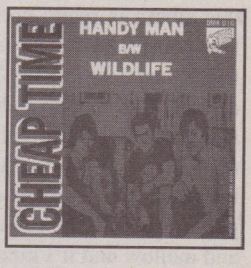
Second über-limited EP from this mercurial English two-piece. Arresting drum-machine-driven anarcho-punk in the vein of SCHWARTZENEGAR or the STRATFORD MERCENARIES; the vocals are very Steve Ignorant and the lyrics have the smart, informed tone of the guy's post CRASS bands. I'm not saying this is a rip-off clone—far from it—just showing these guys deliver a similar high-caliber sound. Like the last EP, this is a ripper, and could easily slip in a mix between FLUX or CRASS and sound as vibrant. The cover is shit, but you can't have everything. Limited to 200, so it's probably gone. (TB)
(Tadpole, www.myspace.com/tadpolerecords)

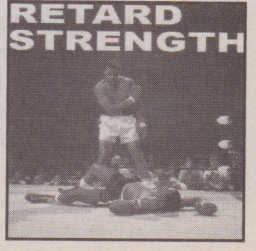
CALL ME LIGHTNING / GET RAD – split EP

This is one of those split records where two bands cover each other's songs. I know I've heard each of these bands before but I'm not familiar enough with either to know if these are great versions or not. I kind of think these things are fun for the bands but not really essential









for the listener. Taken at face value, this is a decent record combining the thrashy exploits of GET RAD with the arty discord of CALL ME LIGHTNING. Dedicated fans of either band will probably be chuffed. (AM)
(Scenester Credentials, PO Box 1275, Iowa City, IA 52244, www.scenecred.com)

CANDY APPLE / SHANKERS – split EP

CANDY APPLE does the *Pebbles*-garage-band-with-organ thing pretty well on "Black Coal," but on "Jelly Bean," the singer is trying too hard to be rockin'—elsewise it's a pretty forgettable song. The SHANKERS deal out a rawer, stoopider, and more infectious sort of garage, with production surprisingly slick for this sort of trash. (DD)
(self-released, candyapple@candyapplemusic.net, the_shankers@hotmail.com)

CAPTAIN FOXY – "Blacklisted From Your Heart" CD

If I fully block out the lyrical content of this, I really like it. It totally bums me out that it seems like the majority of mostly-girl or all-girl bands spend a lot of time singing songs about relationships with dudes, or catty songs about other girls. I mean, a song here and there, yeah, but it seems like nearly entire albums are all about the same things. Anyways, if you look past the fact that all the songs are "Why don't you love me, dude?" this album is really good. A more danceable FRUMPIES fuzz or a less-crazed BRATMOBILE, and a little BILLY CHILDISH with an overall '90s garage punk feel. Yelping sing-alongs, complex but not to noodle-y lead guitar, and a wall of overdrive. Definitely pogo-in-the-pit or bedroom-dance-and-sing-along-party material. The last two songs get acoustic and mellow and it's kind of a low point to end on. Eh. (MM)
(Wooly Jumper, 902-264 Lisgar St, Ottawa, Ontario K2P OCS, CANADA)

CHEAP TIME – "Handy Man / Wildlife"

I really dug the first EP by these guys so I was psyched to see this new single in my review box. The A-side is a fantastic garage-trash number that will probably find its way on some far-off *Killed By Death* release. Think RED CROSS meets Rip Off Records. The flip is even better and necessitates several spins before you can take it off! Hey, what's up with that new-wave synthesizer in the background on this one? I dig it. Between CHEAP TIME and JAY REATARD, I'm starting to think about moving to Tennessee! (BG)
(Douchemaster, 297 Atlanta Ave SE #5, Atlanta, GA 30315, www.douchemaster-records.com)

CHEAP THRILLS – "Kick Me in the Heart" EP

Like many bands before them, and likely many to follow, CHEAP THRILLS want folks to think CHEAP TRICK. Other than the pic sleeve, however, I think you'd be hard-pressed to draw a comparison, at least with this record. It's mid-tempo and catchy enough, all right, but the production is so far on the lo-fi end of things, you'd never think CHEAP TRICK. I'm a big fan of lo-fi. Seriously, I am, but this one really pushes the boundaries for me—it's muted and there seems to be volume changes. In the end, it's distracting and takes away from what otherwise might be a good, or even great, record. (KK)
(Savage, www.savage.se)

CHEVEU – LP

This has gotta be what jaunty reviewers and coked-out international editorialists have been heralding as "French glue-wave." Art-fucked garage-y synth-punk that's pretty fucking fabulous and simultaneously somewhat grating. The LP may not be the perfect format for this band, but regardless there's some absurd, original, and seriously catchy shit on here. Good. (P$)
(S-S, 1114 21st St, Sacramento, CA 95811, www.s-srecords.com)

CIVIC PROGRESS – "Disposable" EP

CIVIC PROGRESS, from St. Louis, follows up their debut with yet more classic '80s-styled hardcore, abetted by screeching lead guitar breaks and inventive riffs. There's an Ian MacKaye-like urgency to the vocals, albeit with considerably greater variety; in the EP's title track—the hottest of a strong group of songs—goes from lyric incantation to an embittered rant. While the remainder of the tuneage is remarkably consistent—by which I mean fast—attempts to focus their style have satisfying end result. A strong release. (SS)
(Fashionable Idiots, PO Box 580131, Minneapolis, MN 55458, www.fashionableidiots.com)

CONCRETE FACELIFT / MOTHER SPEED – split EP

I usually dig split EPs of hardcore bands 'cause sometimes a fast set of three to five songs is all you need; it's just enough to leave you wanting more, but not enough to make you lose interest. MOTHER SPEED plays angry hardcore with such affable song titles as "Get Dead" and "I've Got an Arrow for You." The sound falls somewhere between RKL's *Keep Laughing* and maybe PINK TURDS IN SPACE, but with haphazard lyrics falling within the "skating and hating" area. CONCRETE FACELIFT is the better of the two and plays top-notch skate thrash sounding at times like SCHOLASTIC DETH or VERBAL ABUSE. Both bands here fit in well with the huge skate-punk party scene that seems to be happening right now with groups like A.N.S. and CITIZENS ON PATROL. I give this a nod of approval, but it's not essential. (BG)
(Party Time, www.myspace.com/partytimerecords)

CONCRETE FACELIFT / RETARD STRENGTH – split EP

CONCRETE FACELIFT kicks this sucker off and does a nice job making my head tilt back and fucking forth. They have this fast-ass skate/hardcore thing going on and the track "Gator" tears into the old fearless skate icon turned murderer then member of Christ's ass lick crew. Overall, this is a good side of a split record. On the flip we have RETARD STRENGTH who holds up their end just fine, which is rare on split records. Cool punk with rough production and hardcore bits here and there. Good record and cool angle on the title tracks lyrics—fucking cool! (MS)
(Party Time, www.myspace.com/partytimerecords)

THE CONTAINERS – "S.O.S." 10"

High-octane garage rock 'n' roll, taking in loads of that early-'70s tight-pant strutting and late-'60s white boy soul. The foot's not shy of that glorious wah pedal, and the guitarist throws in a healthy dose of AC/DC riffage. Dirty production and an overwhelming punk rock ethos keep this well out of the retro-garage radio-friendly scene that's been raising its ugly head of late. A DIRTBOMBS for the long-hairs, a UNION CARBIDE PRODUCTIONS for the punks, or an ANNILHATION TIME for the dressers. Six tracks, six absolute winners. (SD)
(Better Rock Than Roll, 11 Rue Peyras, 31000 Toulouse, FRANCE.)

THE COPYRIGHTS – "Learn the Hard Way" CD

Is pop punk cool again or is it that pop punk is good again? I'll just consult the *MRR* in-house expert of all that is pop punk, Dr. Andrew Darling, and the answer is "yes" to both. The COPYRIGHTS almost have me believing him. They take (but by no means imitate) that classic Illinois sound a la SCREECHING WEASEL, mix it with the big-guitar style of the LILLINGTONS, then round it off with some great lyrics and DESCENDENTS respect. Now, where's my leather jacket and baseball cap? (SD)
(Red Scare, www.redscare.net)

CREEPY CRAWLIE – "Napalm" LP

When I picked this up out of the bin I was *soooo* bummed. The artwork is super embarrassing—a crappy drawing of a scantily-clad Viking lady with a big axe surrounded by skulls. Despite that, it's actually really good. CREEPY CRAWLIE is an all-girl, super screechy speed metal band from Finland. *Napalm* got a little tiring here and there because it's kind of long, but it didn't sound like the same song over and over again. It is, in fact, the brattiest metal ever, which is pretty awesome. They have a couple moments of singing in English and lots of call-and-response-type vocals. It's really fast and interesting but never gets really wanky like metal tends to. Yeah. (MM)
(Lady Lasol, Kytokuja 3 B 12, 01450 Vantaa, FINLAND)

CRIME DESIRE – LP

I hate when something is so close to being great but there is just one thing, one annoying unlistenable thing, keeping it from being rad. Seriously, it drives me nuts. This record is some fucking tight hardcore with stellar guitar tone/flourishes, a real tight rhythm section (with some super hot wandering bass moments). *But*, here's the deal-breaker—there are weird annoying vocal effects on what sound like some pretty impassioned raging vocals. Taking what would have been a great record and making it mildly obnoxious. What a fuckin' bummer. Also, the poem in the beginning was a little cringe-worthy, but I can deal with that. What have we learned? Skip the vocal effects unless you are going for an ADVERTS revival sound like JAY REATARD. Don't risk ruining a potentially rad record. Thank you. (AA)
(Life's a Rape, PO Box 278, Carlsbad, CA 92018)

DAMNED – "Live at the 100 Club" LP

I'm a big fan of the DAMNED, even up to their crummy chart schlock, but I am not a fan of shitty bootlegs. I can't imagine why anyone would want to own a sub-par record that sounds like it was recorded in the bathroom down the street?! Sure, historically, it was an important time—I mean, c'mon, July '76? That's some primitive punk shit right there. If you were there (which is doubtful 'cos it sounds like there's about two people in the crowd), this could be boss—the band are surprising tight, and it's interesting to hear slower, rockier versions of their later "hits," most notably "New Rose." If you're a fan, sure, why not? The rest of us can stick to their early classic records. (TB)
(bootleg, no address)

DEATHSPIRIT – CD

I really thought I liked this at first, but as I listened on, my interest was gone by the time I got to the last song (and there are only four!). Very basic, heavy, down-tuned, post-REFUSED youth-crew-style hardcore. Lots of screaming, lots of mosh parts, and zero staying power. (JU)
(Let It Burn, www.letitburnrecords.com)

THE DESPONDENTS – "Four Slices of British Spunk" EP

This is a good one. It's punk, rock 'n' roll-y, a little quirky, raw, and catchy. The DESPONDENTS remind me of something very specific, but I just can't put my finger on it. I don't know that it's as great as any of these bands, but it reminds me of the EMBARASSMENT, POP-O-PIES, and FLIPPER. This one is really worth seeking out. (KK)
(Red Lounge, www.redloungerecords.de)

THE DE'VILLES – "Switchblades & Heartaches" CD

Switchblades & Heartaches starts off with a song so bad it should've been left off the album, let alone placed as the disc-opener. If you took the worst SOCIAL DISTORTION song ever written and drained it of any remaining life-blood then combined it with all your least favorite aspects of GEORGE THOROGOOD and NORMAN GREENBAUM (read: adult-oriented FM rock radio), you might have an idea of what this song is like. Luckily, track two really picks up and lives up to their self-described "NY Rock and Roll" subtitle. The rest of *Switchblades & Heartache* continues in a pretty solid GOTOHELLS/DRAGONS/SCREAMING BLOODY MARYS vein. If you skip past the first track you'll hear enjoyable trashy punk-influenced rock 'n' roll. (RK)
(Motherbox, www.motherboxrecords.com)

DICKIES – "Go Bananas" CD

Live show from '02 when Olga (TOY DOLLS) was with the band. The show was in Portsmouth, England. Sound quality here is very good, and they rip through 21 songs including the TOY DOLLS' big hit "Nellie the Elephant." For long-time DICKIES fans it's a treat, for everyone else, I would stick to their studio albums. (AD)
(Secret, www.secretrecordslimited.com)

THE DIRTBOMBS – "Play Sparks" EP

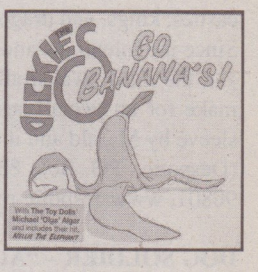
The DIRTBOMBS have always been known for their eclectic cover song choices. On this record they present two SPARKS songs. The A-side, "Sherlock Holmes," is from the latest DIRTBOMBS LP, *We Have You Surrounded*. It is a slow, very catchy garage rock tune. Mick Collins provides a very nice falsetto vocal. Side B is "Nothing To Do," a rocker that retains some of the SPARKS' robotic style. It even sounds like the Mael brothers may be doing backing vocals. Another great DIRTBOMBS record. (CK)
(In The Red, PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, CA 90050, www.intheredrecords.com)

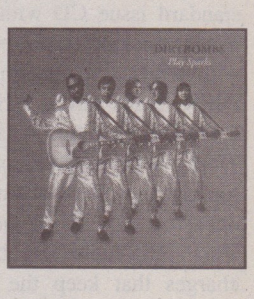
DIRTY SISTER – LP

Ummmm…they're probably really nice…(JP)
(Cock Energy, www.myspace.com/cockenergy)

DISCLOSE / G.A.T.E.S. – split 10"

It took me a few years to realize the genius of DISCLOSE. I really considered them a joke until about two years ago. I just didn't understand the hype at all. DISCHARGE haikus over noisy DISCHARGE riffs? Then I realized that there's nothing to "get" and accepted it for what it is: raw as fuck, raging, noisy, fist-pumping D-beat hardcore with Kawakami's (RIP) thundering voice commanding all into a fucking frenzy. Blast this shit out





your window and tell your hippy neighbors to get fucked! On the flip, G.A.T.E.S., who is also from Japan, drops three songs of rockin' and a-rollin', metallic D-beat MOTÖR-punk with tons of guitar solos. Unfortunately, most of the time I find the vocals to be incredibly annoying. The guy has too much of a "tough" voice to be trying to actually sing. I think this side of the record will definitely grow on me but for now it's not cutting it. Totally worth the door price for the DISCLOSE side. (JU)
(Plague Bearer, PO Box 604, 2200 Copenhagen N, DENMARK, www.plaguebearer.com)

DISSYSTEMA – "Eye of the Storm" EP

Four tracks of pounding metallic hardcore from New Jersey, with a FROM ASHES RISE feel. DISSYSTEMA combines straight-ahead, blasting melody and longer song structures that allow a few complex twists, while remaining driven—like Japanese hardcore with a relentless, up-tempo snare attack. Well played, and topped with boisterous, slathering trade-off vocals. The recording, however, never veers too clean or distorted to draw out the complete power of these tracks. There's a *Lord of the Rings*-type parable in the otherwise political lyrics, and the marriage of fantasy and reality doesn't work for me with crust hardcore. The brilliance of progenitors of the style, like DISCHARGE, was that it was such a stark, blunt look at reality; dressing it up with castles, kings, and dragons just mellows it out. Since the intentions and points made are valid and the music wails, all that is superceded to make for an overall strong EP. Nice fold-out sleeve by Marald and it includes a patch! (KS)
(Despotic, PO Box 832, Long Beach, CA 90801, www.despotic-records.tk)

DOG SOLDIER – "At My Throat" CD

An M.R.E. of crust punk! Solid, rockin', standard issue CD with throaty vocals, fast-paced, thick 'n' distorted, pounding hardcore with quick, squealing guitar solos. DOG SOLDIER treads ENGLISH DOGS or ANNHILATED-type punk-metal territory on *At My Throat* with its solid punk recording values (opposed to overboard metal, or even modern ones). *At My Throat* has nine tracks, all of which are fueled by basic, shuffling snare charges that keep the pace; the songs are topped by vocals that blow out into wild scowling, similar to Japanese hardcore like KURO. The inside contains sparse, dire lyrics (and one song about goblins), complimented by Japanese translations and a band history, plus an extensive lineage of DOG SOLDIER and their links to Portland's hardcore history in the last two decades. (KS)
(H:G Fact, www.interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact/)

DOWN AND OUTS – "Friday Nights, Monday Mornings" CD

Great band from the spiritual home of soccer—Liverpool. I reviewed an EP by them a while back and they continue to impress on their second full-length. The first thing that springs to mind is ANNALISE, because like that other British band, this is fantastic, well-written punk with a heap of melody, hooks, top-notch vocals, and a really fresh sound. The subject matter too—hometown highs, blues, and exasperations wrapped up in two-minute punk songs belted out with a ton of energy and conviction, not to mention cheeky Scouse charm. At times, it's almost street-punk, at other times pure turbo-charged post-punk pop perfection. This is the best thing by far this month—or this year, for that matter—and I look forward to really getting into this album. Like a Stevie Gerrard blast from thirty yards—there's no stoppin' it. I'm blown away. (AD)
(Dead & Gone, 17 Driver St, Sheffield, S19 9WP, UK)

DOWN TO NOTHING – "Unbreakable" CD

Unbreakable is a compilation of the band's first full-length and out-of-print EPs. It's packed with 22 songs of raging modern hardcore that makes you want to mosh, skate, and burn your friends' hair while he's not paying attention. This band is the king of touring, so if you're into heavy and energetic hardcore, check them out on their forth trip through your town. (PL)
(Revelation, PO Box 5232 Huntington Beach, CA 92615, www.revelationrecords.com)

ELECTRIC VOMIT – "1979 Montreal Punk" EP

Finally…an EP that lives up to its title. ELECTRIC VOMIT has that whole second-wave fake-punk sound and feel going for them. I can almost see the excessive gobbing and safety pin usage. For all the over-the-top style and putting-on-a-show attitudes, it's still refreshing to hear a dude yelp "So Fuck You!" outta his '79 punkily sneered trap. It's authentic and the kind of thing that got us all interested in this stuff in the first place. That said, the quality of what's released here might explain why this has sat dormant for 29 years. The three tracks, culled from the band's only demo, probably won't turn the ear of the legions of obscure punk fans…but I betcha everyone buys one anyway (I did!). An interesting artifact, sure, but not the lost classic you've been hoping for. (MC)
(Garbage Bag, www.myspace.com/garbagebagrecords)

THE ESTRANGED – "Fast Train/The Masses"

All the members of this Portland band used to be in REMAINS OF THE DAY, but this is pretty different. They play dark, atmospheric punk rock with post-punk influences and a tinge of that Anglophile LA beach punk a la AGENT ORANGE or even the WIPERS. If you want a more current reference, think MANIKIN or the recent GEISHA GIRLS releases. Both songs here are solid rockers and there's another EP around here somewhere that I'm going to check out immediately. (AM)
(Black Water, PO Box 5223, Portland, OR 97208-5223)

THE ESTRANGED – "Sacred Decay/Through the Night"

"Sacred Decay" is one of the two singles that the ESTRANGED released recently that have been getting a lot of airplay here at *MRR*. This Portland band draws heavily from dark, brooding punk bands of the late-'70s and early-'80s—NEW MODEL ARMY (in particular), CRISIS, THE WIPERS, etc. These two tracks are pretty solid, with some cool guitar-work over simple, catchy, bass-driven riffs, but I gotta admit that the vocalist's "rocker" delivery was almost a deal-breaker for me. I think I like their other one better... (CS)
(Green Noise, 2615 SE Clinton St, Portland, OR 97202, www.greennoiserecords.com)

EXIT STRATEGY – "Smells Like Burning Wires/Those Pigeons are Real"

Has the FUGAZI revival started? It certainly has at chez EXIT STRATEGY. Both songs (the latest in the Art Of the Underground singles series) bounce with unbridled DC energy and the dynamics of *Margin Walker* or *Repeater*-era FUGAZI, although the A-side starts off inauspiciously, sounding closer to Ian MacKaye's strained attempts at singing on the first EVENS LP. Maybe a resurgence of this style is overdue? This is definitely a fun, if recognizably derivative record. (AM)
(Art Of the Underground, www.artoftheunderground.com)

FALLAS DEL SISTEMA – "La Guerra es el Negocio de la Muerte" EP

One of my favorite Mexican hardcore bands returns with an awesome EP! These guys play raw, dirty, and proudly political anarcho-punk in the Latin American vein, with plenty of crusty influences. Sadly the singer Yaqui was tragically killed recently, so I don't know if these guys will continue on, but I truly hope they will. (NM)
(Despotic, PO Box 832, Long Beach, CA 90801, www.despotic-records.tk)

THE FEMALE TROUBLES – "Boredom Kills" EP

Now this is some lo-fi that I can take. Yes,

give it to me. I'm begging for it. This one is packed solid with stripped-down, straightforward punk rock and these fuckers mean business. There's nothing fancy, but if you like punk rock that leans heavily on punk 'n' roll, then this one is for you. Four original tracks in all and not a single loser in the bunch. And you've got to give these guys credit for a great band name. This is the kind of shit that motivates me to get out of bed in the morning and head to work. (KK)
(Lo-Fi, P. Zza I Maggio 44, 72017 Ostuni (Br), ITALY, www.psychout.it)

FISCHER – "Great Escape" EP

Think the INSURGENT cross-pollinated with PTERADON via the East Bay, or if (a less annoyingly posi) LATTERMAN grew up playing Gilman. At times, they invoke a non-ass JAWBREAKER. I'm a sucker for this kind of shit when it's done right, and these dudes do it pretty spot on. If you're into Salinas or Kiss of Death Records, or if you liked that INSURGENT discography, then check this out. (P$)
(Great Plains, 514 Broadway, Santa Cruz, CA 95060, www.myspace.com/greatplainsrecords)

FLICK KNIVES AND SPLINTERS / PATIENT ZERO – split EP

Here we have two new UK bands. The five FLICK KNIVES AND SPLINTERS tracks are reminiscent of HEALTH HAZARD in two aspects: relentless drum-throttling and harsh female vocals. They're less guitar-driven, more lo-fi, and a bit more fragile in delivery. It still demands attention with its severity. The lyrics take more cues from modern screamo—personal "fuck you" anthems and anger. Ironically, the five tracks on the flip by PATIENT ZERO then remind me of the post-HEALTH HAZARD band SUFFER, with a darker tone of low-end lumbering and blast-beats, and maintain a more developed musical thread between the tracks as opposed to a power-violence-style musical deconstruction. A totally great throwback to the awesome Flat Earth Records style of the 1990s. Killer split! (KS)
(Right to Refuse, 136 Willoughby Rd, Boston, Lincs, PE21 9GR UK, www.myspace.com/righttorefuse)

FLIMMER – "Phase 4" CD

Swiss band FLIMMER were conceived in 1999 and upon listening it's obvious that they work well together in an angry noise-rock outfit. Now only comprised of two bassists and a drummer, FLIMMER is proficient and obtuse with dirge-y, pounding beats under layers of sludge and noise. *Phase 4*, a fast-paced 22-track album, is a rollercoaster of death for the mentally drug-damaged. (AL)
(A Tree in a Field, www.atreeinafieldrecords.com)

FNU RONNIES – "Meat" EP

From the Skull Music camp, this release from Philly's FNU RONNIES is a loud mess of a single. The EP is a crazy space-missile-face-blast into some weird (punk) planet made of nutella/crack-cocaine; a throbbing, twisted record with reverb vocals for centuries, pounding drums of doom, and a genius-yet-bozo-bonkers recording job. Neither side is particularly short so it's completely possible to get a full appreciation for just how truly chaotically weird and brilliant all the songs are. You can even dance to it—I mean, if you're a freak. (AL)
(Richie, www.testostertunes.blogspot.com)

THE FORBIDDEN TIGERS – "Colonial Freakout" EP

Mighty fine garage with SWAMP RATS squared guitar scuzz on some good, solid tunes that deftly stay well away from both the shallows of "too restrained" and that of "so noisy you can't tell what's going on." In other words, this hits the spot. GORIES, TEENGENERATE, *Back from the Grave* fans, take note. What more can I say? (DD)
(Savage, Farstav. 89 (8 TR), 123 34 Farsta, SWEDEN)

FRONT PAGE – "Still Learning" CD

This doesn't do it for me. These guys sound very young and the off-key vocals get to me. I keep picturing SIMPLE PLAN or something. I hope this band isn't keeping them from their studies. (RL)
(Assassinated, www.thefrontpagenj.com)

FRUSTRATIONS – "Glowing Red Pill" CD

I just love the FRUSTRATIONS' *Nerves Are Fried* 7" so I was so happy to see this debut full-length CD waiting for me. Ten great songs of catchy garage punk. It is fuzzed out and fun! Plus, you've got to love a band that has the audacity (tongue-in-cheek or not) to write a song called "Freebird II." Ouch. (CK)
(X!, frustrations@x-recs.com)

GASLIGHT ANTHEM – "Senor and the Queen" CD

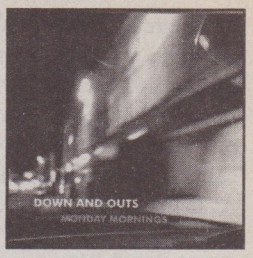
A great four-song EP here. A punky country drawl that brings to mind LUCERO mixed with the vocal stylings of THE KILLERS. Cool imagery and a feel that reminds of the '80s band the REIVERS. (RL)
(Sabot, www.sabotproductions.com)

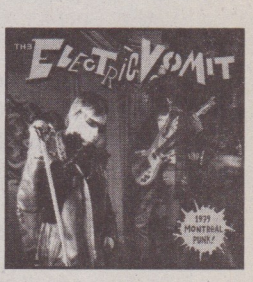
GERM ATTAK – "Ouroboros" LP

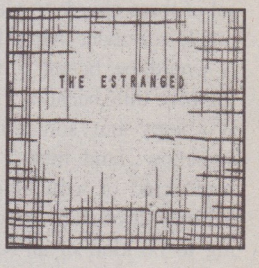
Ouroboros is the surprise of the year, not because no one has ever heard GERM ATTAK, but because no one ever thought that a band that sounds like DISORDER, CHAOS UK, and KURO would release such a solid LP in 2008. The songs are dirty, raw, noisy, and damn *catchy* in the perfect UK82-mixed-with-early-Canadian-punk way. The lyrics deal with topics that matter, not just war fodder like most other lyrics these days. In "Lifestyle Anarchism," they open with "The liberty they gave to me is nothing but mere privilege / I want anarchy and I want peace / I won't wait for it to come to me." Before I go off like Bruce Roehrs, I will just say the lyrics are both introspective and current without being pretentious. This is a great record for fans of punk rock. (WK)
(Capitalcide, PO Box 53008 Ottawa, Ontario, K1N 1C5, CANADA)

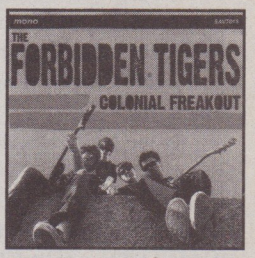
GIN GOBLINS – CD

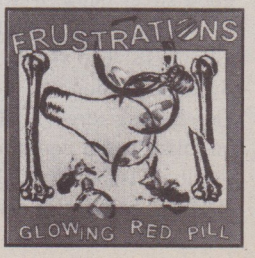
Combining "ballz 2 the wall" rock and MISFITS worship is not what I would call a recipe for success under











most circumstances, but the GIN GOBLINS are kinda blowing my mind right now simply by how not bad they are. I mean, not only does this show no traces of macho/sexist attitudes, but there are actually some moments of musical inspiration within this band's chosen genre. At the risk of coming off like a total condescending prick I say, "Cheers to you, GIN GOBLINS!" (CS)
(Goblins, www.gingoblins.com)

GLU – "Aucun But" CD

So this mainly consists of distorted-beyond-belief, super repetitive three-chord riffs, wanky noise guitar, no drums, and possibly the most irritating singer ever. I swear they took the same backing track and used it for every song and then had some annoying dude grunt off time rants in French over all of it. Just some drums would make this *soooooo* much better. If these dudes maybe picked a different set of three chords to play, or maybe got a less tuneless wonder than this dude to sing, maybe it would be better. Drums would definitely improve this, because I keep thinking that this is crappy but something could improve it somehow…and then I go, oh yeah, maybe some kind of a fucking beat. And I'm only halfway through the record. I think they're trying to be kind of an improv-type noised-out hardcore band. I've seen and heard that work several times but this totally does not. (MM)
(Rekin, no address)

GORDONS GANO'S ARMY – " Gunna Run Away/Who You Really Are"

Side one kicks in with a great '79 mod-influenced humdinger. "Gunna Run Away" takes a slice of inspiration from that glorious heyday of pop and injects a portion of that OFF WITH THEIR HEADS and RADON ruff-and-tumble punk rock. "Who You Really Are" manages to ditch the parkas and replace them with the dufflecoats—coming off as a shoe-gazer ballet done by punks, all enhanced by a very fetching English accent. Nice all 'round. (SD)
(Art Of the Underground, www.artoftheunderground.com)

TOMMY GUSTAFFSON & THE IDIOTS / SUBWASTE – split CD

SUBWASTE starts off this split CD with a good street punk 'n' roll feel. Think SIXER, RANCID, NO ONE'S VICTIM, and CRUMBS. The vocals kinda remind me of a Swedish version of J.J. from the NOBODYS. Good, lively street punk that you can pogo to and that would be at home in the early TKO catalog. TOMMY GUSTAFFSON & THE IDIOTS' half of this disc starts off a little slow but gets better, with the final two tracks hitting full stride. While the above comparisons still apply, TOMMY GUSTAFFSON & THE IDIOTS also has a hard rock element that comes through once in awhile. Overall this is a quality split CD of these two Swedishly challenged bands, and quite an enjoyable one at that. (RK)
(Warbird Entertainment, www.warbirdentertainment.com)

HERE COMES TROUBLE – "Get Fucked" EP

This record rips! Exploding out of Austin, TX, HERE COMES TROUBLE has a thrash sound, but with somewhat of a NYHC feel to it; lots of fast, heavy riffing with mid-tempo drops. If WARZONE recorded a crust record, this is what it would sound like. The layout is worth noting with its screen-printed sleeve and death-certificate-themed insert. (PL)
(Sick Thought, www.myspace.com/sickthoughtrecords)

HEX DISPENSERS – "Lose My Cool" EP

All hail the record assigning gang on this one; I already snagged a copy for myself and have battered it over the past couple o' weeks. One of the best new bands around in my humble opinion, lauded by the Goner/Contaminated crowd, these guys have real crossover appeal. They kinda have a three-chord punk charm, but throw in the some dark and moody elements kinda like the WIPERS…in fact, their tremendous cover of "Tragedy" on the flip gives you a clue to where these Austin-ites are heading. This is Top-Ten material without a shadow of a doubt. Can't wait to see 'em live! (TB)
(Douchemaster, 297 Atlanta Ave SE #5, Atlanta, GA 30315, www.douchemasterrecords.com)

HOLLY & JOEY – "I Got You Babe/One More Dance"

This is pretty good but doesn't need much description beyond the artists and title. It's Holly Vincent (HOLLY & THE ITALIANS, OBLIVIOUS) and Joey Ramone (the RAMONES, duh) singing SONNY & CHER's "I Got You Babe." It was recorded in England in 1982 and even features Thomas Dolby on synthesizer. I've always thought Joey sounds strange singing songs not written by the RAMONES but he sounds really happy and excited to be singing this one. The B-side is a HOLLY & THE ITALIANS tune and it's pretty catchy, too. (MU)
(Ramo, www.ramorecords.com)

HOMBRINUS DUDES / MERKIT – split LP

I listened to the MERKIT side first and RUINATION came to mind right off the bat. Great fast-paced hardcore with awesome and deeply personal lyrics. I enjoyed this a great deal and makes me want to check out their other recorded output. Up next is the HOMBRINUS DUDES side. First listen and I thought, "Oh no, stoner rock crapola" and then the grind kicks in…hell fucking yeah!!! If BRUTAL TRUTH was from the Midwest, and more punk and less technical. Great looking DIY packaging including tips on how it was done. I love this record. Two different styles but it totally works. The "best release" winner this month. GET THIS. (JH)
(IFB, 4447 Saint Clair Ave, Fort Myers, Florida 33903, www.ifbrecords.com)

HUNTING LODGE – "Energy Czar" CD

HUNTING LODGE is modern, aggressive kling-klang no wave based out of Bristol and Southhampton. Their erratic debut full-length, *Energy Czar,* was mastered by Weasel Walter and recorded in 2005 but is now being re-released. HUNTING LODGE has a heavy, intense energy that is pretty normal for this sect of musicians. It's a run-of-the-mill experience from a modern variation on an interesting genre—not special, but proficient and sometimes interesting. (AL)
(Yosada, www.yosada.com)

INSURGENTS – "Yuppie Mindset" EP

OK, stop glancing too quickly over the reviews and pay attention! This seven-song EP is hands-down one of the best hardcore records that's come my way in a long time! Seriously, we get a lot of records making their way through the *MRR* mansion and this one is a standout. The JERRY'S KIDS and F.U.'S veneration is more than obvious, but that's no reason to think this is just another retro US blahcore dime-a-dozen band, 'cause it ain't! Like GOVERNMENT WARNING, these cats get it just right. The music is fucking timeless, and more importantly, the aesthetic is genuine. This is only limited to 500 and it's from Australia, so you better get on the ball and track this down. (BG)
(Endless Blockades, PO Box 3023, South Brisbane BC, QLD 4101, AUSTRALIA)

INVADER – "Raw Dog" EP

Fuck! INVADER delivers a bombed-out punk rock carcass on your doorstep! This unsavory rock 'n' roll nastiness comes complete with chugging guitar riffs, a brute-strength bass and drum fuselage, and gruff singing! INVADER crashes through "A Lowlife," "The Manipulator," "Microwave 2," "Wasted Youth Out," "Iron Gates," and their self-titled anthem "Invader." You will be pum-

meled with raw, metal-inspired gutter bluster pinned down with some old-school rock foundations. This INVADER record rocks from start to finish! Guaranteed to make you little punks uncomfortable! Highly recommended! (BR)
(Destroy, c/o Jerry Crago, 723 Oak St, Flint, MI 48503)

JUDGE DREAD – "Death Rattle" EP

Screechy vocals over speedy hardcore. Pretty standard, paint-by-numbers—not that terribly interesting. Sounds like MANEURYSM without the weird electronic ghost bass sound and chances are you won't be spending a fourth of your paycheck for it on eBay because you missed getting it the first time around. (JH)
(self-released, 78 Moores Dr, Mount Pearl, NL, ALN 3VL, CANADA, xchildrenofthegravex@gmail.com)

KAIBOUSHITSU – "Dokuro" EP

Finding any information on this Japanese band has proven to be quite a task, and the quality and obscurity has me scratching my head and curious about the backstory. In general, the artwork is minimal and all the text is in Kanji but the back cover has the DEATH COMES ALONG logo on it. The vocals are reminiscent of Crow from DEATH COMES ALONG and CROW, especially all the laughter, howls, and gurgles—in fact, I wouldn't be surprised to find out that Crow is indeed KAIBOUSHITSU's vocalist. The music is more punk than hardcore and KAIBOUSHITSU seems like they could have graced a flexi or two in the early-'80s. The songs are simultaneously bouncy and agitated and the guitar sound is very choppy, almost angular at times, and pretty much perfectly executed with minimal distortion. KAIBOUSHITSU combines a well-balanced mixture of weird, dark, and catchy. If you're a sucker for all the Japanese ADK Records stuff, then I imagine that you will be as impressed as me. The only piece of information that is definite regarding *Dokuro* is that it's already out of print, so let the hunt begin… (CI)
(H:G Fact, www.interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact/)

KAJUN SS – "Get Out Of Me!/Pill Popper Pts 1 & 2"

Basically, the "How To Destroy Your Life In Four Minutes" instruction manual. One original, a garbage-armada of drums and bullying screams that don't let up until the last breath of the song. One cover, in which someone recorded the OBLIVIANS original with a baby monitor. Rest assured, they will fight you next time they come through your town. (JP)
(Jeth-Row, www.myspace.com/southlouisianaseparatist)

KIM PHUC – "Prostitute" EP

In true oblivious politico '90s style (MY LAI anyone?) they are named after an icon of the Vietnam War, but the lyrics are more angsty than any political '90s band. In fact, I probably should not have brought up that reference at all. The guitars have a flat sound, reminiscent of HOT SNAKES or maybe even WIPERS with no reverb… It's definitely weirder than HOT SNAKES. The vocals kind of threw me; they remind me a little of the POP GROUP; that strange hollow howl, with a little CRUCIFUCKS irritation thrown in. To be honest, this was not compelling enough for me. I like it OK, and the influences it brings to mind are some of my favorite bands so I don't quite know why this didn't hit me in the right way. I guess I am just a hater. (LG)
(self-released, c/o Ben Smartnick, 3274 Ward St, Pittsburgh, PA 15213, goldenhappiness@gmail.com)

KNIFETHRUHEAD – "The Mystery of the Tea-Baggin Nutt Bandit/Chili Doggin"

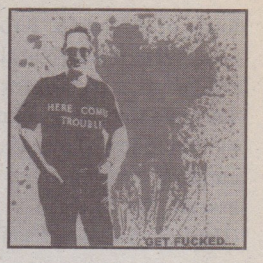
A two-song live 7" full of only slightly fucked-up blues rock. About halfway through the first song the band does get to a strange sound. The sax and guitar play pretty boring blues-type stuff but the drums speed up and the singer starts screaming like he's in a scary hardcore band. The bass player sounds like he's playing a BLACK SABBATH song. The "Fuck You" side starts with the singer screaming "Fuck You." Oh, we get the sounds of the guitar player tuning and the singer sounds like he's pretending to be dangerous. Yeah, the band says they are a comedy or joke band. Fine, I miss the jokes. This 7" sucks. (MH)
(Wild Huntsman, www.wildhuntsmanrecords.com)

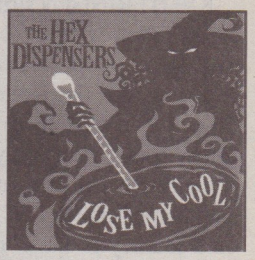
KONTATTO – "Disillusione" LP

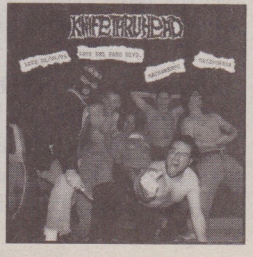
First: This opens with a crust-style doom-and-gloom intro, with various sound effects patched in—bombs, bullet fire—but in the midst, a sound effect matching the classic *Star Trek* Enterprise's bridge warning signal comes on. This might be completely lost on these Italians as a cultural reference, but for someone as geeked out as myself, it completely steals its gloomy fire. "Scotty, we need more power to escape the Romulans!" "I'm givin' all I can, Cap'n, but I need those dilithium crystals" 1-2-3-ARRGGGHHHH!!! If this is intentional, I apologize and KONTATTO is the coolest bunch of nerds on Earth since NEUROSIS sampled a Tie Fighter on *Souls at Zero*. Past that, the actual lyrical content of the record, printed in Italian and English with detailed explanations, is very serious, timely, and pointed—attacking militarism, intervention in Kosovo, church doctrine, and Italian political realities. The music is charging, stripped-down, energetic crust hardcore with raw-throated vocals, built around loud and simple but effective drum bashing. It builds speed, adds a completely gruff vocalist, and then blasts at EXTREME NOISE TERROR's throttling double speed that's only matched by the current rampaging Brazillian hardcore in its infectious, upbeat energy. Combine that with the griminess and politics of European crust and a few raw cues from classic Italian hardcore, and you've got a solid mix and a killer LP. There's also a fun super-stippled cover of the pigs versus the punx. (KS)
(Agipunk, www.agipunk.com)

KRIEGSHOG – "Hard Core Hell" EP

I am almost left speechless on how fucking good this record is. The ultra-hardcore brutal legion needs to maim and murder to get this record 'cuz it fucking kills and I heard it is already long gone. OK, what does it sound like, you may ask? Driving, fist-pumping hardcore with







loads of distortion, ferocious drumming, and vocals that drive right through my skull. Side one paints a picture for you by having some war-time sample—ya know, gunfire and commotion followed by a six-year-old girl's blood-curdling scream—then in comes the audio assault. Killer! (MS)
(Hardcore Survives, kaotik-hero@hotmail.co.jp)

KVOTERINGEN – "Dödens Handslag" EP

KVOTERINGEN strikes again with another record filled with some of the best hardcore tuneage in Sweden. I can say with complete assurance that this is their finest stuff to date. Jallo's distinct style is all over this EP. The catchy songs, raw, trebly guitar sound, and lo-fi execution held my attention straight away and then of course KVOTERINGEN took me on a journey to the D-beat never-never land. Once you're hooked you'll never be the same. Seriously though, *Dödens Handslag* rages throughout and four songs don't seem like enough. (CI)
(Communichaos Media, Box 825, 101 36 Stockholm, SWEDEN, www.communichaos.com)

THE LEFTOVERS – "The Only One/ Who's That Guy"

Another one of those Art of the Underground 7"s, this time from the LEFTOVERS, who play sugary sweet pop punk that's even a little to syrupy for me to swallow. It's *very* poppy, and basically sped-up power pop; although I agree that that sounds great, it just doesn't come through. (AD)
(Art Of The Underground, www.artoftheunderground.com)

LÖGNHALSMOTTAGNINGEN – "Oron Nasa" EP

This is sort of an unconventional-in-a-conventional-sense tribute to '80s Swedish hardcore punk. LÖGNHALSMOTTAGNINGEN is the instrumentation of Stewart of BOYRACER and the vocals of Martin from the FAINTEST IDEAS, and between the two there is an intense appreciation for a sound that comes through to appear authentic and raging. Martin sings in Swedish and Stewart plays melodic, fast, DIY-styled sorta pop sounds that together convey a weirdly urgent early hardcore sound. *Oran Nasa* is limited to 300 with different colored sleeves. (AL)
(Slumberland, www.slumberlandrecords.com)

LOSER LIFE – "My Hell" LP

I remember hearing this band when I was outside Munoz Gym drinking and then, just like now, I can't help but feel like we're missing each other. Some of the songs are kind of raging ARTICLES OF FAITH-styled shit with a couple Revolution Summer-type solos/leads that kind of come out of nowhere and are pretty killer. But I have such a low tolerance for songs about getting "stabbed in the back" or hardcore songs about getting dumped that this only took me halfway there. (P$)
(Life's a Rape, PO Box 278, Carlsbad, CA 92018)

M-SIXTEEN – CD

This is a decent disc of contemporary hardcore with screamo vocals (I was tempted to call it emo-hardcore but I don't know what the fuck that tag means any more). By contemporary hardcore, I mean dissonant and jagged but with melodic parts woven throughout; kinda like a mix of A 18, SMOKE OR FIRE, and THE FALCON or something like that (not that this humble release comes close to the majestic heights of THE FALCON). I especially liked the track "Blank Head"—not a bad little release by this French foursome on an Italian label. By the way, M-SIXTEEN also has a MySpace page. (RK)
(Chorus of One, www.chorusofonerecords.it)

MALA SANGRE – "Ride the Winds of Battle" EP

This two song EP sounds really distorted and rough in a very lo-fi way, which I'm sure MALA SANGRE is going for. I like the music, which is kind of a hybrid of the D-beat crasher crust and the more plodding, metallic stench-core crust sound. The opening track is a fantasy battle song about ending war. The vocals on this song kind of remind me of Max Cavalera of SEPULTURA. On the B-side, MALA SANGRE speeds it up quite a bit with not as much punch or delineation. The lyrics are not quite good and basically stick to themes of war-torn landscapes and dead bodies, which is not really cutting it for me these days unless it's done with a little authenticity of current events to set it apart from the scores of other bands with similar lyrics. Overall, not a bad offering, although I think they will improve over time. (WK)
(Threat to Existence, www.threattoexistence.com)

MARDRÖM – "Deras Profit, Våran Död" EP

MARDRÖM plays Swedish style DISCHARGE-influenced hardcore. They're not super-reverby or blown-out like a lot of modern D-beat bands, and instead have a more traditional approach. Some of the guitar leads lean in the metal direction, but overall no frills for MARDRÖM, just lots of repetitive shouted verses, steady, banging drums, loud guitars, chaos, war, and all the other accoutrements. OK, so MARDRÖM isn't breaking any new ground but *Deras Profit, Våran Död* recorded an exceptional number of fist-pumps throughout the many listens I just logged in. If you're not a fan of D-beat, this won't change your opinion, but it is definitely good enough for the occasional dabbler and I'd say it's necessary for enthusiasts and die-hards. (CI)
(Phobia, c/o Mirek Vokal, PO Box 5, 289 07 Libice N/C, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.insanesociety.net/phobia)

MASSHYSTERI – "Monoton Tid" EP

This is the new band from the members of Sweden's VICIOUS and it picks up where that band left off. It's a bit less agitated and there's more emphasis on melody and songwriting, not to mention the addition of the female vocals (and the fact that they're singing in their native tongue). The male and female voices really work well together. I've heard this compared to GORILLA ANGREB but I don't see it. That band really did sound a lot like X, but MASSHYSTERI definitely have a colder, darker Scandinavian aesthetic. Another exciting release from Feral Ward—how does he do it? (AM)
(Feral Ward, www.feralward.com)

MEAN STREETS – "That Day/Nineteen"

Glammy street-punk that's upbeat and makes up with melody and hooks what it lacks in originality—which is about as good as it gets with this style nowadays. This stuff is like pop punk; either it sounds good or it doesn't. Good for what it is. (AD)
(Longshot, 980 Harrison St, SF, CA 94107)

DAN MELCHIOR UND DAS MENACE – "Christmas for the Crows" LP

Another helping of 3 AM quasi-folk, not far removed from solo SYD BARRETT, from this quirky troubadour, with gobs of synth thrown in to the more standard bits of generally jagged guitar that set off the gitbox strumming and plaintive vocalizing. (DD)
(Daggerman, www.daggermanrecords.com)

METH TEETH – EP

I have such a weakness for shitty recordings that are all fuzzy and overdriven. I swear, it could be the most bullshit alterno-dude music ever and if the recording was distorted and echo-y sounding I would probably think it was OK. Not to say this record is bad, because it's not. It sounds very Northwest and not in a riot grrl, cutesy pop, or grunge way, but in that country-tinged dark and mysterious swamp rock way. Somewhere in between the OLD HAUNTS and the OH SEES. (MM)
(Sweet Rot, PO Box 78025, Vancouver, B.C., V5N-5WI, CANADA)

MOHORAM ATTA – "Birthright" EP

Here is proof once again that bands have completely run out of ideas for good names. MOHORAM ATTA plays a style that brings to mind bands that haven't been around for some years and genres far left behind. I would say they remind me of ALL IS SUFFERING first and foremost, but also VAE VICTUS from Reno. They have the tendency to kind of jump all over the map from full-bore millennium crust to early-'90s screamo a la SET VECTOR, then they throw in some slight hints of black metal, and there you have it. It really all seems to fit seamlessly. The vocals are exactly what you think they would and probably should be—a bit of all those styles—but don't stand out as over the top or really push any boundaries. I really like the insert, which makes copy shop printers and the cut 'n' paste look great. This EP is pretty strong and I'm sure this band rages live. (WK)
(Unholy Thrash, www.unholythrashrecords.com)

MOSTROS – "Vacillatio Et Revolvo" 12"

MOSTROS is an Argentine punk band that has relocated to Spain. Or maybe a Spanish band that comes from Argentina? I suppose it's your call. Here they offer up eight quality cuts of unrelenting punk 'n' roll. Seriously, it just drives and drives and drives. Given the throaty female vocals, I imagine Macky spends her days yelling at anybody and everybody and then shows up at the club ready to rock. Good shit. (KK)
(Flying Peluca, C/Hereu 34 4art C, 07014 Palma de Mallorca, Illes Balears, SPAIN, www.mostros.info/flyingpeluca.html)

NAUTICAL HYPERBLAST / WEED STEELER – split EP

NAUTICAL HYPERBLAST? OK, I'll let the name slide, but what's with the music? They throw a couple different styles together. Almost a straightedge hardcore sound mixed with metal guitar. They have both understandable hardcore vocals and guttural death metal vocals. The pinch harmonics on the guitar during the breakdown at the end of track two are enough to make me throw the 7" against the wall. Why do so many guitarists think doing pinch harmonics over and over sounds good? STOP IT! I have higher hopes for the WEED STEELER side since it looks like there are seven or eight tracks on their side of the 7" and sure enough, they play power-violence and pretty much sound like NO LE$$. It's all there. Short fast songs, good samples, and crazy high-pitched Muppet vocals. The last track reminds me more of PLUTOCRACY. (MH)
(Give Praise, PO Box 494, Barnstable, MA 02630-0494)

NIGHT WOUNDS – "Allergic to Heat" CD

Do you want (another) no wave (revival) or do you want the truth? I just remarked to fellow MRR reviewer Ms. Andy Larson that I wish I only got noise damage that was influenced by CHROME and not LIGHTNING BOLT. Not that these dudes are, but just that they exist in that world. I am mean-spirited yet consumed by my enthusiasms. Maybe I mean cynical? This is more interesting than another folk punk banjo troupe, but it's music that makes me think of kids in costumes drunk in warehouses and DIY spaces full of pseudo-hippy positivity. I guess right now I want total frustration and no group hug improv troupe. *Though* I think I am projecting my complaints onto these hapless youths. They are LA-based and connected with The Smell… The music contains marked references to *No New York*-era bands, (TEENAGE JESUS, DNA, etc) but channels that boredom, petty hate, and fear through the cheery lens of The Smell and this is what you get. If you like this band I command you to go and get all the SCISSOR GIRLS records and make your own nasty attack. (LG)
(Corleone, www.corleonerecords.com)

THEE OH SEES — "The Master's Bedroom Is Worth Spending a Night In" CD

This features John Dwyer of COACHWHIPS/PINK AND BROWN/HOSPITALS so it probably has a built-in audience and the band is probably playing a SXSW showcase as I write this. There are some icy lady vocals to temper Dwyer's yowl, and I think they are going for the party scene in a drugs-gone-wrong exploitation movie. Like a bunch of people playing every *Pebbles* comp at once. It sounds once removed like watching someone listen to a bunch of 45s in their bedroom from outside their window. Maybe BLACK LIPS will take them on tour? Or maybe not. It's a dance party tailing off, people disappearing to make out or losing the rhythm but keeping on anyway. (LG)
(Tomlab, www.tomlab.com)

ORdER – "Donki/G.A.M.E."

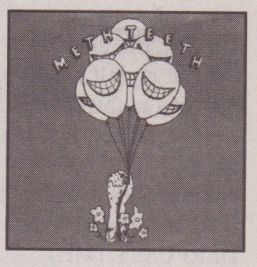
How the fuck does one even begin to describe ORdER? This band somehow seems to out-weird their previous releases with each new one. The song structure on "Donki" reminds me of the first time someone tries to write a song, before they understand the concepts of rhythm and timing. These are the kinds of songs that give me anxiety because everything is done so wrong that it makes complete sense to the point of being the most honest of all music; ORdER seems to crank out that awkwardness with pinpoint accuracy and precision. On "G.A.M.E.," the band opts for a slightly herky-jerky, rockin' style with a serious "marching" feel to it due to the constant snare rolls. A true one-of-a-kind band. (JU)
(H:G Fact, www.interg.or.jp/japan/hgfact)

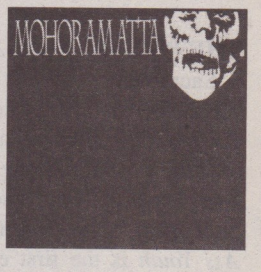
PAINT IT BLACK – "Goliath" EP

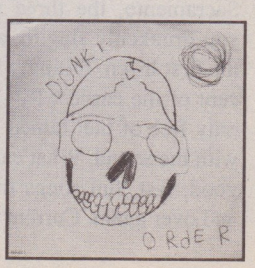
Not straying away from their sound, this one-sided, one-song 7" is similar to PAINT IT BLACK's other stuff—fast hardcore/punk songs with catchy choruses. For those who haven't heard PAINT IT BLACK, they are reminiscent of a harder-sounding KID DYNAMITE. This record was given out at their record release show, so if you weren't there I guess you lose. (PL)
(no address)

PAINT IT BLACK – "New Lexicon" CD

A surprisingly impressive and commanding 15-track third LP from this Philadelphia band. PAINT IT BLACK has a straightforward modern US hardcore attack that







stops on a dime, and is delivered with near maniacal precision and raw, ECONOCHRIST-y, blunt vocals. Though the record seems further marked by the feeling that "yes, we've established that," it peers beyond the confines of formula to incorporate CIRCUS LUPUS-syled angularity, brief passages of later BLACK FLAG-styled dirge, and is reminiscent of late-stage BORN AGAINST—where there was little fear of encompassing a wealth of broader influences while still remaining true to what begat the band in the first place. Electronic passages, NAKED RAYGUN-style back-up vocals (on the last track from Jeff Pezzati himself no less!), packed in an ultra-clean recording and iced with angry and hopeful metaphorical lyrics of both the personal, political, and the intertwining of the two. It often seems the majority of current hardcore of all stripes plays close to its sleeve, coloring within the established lines and copying and refining the past, but this exudes the confidence to take chances and comes up on top. Ace. (KS)
(Jade Tree, 2310 Kennwynn Rd, Wilmington, DE 19810, www.jadetree.com)

PARASYTIC – "Hymn" LP

Pummeling thrash with crusty leanings, equal parts hardcore and metal. The guitars are tight, quick, and full of riffs. The vocals are gruff and sometimes understandable. One minute I'm thinking of '80s speed-metal, but the next, I'm thinking of crusty political bands. I found myself headbanging a good bit while listening to this. They're from Richmond, VA, and this is their first release. One of their guitarists is in CANNABIS CORPSE and their drummer has been in a ton of bands including BIRDS OF PREY and ALABAMA THUNDERPUSSY. (MH)
(Despotic, PO Box 832, Long Beach, CA 90801, www.despotic-records.tk)

THE PIZZAS – "Bad-Ass Youth" EP

Sacramento has a city ordinance that requires every citizen under the age of 40 to: A) play an instrument, and B) have the ability to write flawless catchy punk rock songs. It's true. I looked it up. The PIZZAS are among Sacramento's law-abiding citizenry and *Bad-Ass Youth* is the first exercise of their civic duty. Naturally, like every other band from Sacramento, the three songs here will have you drunkenly singing along for a week after the first listen. Fittingly lo-fi in a way reminiscent of the earliest Rip Off Records material, only free of that famed 'tude often associated with the sound. What can I say? These are just good, fast, fun songs that I wanna play over and over again. Current or former members of the LOSIN' STREAKS and BLACK DAHLIAS, though I think this is far superior to anything either of those combos did. Also, if they don't at least get a free pie from Zelda's for every practice, God is dead or they aren't thinking this thing through completely. A fine debut…hopefully not a one-off. (MC)
(Daggerman, 25 Elgin Park, Apt. 625, San Francisco, CA 94103)

PRIDESWALLOWER – "Lifeswallower" EP

A curious pummeling rock sound. It's neither punk nor hardcore, but it is heavy and ugly—a difficult sound to place. At one point it reminded me of grunge influenced post-hardcore like JAWBOX. Then on other tracks the sound is driving and noise rock-y like old Amphetamine Reptile bands. The recording has a live feel even if it's not. The songs never speed up and most tracks will pummel you into the ground. Good, good. (MH)
($4 ppd: Brightskull, PO Box 4831, Louisville, KY 40204)

PRIMATES – "El Camino de la Obediencia" EP

Hostia!!! PRIMATES deliver some fucking fast non-grind hardcore punk shit. This band did some research and managed to pump out a record that will remind the listener of ANTI-DOGMATIKSS, L'ODI SOCIAL, and even SUBTERRANEAN KIDS. You know, the good old fast stuff out of Barcelona. If I am not mistaken this has members of E-150 and the rest is a mystery. The vocalist is killer! Get this shit!!! *HOSTIA*!!! (MS)
(Veiinat Rupit Bustia, 3001-08318 Canyamars (Barcelona), SPAIN, kankames@hotmail.com)

THE PUMPERS – "Let Go" EP

Messy, loud, and desperate. The guitars are distorted and the vocals are strained. Then there is a string-picking breakdown before all hell breaks loose again. And that is only the first song on this EP. It does sound a bit too much like many other garage punk bands out there now, but I don't really care. (CK)
(Wall Ride, www.myspace.com/wallriderecords)

RISE UP HOWLIN WEREWOLF – "The Indian Curse Will Bring You Back To Me/Sinister 6/7"

So what we have here is a two-song 7" from RISE UP HOWLIN WEREWOLF, a garage-rock band from Alabama. Featuring current and ex-members of QUADRAJETS, PINE-HILL HAINTS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATAN'S YOUTH. Reminds me a lot of a very distorted, mid-tempo DIRTBOMBS. I could see this record coming out on In The Red Records. I don't know what it is, but for some reason I can't stop listening to the song on the A-side. It's not that catchy or anything, but every time the song ends, I'm thinking to myself, "Oh man, I gotta listen to that song again." My conclusion: a solid single. (FS)
(Arkam, 1925 Highway 69, Savannah, TN 38372)

RISKY BUSINESS – "Some Days" CD

RISKY BUSINESS, from Halifax, Canada, brings six modern hardcore hits for the disgruntled youth crew kids that like to stomp around the living room. There is good mix between fast and mid-tempo hardcore that always leaves you with some tasty mosh at the end. RISKY BUSINESS' 2004 demo is also included on this CD. If you're into bands such as NO WARNING or INTERNAL AFFAIRS, check out this band. (PL)
(Rock Vegas, PO Box 315 Rockland, MA 02370, www.rockvegasonline.com)

ROT SHIT – "Have You Scene?" EP

On a 7" by a band called PSYCHO SIN from about '84—they identified as NJHC and thanked UNDERDOG on their record—there's a song that consists of nothing but one guy listing off random countries and the other replying 'Fucked up!' with the same vocal intonations (complete with thick New Jersey accents) throughout. ROT SHIT has a song which lists scene signifiers including people they know, message boards, *MRR*, PINK REASON, JAY REATARD, Pizza Hut and so on, answering each item with "DEAD!" For some reason it brought to mind the PSYCHO SIN 7" though that record has a bored insanity to it that this doesn't. Instead, this sounds like an amalgamation of everyone's record collection that posts on the Terminal Boredom message board and like a barbed comment on current scene ailments and letdowns. The music is falling apart, but what isn't? I was kind of expecting to write this off, but was actually really into it and am psyched I got a reviewer copy. Though I guess this is kind of a strange non-descriptive review in light of my aforementioned psyched-ness. (LG)
(Fashionable Idiots, PO Box 580131, Minneapolis, MN 55458, www.fashionableidiots.com)

SAID RADIO – "Tidal Waves and Teeth" CD

A post-NERVE AGENTS group that delivers a mix of anthemic punk/hardcore with lots of intros and guitar effects, giving this a goth feel at times. Although, I could go for a little more bite in the guitar sound, I do understand these hardcore vets are going for something a little different. A good nine-song disc. (RL)
(Mankind, saidradio@mankindrecords.com)

THE SCOURGE – "The Scourge of River City" CD

Too punk-by-numbers for my taste—the SCOURGE comes off like AGAINST ME! mixed with some of that horror punkabilly sound popular in the depths of SoCal. It's all well played, professional, and ambitious, and maybe that's just the problem. An endorsement from that half-wit Radio One DJ Mark Davies wins over zero friends 'round these parts as my dead granny knows more about punk than he ever will. (SD)
(Cherry Bomb, cherrybomb.meg@cherryred.co.uk)

SEX ADVICE / SHANG-A-LANG – split EP

The SHANG-A-LANG side is fast, scrappy, melodic DIY punk that reminds me a little of the FONDLED (who were really great!) in that it has a good tempo, smart songwriting, and good singing, that all careen along with a sloppy-yet-competent wild abandon. A fast GRABASS CHARLSTONS could be another useful marker. Very good! SEX ADVICE weighs-in like an even messier FYP, but without the bile—definitely not bad, but SHANG-A-LANG win it. (AD)
(Repulsion, 2552 N. Booth St, Milwaukee, WI 53212)

THE SHECKIES – "Go On a Diet" CD EP

This band has a couple of heavyset guys, maybe bigger than SLOPPY SECONDS but not quite into Pig Champion territory—hence the title. Anyway, these guys sound like SLOPPY SECONDS as well as the QUEERS. Fun and tight RAMONES-style punk that is nothing original or even special, but this does hit the spot when the mood is right. (RL)
(Cabana 1, www.cabana1records.com)

THE SIDEKICKS – "So Long, Soggy Dog" CD

It's a mix of early SAMIAM and LATTERMAN on *So Long, Soggy Dog*. A solid full-length that seems to be missing something keeps this from being great. It's the same feeling I get from the similar-sounding AGAINST ME! (RL)
(self-released, 14613 Clifton Blvd, Lakewood, OH 44107)

SPY MASTER – "A Lost Bird" EP

Really rad rhythm-based punk/hardcore that is deeply indebted to '80s Boston bands like JERRY'S KIDS or SSD. It's like GANG GREEN with some random post-punk rhythms and the occasional vocal harmony thrown in. Crazy and, well, rad. (AA)
(Too Circle, 221-3 Hi-Home Kodiara 510, Nakamachi Kodiara-City, 187-0042 Tokyo, JAPAN)

SQUIRREL BAIT – "Skag Heaven" LP

This is a straight reissue of the full-length LP from this group of Louisville, KY HÜSKER-worshipping darlings. The music here is a near-blasphemous carbon-copy of the later HÜSKER DÜ catalogue, only the vocals are a bit more annoying. On that note, this is a really good record and if you don't have the original and feel you need more music similar to Mould and company, this is your next best option and it won't hurt to pick it up. (JU)
(Drag City, www.dragcity.com)

SQUIRREL BAIT – 12"

A reissue of SQUIRREL BAIT's classic debut 12" from 1985. I had a conversation recently in which I was extolling the greatest of bands from the mid-to-late-'80s that fell through the cracks between the early-'80s hey-day of hardcore and the arrival of pop-punk and garage in the late '80s/early '90s. There was no core, no wave, and the bands were not only more likely to hail from areas outside the major scenes, but seemed a lot brighter and freer to cut their own swathes devoid of really any genre confines...anything went. Anyway—a band that springs to mind when thinking of this period is SQUIRREL BAIT from Louisville, Kentucky. They played melodic hardcore before "melodic hardcore" became dirty words, influenced by HÜSKER DÜ and other "post-hardcore" bands; they sound to me now like a rougher REPLACEMENTS or, in fact, a lot like a harder NILS. This album received good distribution when it first came out, and along with its follow-up, *Skag Heaven*, I'm pretty sure it had a European release. I know they were big John Peel faves, which is where I first heard them. The music hasn't really dated that much; in fact, it sounds fresher now than it would have, say, ten years ago, if you know what I mean. Didn't they go on to become SLINT? I've forgotten in my old age. Great. (AD)
(Drag City, www.dragcity.com)

STAPLES IN CARPET – "Arising From Failure" CD

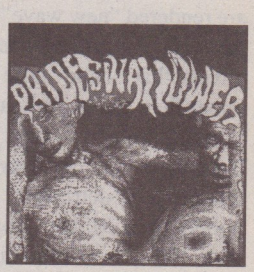
Pretty thrashy and distorted at times, but that could have been the stereo I was listening to the CD on, which made it sound better because I checked out their MySpace page and thought this band blew chucks. Not what I normally would listen to, but I tried to give it a chance. I get the impression that this is also like a Warp Tour rawk 'n' roll package geared toward the younger, more accepting crowd, and I could not be any more uninterested. I'll save you the trouble of throwing it the garbage already. (JH)
(Bald Mannequin, www.myspace.com/staplesincarpet)

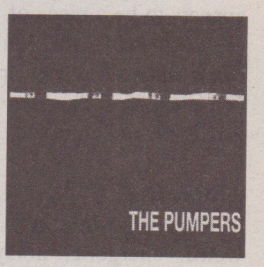
THE STRAIGHT A'S – "Detention Span" EP

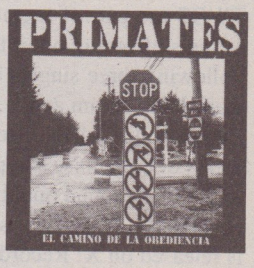
Another pop-punk 7" from the pop punk capital of the universe: Minneapolis, Minnesota. The STRAIGHT A'S remind me a lot of MR. T EXPERIENCE and the QUEERS at times, but these guys are way more positive and wholesome. Maybe wholesome isn't the right word for it, but you know. I see this kind of band organizing kickball games in the park in the summer time or going sledding in the winter and going back to their house and drinking hot cocoa. But yeah, if you like the power pop, this 7" will get you pogo-ing for sure. (FS)
(Johann's Face, PO Box 479164, Chicago, IL 60647)

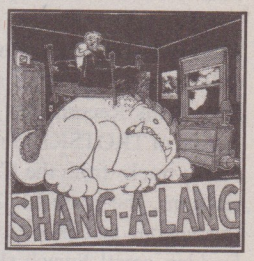
STRANGE FACTORY – "Circle World" CD

This came out of nowhere! I had never heard of these guys but they place ripping Japanese thrash with some crasher-crusty-style influences and even some dark AMEBIX parts! In a way, they remind me of more recent AGE stuff, which of course is amazing. I am not sure if this is a discography but it includes tracks from a 7" and









split 7". Awesome! (NM)
(Disease, 960-0116 Fukushima-Ken, Fukushima-Shi, Miyashiroaza, Myoukuoden 36-8, JAPAN)

SUMP PUMPS – "Revenge Of the Sump Pumps" CD

Copping an analog DEVO aesthetic, replete with matching uniforms, Bloomington's SUMP PUMPS actually deliver a set of straightforward garage/pop punk songs that are rendered "new wave" only by the inclusion of "wacky" synth sounds, keytar, and vocoder effects that sound more like an afterthought rather than as integral parts of the songs. That actually probably works in the music's favor, but maybe they overplay the whole geek rock thing,to their detriment? As I listen, I'm transported to a Midwest basement dance party with '70s disco rope lights, flashing police beacons, lasers, and dry ice. As an added bonus, my copy of the CD comes with what appears to be a piece of someone's pubic hair (Kyle? Rob? Ryan? Ben? My heart pulses…) stuck under the top spine barcode sticker. DNA testing is the only way to be sure. (AM)
(8-Bit, www.8bitrecords.com)

TERRIBLE TWOS – LP

There is a whole crop of new bands playing weird, energetic, noisy, lo-fi (sometimes) catchy punk, and these Detroit dudes are part of that. Whatever scene the TERRIBLE TWOS are part of seems like the most interesting stuff going on in the punk world today. Following three singles and a cassette, this is their debut album and it sounds pretty groovy. Every song is full of energy and most have elements of both noise and pop sprinkled over the rock. Sharp sound quality and pretty photo on the flipside of the lyric sheet. The CD version is released on X! Records. (MU)
(Criminal IQ, 3501 N. Southport, Chicago, IL, 60657, www.criminaliq.com)

TROTSKIDS – "La Complete Vol. 1" LP

Holy fuck! You skins and punks are in luck! Dirty Punk Records has issued a brilliant collection of TROTSKIDS material concentrating on the tracks from the *Chaos En France* compilations, the maxi-LP *Trotskids* from Chaos Productions, and the *A Mort A Fond* on Terminal. Fucking great! French skinhead/punk holds its own with every other nationality if you listen to the WARROR KIDS' track "Adolescent," the TROTSKIDS, or KOMINTERN SECT. This collection rages through hits such as "Gueule D'Enfer," "Je Sens Mauvais," "Necrophile," "L'Amour Anal," "Furaancule," and "Fier Á Bres." This is excellent! Skins and punks alike can celebrate the re-issue of this classic material! Dirty Punk Records has done a bang-up job of re-educating the American skins and punks about European skinhead music! Order your French skinhead invasion from… (BR)
(Dirty Punk, BP 10302, 59666 Villeneuve D'Ascq Cedex, FRANCE, www.dirtypunk.fr)

UCHAZIM – "Edice 15—Separace Prutokovych Poznatku" CD

This is all over the map. Metallic Czech hardcore with detours to prog and emo territory that bring to mind SYSTEM OF A DOWN or MARS VOLTA. Layers of distorted guitar, vocals that go from whispers to singing to growling, and some insane (in a good way) drumming. Stuff like this only works if the drummer is amazing, and in this case the skinsman is UCHAZIM's saving grace. One minute he's charging along like a freight train and in a fraction of a second he's done a complete U-turn (how you do that with a train I don't know) into some demented jazz figure. This took me by surprise as it wouldn't normally be my thing, but the more I listened to it the more I found myself enjoying it. So many frantic changes that it has to hold your attention. (AM)
(Papagajuv Hiasatel, c/o Pavel Frimi, Mrstikova 393, 66482 Ricany u Brna, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.phr.cz)

UNFAIR? – "Leader of the World/Struggle" CD

Straight-forward, raw, lo-fi punk rock and crust. This band sounds like an old, unknown peace-punk band you'd discover off a CD comp that digs up old bands from the past. You know? Like the bands you've never heard on the anarcho-punk comps on Overground Records. The tracks are raw enough where they almost sound live. There are catchy, anthemic moments, in particular on "Machination." Good stuff. (MH)
(Mediattack!, www.mediattackrecords.com)

VIETNAM WEREWOLF – "Ohio's City" CD

This is one of those bands that tries to do hardcore with a hint of pop punk. Super vocal-driven songs with all the gang vocals you can handle. Well, maybe a little more than that—reminiscent of bad straight edge. I had a hard time listening to this entire album. If this was ten years ago, you'd find these guys on Victory Records. Songs about "holding your head high" and that kind of stuff. This album should do real well in the suburbs. (FS)
(self-released, www.vietnamwerewolf.com)

VOGUE – "Big Black Blur/No Vogue"

What we have here is a criminally too-short, one-sided, two-song 7" from a Belgian powerhouse that I've never heard of. This thing is beastly. The first song is a quick little hardcore ripper complete with burly vocals and occasional busy bass playing that at times reminds me of the bass on BILL BONDSMEN records. Nothing too fancy, just good, modern meat 'n' potatoes hardcore. The second track is a much slower monster that has a lot in common with INTEGRITY's cover of NEGATIVE APPROACH's "Evacuate." This is a dynamite record. Someone should send me a copy! (JU)
(Holy Shit!, www.myspace.com/holyshittrash)

WE MARCH – "Creator/Destoyer" CD

At first I thought this was kind of cool sounding but the whole thing annoyed me pretty quickly. On *Creator/Destroyer,* WE MARCH musically falls somewhere between slick garage punk, '90s hardcore, and grunge. The worst aspects of WE MARCH are the whiny rock-god vocals and the slick production. The only redeeming quality is the guitar sound and playing, which resonates in a classic yet inventive way a la HOT SNAKES, although the Asian-esque interludes throughout the song "Ethnic Electric" really pushed my dislike for WE MARCH over the edge. Seriously, such a stupid and played out idea. The best songs on *Creator/Destroyer* are the faster numbers such as "The Choice" and "Pushin' My Luck," but I don't think I'll be paying attention to this band in the future because those vocals seriously grate on me. (CI)
(Non-Prophet, wemarchbox@hotmail.com)

WHAT IF GODS LIE – "Third World" LP

Excellent LP from these ex-HOG members. They are somewhat different than that previous band, however, and play fairly straight-up crust/HC/grind with the classic influences of DOOM, EXTREME NOISE TERROR, NAPALM DEATH, etc. Nothing wrong with that, as it is done very well! There are some darker moments that add atmosphere. Very cool. (NM)
(Despotic, PO Box 832, Long Beach, CA 90801, www.despotic-records.tk)

WHERE IT ENDS – "Resonate" CD

Remember when hardcore bands in the early-'90s went over the top trying to bust out the heaviest beat-down mosh parts while the frontman seemed like he'd rather fist-fight than sing? Well, these guys are bringing it back! The JUDGE influence is definitely here, but it's more like the *Bringing It Down* LP and not the fucking raw (and awesome) EP on Schism. And just like that album, the drums on here are solid and the recording is crisp. I gotta say that this can't be dismissed as generic *hawdcore* or anything because there is some

pretty good variation amongst the chugga-chugga, and the lyrics aren't all that bad. This seven-track CD collects stuff that appeared on the vinyl EP, plus a couple of bonus tracks. If you dig bands like 25 TA LIFE and STRIFE, then this should be on your list of shit to check out. (BG)
(Surprise Attack, 913 W. 6th St, Erie, PA 16507, www.surpriseattackrecords.com)

DA WILLYS – "Get Ugly" CD

A reissue of the 1988 record from this New York City band. DA WILLYS plays a mutated bluesy garage rock that seemed to breed on a couple of NYC corners in the late-'80s. Singer Lynne Von has such a deep voice that I thought it was a man singing at first. The music has a primitive, basic feel to it. It's almost as if they were hanging out with JOHNNY THUNDERS during his last years and sucked his remaining energy from him. The songs don't blow you away, but I have a feeling they were fun back in the day. (CK)
(Leather Lung, www.myspace.com/leatherlungrecords)

V/A – "Bands That Don't Give a Shit About Being God" EP

As an homage to *Bands That Could Be God*, that Massachusetts compilation of yore, this one does its predecessor justice. Featuring one song each from Bay State bands SOCIAL CIRCKLE, WITCHES WITH DICKS (man, I really hate that band's name), CONVERSIONS, OUT COLD, VIOLENT NUNS, and SGT. SLAUGHTER, *Bands That Don't Give a Shit About God* offers a nice mix o' punk, HC, and melody; all parties involved deliver solid tracks as well, making it one of those rare comps that's listenable from start to finish. I'd be hard-pressed to pick a favorite, but I'm leaning towards VIOLENT NUNS—I'd love to hear more from those ladies! (CS)
(Social Napalm, PO Box 4073 South Chelmsford, MA 01824)

V/A – "Ecos Do Submundo" LP

Holy shit! I had no idea this was coming out but I am floored! This is a compilation of all Brazilian D-beat bands, all of which are completely new to me! DESGRENGA ABOLUTA, TERROR AGUM, UTEARO TROLLS, EXTREMA REVOLTA, and more. The styles and recording quality varies, but they definitely live up to the fine reputation of their country, playing raw, face-ripping hardcore. I want more! (NM)
(Mingaeus, CP 5252 EEP 74025-020, Gyn City, Goias, BRAZIL)

V/A – "High Art for the Low Down" CD

Comp LP to celebrate Toronto's art collective who have been doing shows up there for a few years. Featuring mostly Canuck bands with a couple of exceptions, *High Art For the Low Down* runs from pop punk to grindcore. The problem I have with these kinds of comps is that there are *always* a bundle of crappy bands to wade through to get to the good, and this disc is no exception. The good stuff rips; BUKKAKE KATHOLIK's SIOUXSIE-esque track is a ripper, and the A.N.S. and SPRINGLOADED tracks are worth checking for some rip-roaring hardcore. Unfortunately the bad on here is *terrible,* like the wimpy BURNITDOWNS, or horrible grindcore of SINGLE FILE TO FREEDOM, or RAMMER…urrrgh. If you are down with these cats, and went to the shows, this is probably cool; in my living room in San Francisco, *High Art For the Low Down* is a tough listen. (TB)
(self-released, www.ha4tld.com)

V/A – "No Place to Call Home" CD

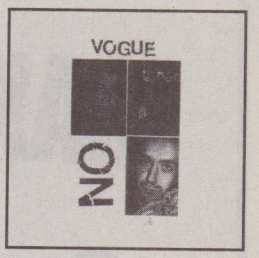
This is a mind-bogglingly diverse international comp that spans from new-wave to crust. A lot of it is good and contains a shitter full of bands I'd never heard. I recognized the likes of DEREK LYN PLASTIC, the RED DONS, unreleased stuff from AUTISTIC YOUTH, and a few others. My only complaint is that at 32 songs, there's got to be some filler and undoubtedly there is. There's enough good stuff to make listening worthwhile. (P$)
(Bad Dream, Komenskeho 314, Suchdol Nad Odrou, 74201, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.myspace.com/baddreamrec)

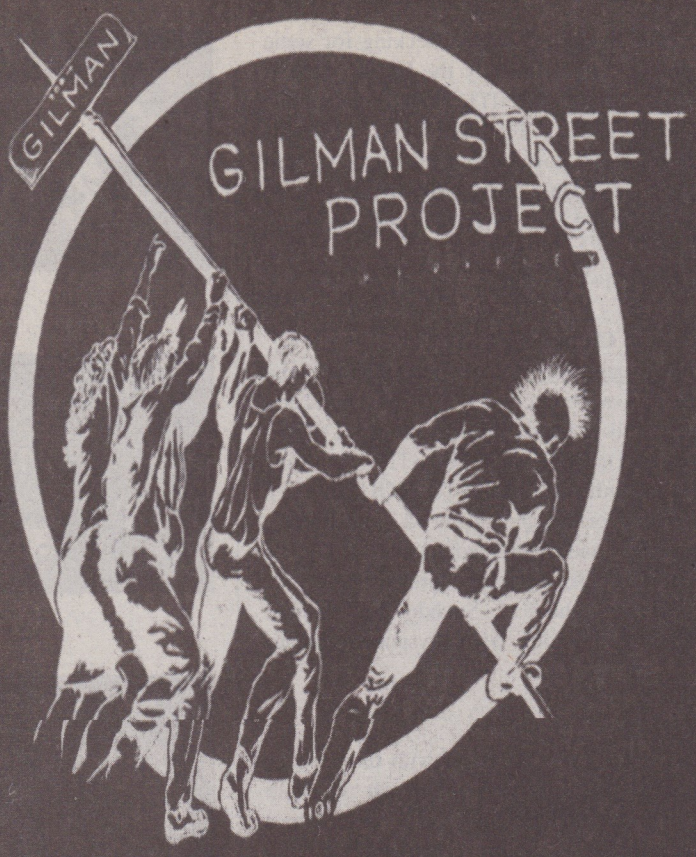
V/A – "Thrash War" EP

VALHALLA PACIFISTS starts off with three tracks of their brand of thrash. No one in particular comes to mind—maybe DS 13. PATIENT ZERO is next with a heavier and beefier style. I'm more into their overall sound. I'd check out more of their stuff, but no contact info. Google here I come. The flipside serves up WORKER & PARASITE first and their tracks come and go. Not by all means horrible, just not that memorable. BRAIN DEAD is last again with a bigger, beefier production sound and also with much more complexity to their songs. I think I reviewed a 7" by them a while ago, and if is the same band, it's a vast improvement. A "Thrash War" against emo is what I assume the title means. Whatever, despite the weak and juvenile artwork I think this is a halfway descent release, but would have been a stronger record if it were just a split between PATIENT ZERO and BRAIN DEAD. (JH)
(Keep Screaming/Demo-lition Vinyl Remains, www.keepscreamingrecords.co.uk)

V/A – "The World's Lousy With Ideas" EP

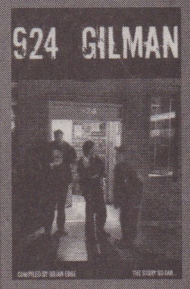
Five bands with one tune each—now, that is cute. First to the chalk we got SUSPICIONS with a quick an' easy GO-GO'S-meets-COOKIES-inspired ditty. Second up, WAX MUSUEMS with a gone-in-a-blink '77-sneer mixed with the SWEET-type boogie glam—good and to-the-point. Third to the blocks, ROMANCE NOVELS, with a catchy little lo-fi pop dancer—half MODERN LOVERS, half KING KHAN, my foot hasn't stopped a-tapping. Last and possibly my personal fave, NOBUNNY, with a '60s frat-boy stomp given a punk rock slap to the face. It thumps, it grooves, and more importantly it scares. (SD)
(Almost Ready, PO Box 4034, Atttleboro, MA 02703)





EXCERPT FROM 924 GILMAN BOOK:

"Their (club members') education matters tremendously to me. We're doing something here that should be done in school, but that gets missed. Civics is a joke to most kids. The club is not entertainment as far as I'm concerned. The punk scene involves a sense of community, and values like responsibility for each other and building something. The bottom line criteria is whether these kids adopt responsibility and take care of it. For ten years the punk scene has been weaving the fabric. This club exemplifies the values of doing it yourself and staying non-commercial." —Tim Y., Sept. 1987



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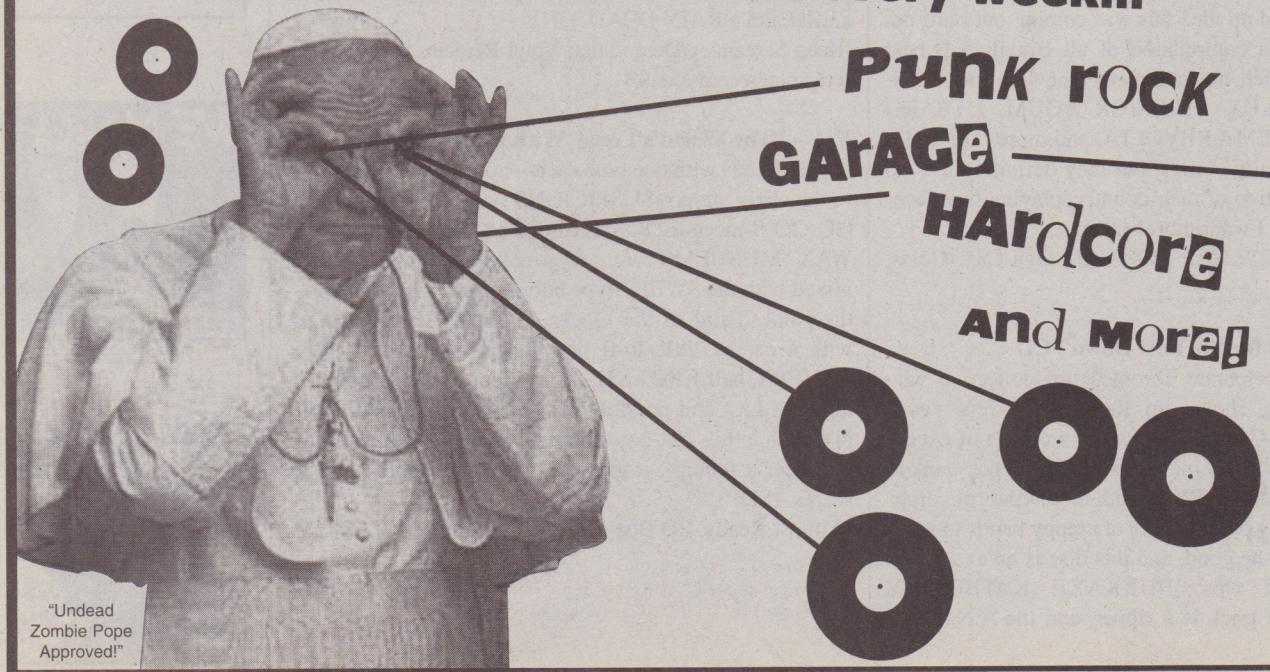

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ATOMIC BUTTER BABES – This is goofy, sloppy, lo-fi punk that sounds like it should be coming from Sacto rather than Portland. These poppy but aggressive nautical themed songs sometimes leave you wondering if they had actually practiced them before recording. (Pete) (8-song CD, no lyrics included, no place to hang their hats)

BLONDE AMBITION – Unfortunately this recording doesn't quite do justice to the band, who happens to be great live. The short, up-tempo, BLACK FLAG-style songs feature dueling female/male vocals along with messy but not overly distorted guitars. This recording is a bit sloppy but watch out for this band in the future. (Pete) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, address?)

CRIMINAL MINDS – Listen up people because I think this is something very, very important. What we have here is a CD from a pretty ripping hardcore band from Beijing, China! This isn't the first punk band from China that I've heard but it's certainly the best. The music is your basic Y2K-style thrash hardcore with definite youth crew touches but the music is really well played and really well recorded. To top it off the cover is a person holding a bloody hatchet in one hand and GW's severed head in the other. Aces. I urge everyone into thrashy hardcore at all to check this out. (Justin) (10-song CD, lyrics (in Chinese) included with English explanations, fanzuixiangfa@gmail.com)

DISLICKERS – I feel like I've definitely heard something else by this band, possibly the split 7" with GIFTGASATTACK, in the last couple months. Whatever it was, it left no impression at all. This on the other hand is great. I'd like to think that anyone reading *MRR* knows what to expect from a band called DISLICKERS from Sweden, but I do know better than that. Think plenty o' noise and distortion, blurred haikus, and if you don't think the drums are playing a D-beat, you're fuckin' wasted! This is really good for the Dis-clone style. Really good. (Justin) (23-song cassette, lyrics included, Black Konflik, PO Box 28, 27600, Raub, PHG, MALAYSIA)

HIGHLIFE – This is the newest release from the fast growing Gnarly Slaughter Records empire. The first half of HIGHLIFE's *Greatest Hits Tape* is riffarific rockin' hardcore that's well-played but not frantic or fast enough to get my blood boiling. HIGHLIFE corrects this issue with the last three songs, which fly by in a beautiful flying apart fury. To top it off, the vocals remind of URBAN WASTE. This tape is dedicated to "the fucked up and the fuck ups." Count me in! (Cissie) (Gnarly Slaughter, 1200 Coit St, Denton, TX 76209)

HIRNSÄULE – This is a rad little package. Actually I should say big package—it comes in like a 60-page book bound together with screws full of photos of the band and friends, fluers, scans of their record covers, and more stuff of that ilk from their ten years as a band. From the look of the photos HIRSÄULE seems to really enjoy themselves. That's what this is supposed to be all about right? The four songs on the CD are all about the radio—one of which is "Communist Radio" by the EAT, and another is aptly titled "Maximumrocknroll Radio," guess what it's about? I love it when something that we do affects someone enough to immortalize it in song, good or bad. In typical Deutch-punk fashion, HIRNSÄULE is really catchy, bouncy and fast. Here's to another ten years! (Justin) (4-song CD, lyrics included plus a huge book!, www.hirnsaeule.de)

THE IMMIGRANTS – Apparently this is the second CD of theirs to be reviewed in the demo section and I very well could just refer you to the previous review. The whole thing sounds very much like THE RAMONES or possibly THE RAMONES via SCREECHING WEASEL (due to the more nasal vocals). (Pete) (15-song CD, no lyrics included, immigrantspunk@yahoo.com)

THE SPINES – Claiming to be "The only autoharp punk band that matters," THE SPINES could probably drop the "that matters" and still be correct. This is a live recording of them playing poppy, goofy, punk songs made even more goofy sounding by the high-pitched autoharp that is played like a punk guitar. Overall, it sounds like a dance inspiring mix of early MINUTEMEN and THE LIZARDS (but with autoharp). (Pete) (16-song cassette, lyrics included, $3 ppd, PO Box 1502, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113)

STIFF JEANS – I'd rather not play the ex members game, but here it will make tons of sense. STIFF JEANS' vocalist Gingervitus sang for the short-lived Portland band CALL THE POLICE and this has a lot of the same feel as that band. Think basic timeless punk rock with plenty of rock edge and you've got it. They cover "On Whom they Beat" by SADO-NATION and that's also a great reference point for the STIFF JEANS sound. This is an awesome demo. (Justin) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, no address)

THE TAXPAYERS – They play jangly pop-punk that would fit well in the Plan-It-X Records catalog (sort of similar to THIS BIKE IS A PIPEBOMB). The mid to up-tempo songs are catchy but aggressive with snotty vocals and politically charged lyrics. Don't let the first song fool you, this is pretty rocking. (Pete) (22-song CD, lyrics included, like real punx, they apparently have no home)

WAR TRASH – A great debut from this Bay Area D-beat crust ensemble. It's fast. It's heavy. The vocal grunts are pissed. And the drumming is fabulously tight. Not much else to say really. If you fancy yourself a "fan" of fast, heavy, crust hardcore, this is right up your alley. Five originals and an ANTI-CIMEX cover. (Justin) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, 1016 Pierce Street, San Francisco, CA 94115, WarTrashDbeat@ gmail.com)

WHITE YORK – This CD has four songs of emotional, semi pop-punk with a dark feel. It's one of those bands that have a familiar sound but it's hard to say that they sound exactly like any one band. Vocally, and sometimes musically, it sounds a whole lot like HOT WATER MUSIC but the arrangement and backing vocals have a very PEGBOY-esque feel. The last song is a bit of a let down but the first three are winners. Extra points have also been awarded for nice packaging. (Pete) (4-song CD, lyrics included and patch, $4 ppd, 99 Custer St., Buffalo, NY 14214, whiteyork@newschoolers.com)

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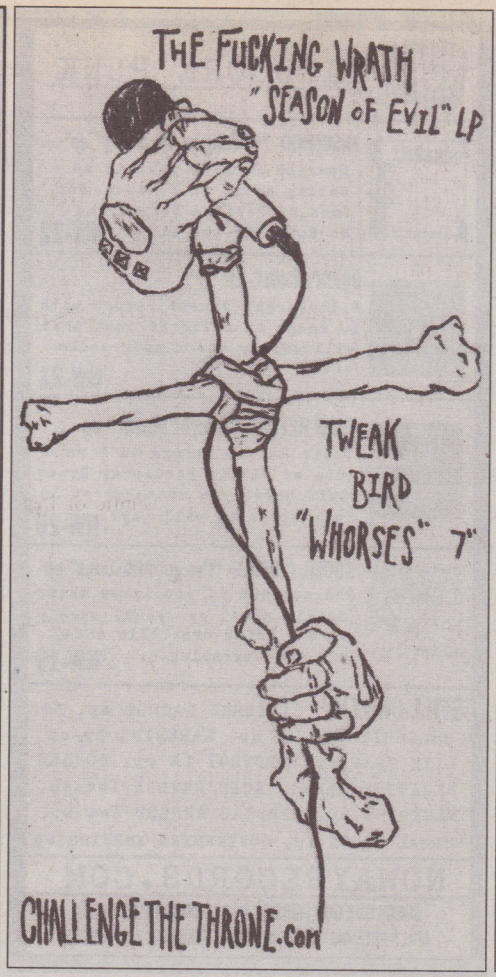

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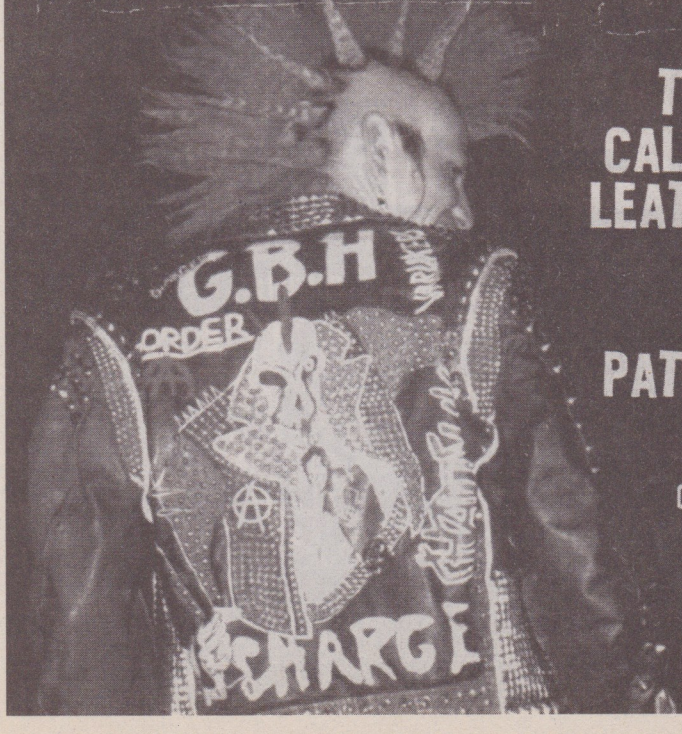

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ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(JD) Judy Balmin
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(JU) Justin Briggs
(AC) Arwen Curry
(BG) Bob Goldie
(CH) Cassie Harwood
(MJ) Meredith Jones
(NM) Nick Mangel
(JM) Jeff Mason
(SM) Scott Miller
(MP) Mason Pince
(CR) Casey Ress
(CI) Cissie Scurlock
(DS) Dionne Stevens

AB #6 / $2
5.5 x 8 – copied – 16 pgs
Ab serves as a discussion group for a variety of ideas related to living outside of conventional society. This issue looks at solar cookers, nutrition, taxes, future fuel shortages, and using herbs. Like-minded, or at least sympathetic, zines are listed. Some of the print is real tiny; they advise scoring a cheap magnifying glass. There are a few classified ads. I can see this being of interest to resourceful punks. (JM)
c/o Dwelling Portably / POB 190-b / Philomath, OR 97370

ADIJO PAMET #13 / $3 or trade
9 x 12 – printed – 38 pgs – Croatian
The usual big music zine format with nothing visually spectacular here. Adicts/Pietasters/Cockney Rejects just about sums up the style here, and there are many vigorous nods to other bands of this ilk, as well as reviews. (AC)
Adijo Pamet / Gunduliceva 12 / 44320 Kutina / Croatia
adijopamet@yahoo.com

BLAST! #22 / $1
8.5 x 11 – copied – 16 pgs
I dunno, man. There are press releases for the Jena 6 and to close the School of the Americas (which I think has a different name now), and the front cover has some pictures of protests and community organizing. There's a piece on a Spanish Civil War veteran, which is a little starry-eyed. There are goofy dick/porn jokes. The Lower Class Brats are interviewed, and Convix of Society gets a page. Ads and their distro list take up close to half the pages. This thing is free at shows and if I got one of these at a show, I think I would leave it for somebody else. (JM)
PO Box 57314 / Atlanta, GA 30343

BROKEN PENCIL #38 / $5.95
8.5 x 11 – printed – 64 pgs
Broken Pencil is a Canadian literary magazine with some pretty good fiction, book, zine, and music reviews, plus articles, and features on indie culture. This particular issue appears to be about indie culture with respect to the internet. I kind of laughed after reading the introduction because I feel like those of us who still read print media are not as much interested in the internet. I mean, the content of this issue addresses that sentiment in various ways. One article discusses web comics and how they have affected the medium both in the sense that they are much easier to create and distribute and that they have a wider audience than regular paper comics. I can dig that, but there is also an article about spam poetry and if you don't know what that is, well, consider yourself lucky. One segment that piqued my interest was a brief article that tackled the use of download-able music by bands as a means of promotion (without mentioning "the Space" but more like actually making yourself a website). I am interested in the discussion of what "indie" actually means (especially as touted by a magazine that gets help from the Canadian Council for the Arts? Government ink? Hmmmm...) All in all, this rag is probably a good resource for writers and readers, maybe not so much for the punks who read *MRR*? (JB)
Broken Pencil / PO Box 203, Stn P / Toronto, ON / M5S 2S7 Canada

CALL AND RESPONSE #3 / $4
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 28 pgs
Call and Response is an insightful look into prison life, along with the prison system itself. This zine opened my eyes to a lot of things but it also had a lot of racist and sexist undertones to it that I couldn't get down with at all. The articles describing jail cells and the inner workings of prison were very interesting but the other articles, which dealt with survival in prisons, were written by prisoners and really depressed me. The best column in *Call and Response* was definitely "Don't Mess With Texas," written by a mother and advocate of Texas prisoners. It discussed all of the different power struggles in the prison system and theorized on the decision of men in Texas to become cops. It also explained how they use their power as a prison guard over the prisoners and the inmates' reaction to that within their own dealings with other convicts. I still don't know how I feel about *Call and Response* after reading it. I don't like reading about male dominance and the idea of having to be aggressive to survive. This zine is very real and if you interested in prisons you should probably get this. (MP)
3-3-23 Nagatsuta, Midori-Ku / Yokohama-Shi / 226-0027 Kanagawa-Ken / Japan

CONSTANT RIDER OMNIBUS 2nd Ed. / $5
8.5 x 5.5 – printed – 125 pgs
This is more like a book that compiles issues 1-7 of Portlander Kate Lopresti's zine about her experiences on all kinds of public transportation. *Constant Rider* includes tons of comics, pictures, and factoids about public transport. Lopresti shares conversations overheard on busses, romances unfolding on rails, and advice for bus drivers and passengers on handling drunken riders (plus tons more). Try public transportation; it's not so bad. (CH)
Microcosm Publishing / PO Box 14332 / Portland, OR / 97293
www.microcosmpublishing.com

DAMAGED #1 / ?
Poster – printed – 2 pgs
This is an odd zine from Belgium. *Damaged* is essentially a poster folded over into a half-size zine. Full color, glossy, and the majority of the content is ads for big shot HC labels e.g. Deathwish, Goodlife, Century Media, etc. Small tidbits on CONVERGE, THE HOPE CONSPIRACY, and JUSTICE. Doesn't speak to me much. I'm going to go read *Metal Maniacs* now. (NM)
www.damagedmagazine.com

DEAD SOULS #1 / $2ppd North America / $4ppd world
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
I liked this zine both visually and content-wise. *Dead Souls* is a fresh take on the traditional fanzine style. Interviews with Hummingbird of Death, New Lows, Trash Talk, et al, and some quality haiku—love that! The F.U.'s interview at the end got me going. I thought the dude being interviewed was totally out of touch, and then I found out why. I'd better not give away the punch line. (DS)
481 W. State St / Eagle, ID 83616
butyourekilling@gmail.com

DIRGE #3 / No price
11 x 13 – copied – 26 pgs
I wasn't really into *Dirge*. It contains a lot of pictures of people and bands at shows, some record reviews, and an interview with hardcore band Bombanfall but it was sort of sloppy and thrown together. I found the content sort of boring and it turned me off. Aside from the interview and photos a couple pages were used to translate Polish hardcore band Siekera's lyrics into English, which is helpful for fans of the band. The whole look of *Dirge* is distinctively hardcore, but the content didn't really offer much dense information. (MJ)
Eugene / 147 Rugby Rd. Brooklyn, NY / 11226
projectileppuke@yahoo.com

DOLL #247 / $?
7.25x10.25 – printed – 132pgs – Japanese
Another installment of Japan's most reliable magazine covering all things punk. I always enjoy looking at *Doll* even though I can only read the band names and the odd English description. The clean, simple layouts manage to be easy on the eyes and *Doll* is routinely packed with awesome photos. Chicago's Busy Signals grace the cover of this issue and they are interviewed as a preface to a neat looking article covering the '90s-'00s garage punk and power pop scene. Other big names covered in this issue are AC/DC, Agnostic Front, and Dog Soldier. I am incredibly intrigued by the all-girl Ramones look-a-like band Romanes and I wish I could read their story. This issue also features a Hellshock interview, which previously ran in *MRR*, and a piece entitled "Tokyo Crusties Next Survivors," which highlights Isterismo, Deathtribe, and the supremely raging Kriegshög. *Doll* is definitely worth some stare time if you stumble across an issue. (CI)
No. 303 Aota Bldg / 3-1-9 / Kita / Kohenji / Suginami-Ku / Tokyo / Japan
hensyu@doll-mag.co.jp
www.doll-mag.co.jp

DOLL #248 / $?
7.25 x 10.25 – printed – 132 pgs – Japanese
Doll is a super slick Japanese "punk" magazine. The interviews are mostly full color and cover a wide range of bands, such as The Adverts, Disfear, Horrorpops, Amebix, Battle of Ninjamanz, and Boris. I looked at all the ads and the pictures, but I can't read Japanese so I don't know what any of it says. (SM)
No. 303 Aota Bldg / 3-1-9 / Kita / Kohenji / Suginami-Ku / Tokyo / Japan
hensyu@doll-mag.co.jp
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FAKE LIFE #6 / $2 + shipping / free to prisoners / trades welcome
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40pgs
Judging from the content of this issue *Fake Life* is mostly fiction oriented and the contributors all seem to be aspiring writer types. The editor, CJ, claims that this issue has a "Down With Valentine's Day" theme. I was hoping that the writing would be a bitter and sarcastic attack on the nonsensical nature of the holiday but instead we are treated to forlorn stories of unrequited love, cheesy high school romance nostalgia, and bizarre letters traded between a dad and son with scattered details of their love life. I found all of the writing in *Fake Life* to be cringe-worthy and annoyingly nostalgic. I'm not sure if the topic of "love" made the writing exceptionally embarrassing or if the bad writing is typical of *Fake Life*. (CI)
CJ / PO Box 1174 / Tallahassee, FL 32302-1174
www.pxdistro.com
gomek@comcast,net

HEADFIRST #1 / No price
8 x 11 – copied –14 pgs
Headfirst is a solid and well-done hardcore zine from Australia with interviews covering bands from all over the globe as well as record reviews, photos, and accompanying lyrics. The author of *Headfirst* seems dissatisfied with life but is using his love of hardcore as an outlet, which is always great to hear. I like the way he describes each

band—he seems really passionate and earnest, which just makes the reader more excited to get into the bands. Featured in this issue are BLKOUT!, Crossed Eyes, Total Abuse, and Pet Meat. (MJ)
11 Birdwood Ave. / Sebastopol, 3356 VIC/ Australia
allessandrococo@hotmail.com

HEY RONNIE #3/**SLASH AND BURN** #5/$?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 32 pgs
This is a nice split of two nifty cut 'n' paste style hardcore zines that I've never heard of. *Hey Ronnie* is made by a seventeen-year-old with a real zest for what he's writing about. What *is* he writing about, you ask? Well, there's a brief piece about paper zines vs. online zines, tons of demo/record reviews, an interview with AZ hardcore band Slow Thought. I really liked the interview. It held my attention well and was also a nice window into a scene I know absolutely nothing about (AZ hardcore). One of my favorite elements to *Hey Ronnie* is that the author makes no apologies and is not ashamed or his recent (relatively speaking) exposure to punk, which I find endearing and charming: "*I'm told this sounds like Uniform Choice. I haven't heard them...*" That rules! I'm also ashamed to say that I feel this kid is a far better writer than me. This ish makes me really wanna read the first two issues of *Hey Ronnie*. Well done. As for the *Slash And Burn* half of this split, I'm not very impressed to say the least. I think that's mostly due to the editing. There were tons of mistakes like missing words that made it really hard for what I was reading to stick in my brain. I enjoyed the subject matter: paying attention to what/who we support with our purchases, and interviews with the founder of *This Is For You Fest* and Sacramento Pyrate Punx, among other things. This is supposed to come with a mix tape of old and new DC hardcore but mine didn't have one. (JU)
Ryan / PO Box 1148 / Grand Rapids, MI 49501
Martin Meyer / 1142 Illini Drive / O'Fallon, IL 62269

INCOHERENCE #4 / $2 US / $3 international / trades welcome
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32pgs
I really liked reading *Incoherence*. It reminded me of zines from the '90s but in a good way. To start the issue the Contaminators are interviewed via snail mail, which should give you some idea of the throwback nature of this zine. The interview is funny because the two members of the band contradict each other more than once. Next up, there is an interview with experimental poet Mark Sonnenfield. Now I'm no poetry expert so this interview went a little bit over my head with its lingo but this chat intrigued me. Sonnenfield definitely seems interested in pushing boundaries and I can see how his work relates to DIY. Ultimately DIY seems to be a big theme with *Incoherence* but the author is not pushy or obvious in his support of underground culture. Instead *Incoherence* exudes the simplicity of the DIY ideal through its overall basic-ness and the subjects of its content. This is cool and I'm glad to see that people still make zines like this. (CI)
A. Ford / 622 Seminary-W'Burg Rd / Collins, MS 39428

THE INNER SWINE VOL.13 #4 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 62 pgs
I see that this dude is truly a writer. He crafts an uncomfortable, yet familiar story or two and claims to be prolific beyond this substantial, self-published journal. He squawks of a fancy book deal, and hints at a comfy home life with girlfriend. Charles Bukowski is an obvious influence, and maybe Nick Cage in *Leaving Las Vegas*, but I am not the first reviewer to state that observation. Gonna pass on this one if it ends up in the free box. (DS)
PO Box 3024 / Hoboken, NJ 07030

IZU GIROA #12 / ?2
9 x 12 – printed – 48 pgs – Basque
Izu Giroa is a hardcore punk zine from Basque country in Spain. This issue contains features on the Casualties, Letrinas, Karnvapen Attack, Sintonics, a big piece about Umeå, Sweden, reviews, and a few comics. (AC)
PO Box 10216 / 48007 Bilbao / Basque Country (Spain)
izugiroa@hotmail.com

KEEP LOVING, KEEP FIGHTING / I HATE THIS PART OF TEXAS #7 / $2
8 x 4 – 62 pgs.
I'm not going to tell you this is easy to read, but I'll highly recommend it anyway. After Hurricane Katrina a veneer peeled back for a moment to reveal a hideous unraveling of the infrastructure, and a physical manifestation of injustice. But then, for the rest of us, the disaster slid back into the miasma of war, famine, disease—other problems elsewhere. This emotionally dense little zine, written by punk zine editors who still live in New Orleans, is here to remind us that the waterline remains, after the water. In a tone of clear-eyed grief, strained hopefulness, *Keep Love, Keep Fighting* editor, Hope, and *I Hate This Part Of Texas* editor, John, combine their reflections of life in New Orleans during and after the flood. It clearly was not easy to write about the wreckage that followed, but I feel grateful that they did; helped me understand what it was like, as well as to remember the terrible price they and their city paid for the government's criminal neglect. They also tell us about the work they and others have done to put things back together. What happens after the storm? How much should be repaired, and how much abandoned? As with any tragedy, the social relationships change in unforeseeable ways and the survivors change forever. "We have become heavy drinkers and nail-biters. We were these things already, now our anxious tics have become full-grown neuroses and we are stumbling drunks, rolling freakouts, and there are suicides. There is a lot of pain to…well, to do what with?" It's a question we all should be asking. (AC)
PO Box 791639 / New Orleans, LA 70179
Available from Microcosm

MANAGER #3 & 4 / $1
4.5 x 5.5 – copied – 32 pgs / 28 pgs
Last month I really enjoyed the premier issue of *Manager*, the zine that the author describes as "the least relatable zine in the world," and was excited to see that he's put out not one but two new issues (actually three, but he elected not to send in number 2). Like the first issue, these detail the life and work of Jack, a fellow grocer. Issue three includes the most gruesome description of a hernia you'll ever read, a do's and don'ts of dumpster diving from the perspective of the person throwing out the "trash," reprinted work-related song lyrics, work associated book reviews, and a cursory look at cheeses. Sadly, issue three suffers from some poor formatting that led to a few duplicated pages. Issue four corrects those problems and offers biographical sketches of coworkers, most of whom have some sort of addiction problem. Jack also gives a primer on grocery lingo, (though he neglects to include my

least favorite acronym, *bogo*), more work themed lyrics, an introduction to zine production, and a few random personal tidbits. I'm impressed at the speed and volume at which he's putting these out, though it might be improved with a little more cohesively themed focus. In any event it's a good read and not as un-relatable as he might suspect. (CR)
1702 Mount Pisgah Ln / Apt #13 / Silver Spring, MD 20903
jack45rpm@gmail.com

MOUNTZA #2 / ?3.5
8.5 x 10.5 – printed – 70 pgs – Greek and English
This attempt at an offensive gesture did not upset me in the least. I felt like the persons that put this together were really connected to the material and the folks being interviewed inside. The questions are comfortable, not generic. The guys from Death Token, Hjertestop, and Bombenalarm appealed to my interests and that is not all. The Greek's make beautiful things—I love Greek food and I love Greek zines. *Mountza* looks so cool and reads like one of these *Maximum Rocknrolls* do (but a teeny bit quicker!). I could go on and on about the print quality and overall aesthetic, but I think my point has been made. (DS)
Panos Adrianos / Gr. Afxentiou 5 / 14671 Nea Erythrea / Athens / Greece

THE NEW WAVE OF CUT AND PASTE #5 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs
The New Wave of Cut and Paste is laid out completely in clip art. I won't deny that it is creative, but it's not really a format that is easy to read. The layout along with the numerous, nonsensical introductions to the various interviews aided in confusing me a couple of times while reading this. Aside from interviews with Sticky Zine Shop in Melbourne, a postman/zine writer named Andy Cactus, Colin Grigson from The Clorox Girls/The Observers, and Greg from Chillerton, there is a handful of music and zine reviews, a rant about a Nokia ad campaign and an article on how to set up a show. No photos, no ads, just a lot of clip art, a crocodile, a koala, a Mexican Revolutionary, and a chicken reading a book to her chicks. Currently listening list included Bright Eyes and Asshole Parade. (SM)
Ground Floor 42 / Buckingham Road/ BN1 3RP / United Kingdom

OX FANZINE #76 / ?4,50
11.75 x 9.25 – printed – 130 pgs – German
This is a fancy full-color German punk fanzine. Comprised mostly of short-interviews and lots of reviews, Ox covers a myriad of bands; from Warped Tour bands like Flogging Molly and Voodoo Glow Skulls to more DIY bands like German grinders Wojczech and SXE thrashers The Tangled Lines. Comes with a sampler CD of both European and US bands. Oh yeah, it's written entirely in German. (CH)
PO Box 11 04 20 / 42664 Solingen / Germany
www.ox-fanzine.de

PUBLICK OCCURANCES #10 / $2
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 20 pgs
This zine was funny because it's an art zine and there is no writing inside but I spent a really long time with it. I spent a good amount

of time pondering how the cover was made and if it was a woodcut or not, rubbing my hand over it trying to figure out if it was handmade. The inside of *Publick Occurances* was just as cool as the outside—fifty different drawings of people out of a yearbook from 1925. Art good enough to hang on your wall! (MP)
Danny Martin / 746 E St. #23 / Tucson, AZ 85719

ROCKTOBER #44 / ?
8.5 x 11 – printed – 134 pgs
Rocktober has been around forever and reading through it for the first time in several years I understand why it has lasted so long. That is, besides the dedication of the creators. It has a little something for everyone: interviews with actors, HC/punk bands, garage bands, stuff about old horror movies, classic pulp culture, retro stuff, comics, etc. It's very organic looking, not too clean, and truly underground in feel. This issue has stuff on LA Rockabilly, ICE T, artist Dennis Dread, The Stooges, a bunch of reviews, stuff on Sammy Davis Jr, and tons more. (NM)
www.rocktober.com

URINAL GUM #2 / $2
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 44 pgs
This is exactly the way a non-music zine should be—short, at times, funny, and zero filler. The content is mostly just brief recollections with funny (Mackin-esque) letters to companies and a bit of non-offensive poetry. Awesome zine! (JU)
PO Box 1243 / Eugene, OR 97440

WELCOME TO FLAVOR COUNTRY #13 / $1 or postage
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 44 pgs
The guy who wrote this has a Master's degree and herpes. He admits the herpes were just a scare—but the degree part was true? Unbelievable. I thought this dude was at least a 15-year-old kid; gossiping snidely about bands, "I couldn't live with myself if I were in that band, knowing how much I was ripping off another band's sound," and confessing to needing a hug after watching an Ian Curtis movie. Really? "Some things just hit us all at different levels," he writes. Reading this is like being stuck at work with that guy who is constantly reminding himself and everyone else that he's way overqualified for the job; he's only there until he can find something better, harassing everyone with "music trivia," and meanwhile not doing any work. (CH)
8820 Stone Ave. N. #301 / Seattle, WA / 98103

ZONKED #10 / £2 in UK
8.5 x 11 – copied – 60pgs
Here we have a really awesome, cohesive and interesting fanzine from the UK. I could do without tour diaries (for real) but the pictures are pretty, especially of the Sceptres and Destroy All Monsters. There's an interview with Ian Glasper who plays music and has written punk history books that document the UK scenes in the early '80s, but from the looks of it he is going to keep on writing. Also interviewed are Steak Knife, Will from Born/Dead, Screwed Up Flyer, and The Sceptres. At points I found myself just looking at all the cool band photos and wondering what they sound like. The Destroy All Monsters history lesson is my favorite part of this. I'd never heard of them but now I have to check them out. (JB)
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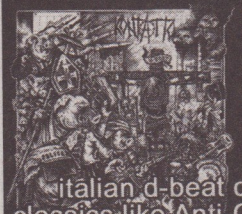

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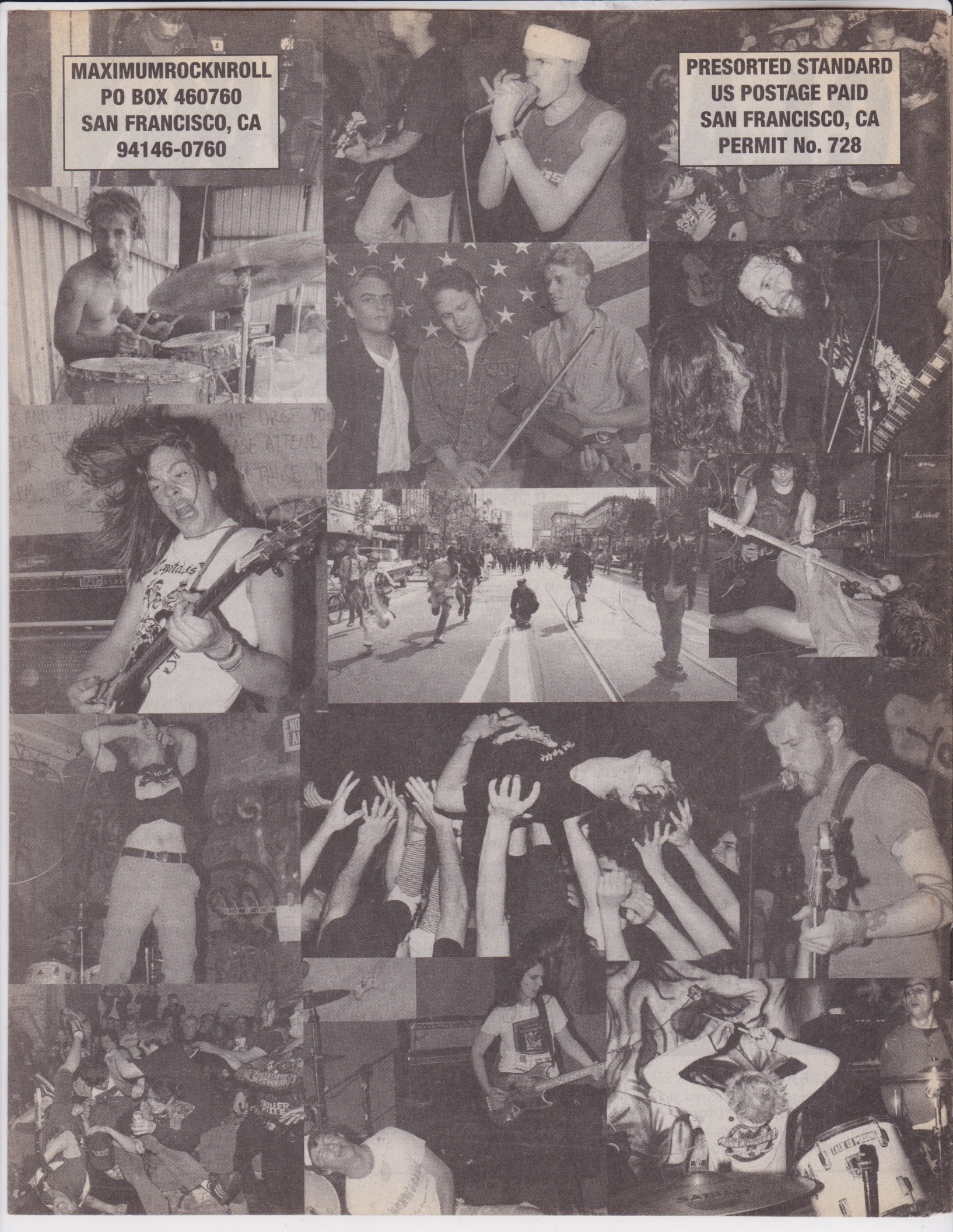
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